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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK I

I

"UNDINE SPRAGG—how *can* you?" her mother wailed, raising a prematurely-wrinkled hand heavy with rings to defend the note which a languid "bell-boy" had just brought in.

But her defence was as feeble as her protest, and she continued to smile on her visitor while Miss Spragg, with a turn of her quick young fingers, possessed herself of the missive and withdrew to the window to read it.

"I guess it's meant for me," she merely threw over her shoulder at her mother.

"Did you *ever*, Mrs. Heeny?" Mrs. Spragg murmured with deprecating pride.

Mrs. Heeny, a stout professional-looking person in a waterproof, her rusty veil thrown back, and a shabby alligator bag at her feet, followed the mother's glance with good-humoured approval.

"I never met with a lovelier form," she agreed, answering the spirit rather than the letter of her hostess's enquiry.

Mrs. Spragg and her visitor were enthroned in two heavy gilt armchairs in one of the private drawing-rooms of the Hotel Stentorian. The Spragg rooms were known as one of the Looey suites, and the drawing-room walls, above their wainscoting of highly-varnished mahogany, were hung with salmon-pink damask and adorned with oval portraits of Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe. In the centre of the florid carpet a gilt table with a top of Mexican onyx sustained a palm in a gilt basket tied with a pink bow. But for this ornament, and a copy of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" which lay beside it, the room showed no traces of human use, and Mrs. Spragg herself wore as complete an air of detachment as if she had been a wax figure in a show-window. Her attire was fashionable enough to justify such a post, and her pale soft-cheeked face, with puffy eye-lids and drooping mouth, suggested a partially-melted wax figure which had run to double-chin.

Mrs. Heeny, in comparison, had a reassuring look of solidity and reality. The planting of her firm black bulk in its chair, and the grasp of her broad red hands on the gilt arms, bespoke an organized and self-reliant activity, accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Heeny was a "society" manicure and masseuse. Toward Mrs. Spragg and her daughter she filled the double rôle of manipulator and friend; and it was in the latter capacity that, her day's task ended, she had dropped in for a moment to "cheer up" the lonely ladies of the Stentorian.

The young girl whose "form" had won Mrs. Heeny's professional commendation suddenly shifted its lovely lines as she turned back from the window.

"Here—you can have it after all," she said, crumpling the note and tossing it with a contemptuous gesture into her mother's lap.

"Why—isn't it from Mr. Popple?" Mrs. Spragg exclaimed unguardedly.

"No—it isn't. What made you think I thought it was?" snapped her daughter; but the next instant she added, with an outbreak of childish disappointment: "It's only from Mr. Marvell's sister—at least she says she's his sister."

Mrs. Spragg, with a puzzled frown,

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groped for her eye-glass among the jet fringes of her tightly-girded front.

Mrs. Heeny's small blue eyes shot out sparks of curiosity. "Marvell—what Marvell is that?"

The girl explained languidly: "A little fellow—I think Mr. Popple said his name was Ralph"; while her mother continued: "Undine met them both last night at that party downstairs. And from something Mr. Popple said to her about going to one of the new plays, she thought——"

"How on earth do you know what I thought?" Undine flashed back, her grey eyes darting warnings at her mother under their straight black brows.

"Why, you *said* you thought—" Mrs. Spragg began reproachfully; but Mrs. Heeny, heedless of their bickerings, was pursuing her own train of thought.

"What Popple? Claud Walsingham Popple—the portrait painter?"

"Yes—I suppose so. He said he'd like to paint me. Mabel Lipscomb introduced him. I don't care if I never see him again," the girl said, bathed in angry pink.

"Do you know him, Mrs. Heeny?" Mrs. Spragg enquired.

"I should say I did. I manicured him for his first society portrait—a full-length of Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll." Mrs. Heeny smiled indulgently on her hearers. "I know everybody. If they don't know *me* they ain't in it, and Claud Walsingham Popple's in it. But he ain't nearly *as* in it," she continued judicially, "as Ralph Marvell—the little fellow, as you call him."

Undine Spragg, at the word, swept round on the speaker with one of the quick turns that revealed her youthful flexibility. She was always doubling and twisting on herself, and every movement she made seemed to start at the nape of her neck, just below the lifted roll of reddish-gold hair, and flow without a break through her whole slim length to the tips of her fingers and the points of her slender restless feet.

"Why, do you know the Marvells? Are *they* stylish?" she asked.

Mrs. Heeny gave the discouraged gesture of a pedagogue who has vainly striven to implant the rudiments of knowledge in a rebellious mind.

"Why, Undine Spragg, I've told you all about them time and again! His mother was a Dagonet. They live with old Urban Dagonet down in Washington Square."

To Mrs. Spragg this conveyed even less than to her daughter. "Way down there? Why do they live with somebody else? Haven't they got the means to have a home of their own?"

Undine's perceptions were more rapid, and she fixed her eyes searchingly on Mrs. Heeny.

"Do you mean to say Mr. Marvell's as swell as Mr. Popple?"

"*As swell?* Why, Claud Walsingham Popple ain't in the same class with him!"

The girl was upon her mother with a spring, snatching and smoothing out the crumpled note.

"Laura Fairford—is that the sister's name?"

"Mrs. Henley Fairford; yes. What does she write about?"

Undine's face lit up as if a shaft of sunset had struck it through the triple-curtained windows of the Stentorian.

"She says she wants me to dine with her next Wednesday. Isn't it queer? Why does *she* want me? She's never seen me!" Her tone implied that she had long been accustomed to being "wanted" by those who had.

Mrs. Heeny laughed. "*He* saw you, didn't he?"

"Who? Ralph Marvell? Why, of course he did—Mr. Popple brought him to the party here last night."

"Well, there you are. . . When a young man in society wants to meet a girl again, he gets his sister to ask her."

Undine stared at her incredulously. "How queer! But they haven't all got sisters, have they? It must be fearfully poky for the ones that haven't."

"They get their mothers—or their married friends," said Mrs. Heeny omnisciently.

"Married gentlemen?" enquired Mrs. Spragg, slightly shocked, but genuinely desirous of mastering her lesson.

"Mercy, no! Married ladies."

"But are there never any gentlemen present?" pursued Mrs. Spragg, feeling that if this were the case Undine would be distinctly disappointed.

"Present where? At their dinners? Of

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course—Mrs. Fairford gives the smartest little dinners in town. There was an account of one she gave last week in this morning's *Town Talk:* I guess it's right here among my clippings." Mrs. Heeny, swooping down suddenly on her bag, drew from it a handful of newspaper cuttings, which she spread on her ample lap and proceeded to sort with a moistened forefinger. "Here," she said, holding one of the slips at arm's length; and throwing back her head she read, in a slow unpunctuated chant: "'Mrs. Henley Fairford gave another of her natty little dinners last Wednesday as usual it was smart small and exclusive and there was much gnashing of teeth among the left-outs as Madame Olga Loukowska gave some of her new steppe dances after dinner'—that's the French for new dance steps," Mrs. Heeny concluded, thrusting the documents back into her bag.

"Do you know Mrs. Fairford too?" Undine asked eagerly; while Mrs. Spragg, impressed, but anxious for facts, pursued: "Does she reside on Fifth Avenue?"

"No, she has a little house in Thirty-eighth Street, down beyond Park Avenue."

The ladies' faces drooped again, and the masseuse went on promptly: "But they're glad enough to have her in the big houses!—Why, yes, I know her," she said, addressing herself to Undine. "I mass'd her for a sprained ankle a couple of years ago. She's got a lovely manner, but *no* conversation. Some of my patients converse exquisitely," Mrs. Heeny added with discrimination.

Undine was brooding over the note. "It *is* written to mother—Mrs. Abner E. Spragg—I never saw anything so funny! 'Will you *allow* your daughter to dine with me?' Allow! Is Mrs. Fairford peculiar?"

"No—you are," said Mrs. Heeny bluntly. "Don't you know it's the thing in the best society to pretend that girls can't do anything without their mothers' permission? You just remember that, Undine. You mustn't accept invitations from gentlemen without you say you've got to ask your mother first."

"Mercy! But how'll mother know what to say?"

"Why, she'll say what you tell her to, of course. You'd better tell her you want to dine with Mrs. Fairford," Mrs. Heeny added humorously, as she gathered her water-proof together and stooped for her bag.

"Have I got to write the note, then?" Mrs. Spragg asked with rising agitation.

Mrs. Heeny reflected. "Why, no. I guess Undine can write it as if it was from you. Mrs. Fairford don't know your writing."

This was an evident relief to Mrs. Spragg, and as Undine swept to her room with the note her mother sank back, murmuring plaintively: "Oh, don't go yet, Mrs. Heeny. I haven't seen a human being all day, and I can't seem to find anything to say to that French maid."

Mrs. Heeny looked at her hostess with friendly compassion. She was well aware that she was the only bright spot on Mrs. Spragg's horizon. Since the Spraggs, some two years previously, had moved from Apex City to New York, they had made little progress in establishing relations with their new environment; and when, about four months earlier, Mrs. Spragg's doctor had called in Mrs. Heeny to minister professionally to his patient, he had done more for her spirit than for her body. Mrs. Heeny had had such "cases" before: she knew the rich helpless family, stranded in lonely splendour in a sumptuous West Side hotel, with a father compelled to seek a semblance of social life at the hotel bar, and a mother deprived of even this contact with her kind, and reduced to illness by boredom and inactivity. Poor Mrs. Spragg had done her own washing in her youth, but since her rising fortunes had made this occupation unsuitable she had sunk into the relative inertia which the ladies of Apex City regarded as one of the tokens of affluence. At Apex, however, she had belonged to a social club, and, until they moved to the Mealey House, had been kept busy by the incessant struggle with domestic cares; whereas New York seemed to offer no field for any form of lady-like activity. She therefore took her exercise vicariously, with Mrs. Heeny's help; and Mrs. Heeny knew how to manipulate her imagination as well as her muscles. It was Mrs. Heeny who peopled the solitude of the long ghostly days with lively anecdotes of

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the Van Degens, the Driscolls, the Chauncey Ellings and the other social potentates whose least doings Mrs. Spragg and Undine had followed from afar in the Apex papers, and who had come to seem so much more remote since only the width of the Central Park divided the mother and daughter from their Olympian portals.

Mrs. Spragg had no ambition for herself—she seemed to have transferred her whole personality to her child—but she was passionately resolved that Undine should have what she wanted, and she sometimes fancied that Mrs. Heeny, who crossed those sacred thresholds so familiarly, might some day gain admission for Undine.

"Well—I'll stay a little mite longer if you want; and supposing I was to rub up your nails while we're talking? It'll be more sociable," the masseuse suggested good-naturedly, lifting her bag to the table and covering its shiny onyx surface with bottles and polishers.

Mrs. Spragg consentingly slipped the rings from her small mottled hands. It was soothing to feel herself in Mrs. Heeny's grasp, and though she knew the attention would cost her three dollars she was secure in the sense that Abner wouldn't mind. It had been clear to Mrs. Spragg, ever since their rather precipitate departure from Apex City, that Abner was resolved not to mind—resolved at any cost to "see through" the New York adventure. It seemed likely now that the cost would be considerable. They had lived in New York for two years without any social benefit to their daughter; and it was of course for that purpose that they had come. If, at the time, there had been other and more pressing reasons, they were such as Mrs. Spragg and her husband never touched on, even in the gilded privacy of their bedroom at the Stentorian; and so completely had silence closed in on the subject that to Mrs. Spragg it had become non-existent: she really believed that, as Abner put it, they had left Apex because Undine was too big for the place.

She seemed as yet—poor child!—too small for New York: actually imperceptible to its heedless multitudes; and her mother trembled for the day when her invisibility should be borne in on her. Mrs. Spragg did not mind the long delay for herself—she had stores of lymphatic patience. But she had noticed lately that Undine was beginning to be nervous, and there was nothing that Undine's parents dreaded so much as her being nervous. Mrs. Spragg's maternal apprehensions unconsciously escaped in her next words.

"I do hope she'll quiet down now," she murmured, feeling quieter herself as her hand sank into Mrs. Heeny's roomy palm.

"Who's that? Undine?"

"Yes. She seemed so set on that Mr. Popple's coming round. From the way he acted last night she thought he'd be sure to come round this morning. She's so lonesome, poor child—I can't say as I blame her."

"Oh, he'll come round. Things don't happen as quick as that in New York," said Mrs. Heeny, driving her nail-polisher cheeringly.

Mrs. Spragg sighed again. "They don't appear to. They say New Yorkers are always in a hurry; but I can't say as they've hurried much to make our acquaintance."

Mrs. Heeny drew back to study the effect of her work. "You wait, Mrs. Spragg, you wait. If you go too fast you sometimes have to rip out the whole seam."

"Oh, that's so—that's *so!*" Mrs. Spragg exclaimed, with a tragic emphasis that made the masseuse glance up sharply.

"Of course it's so. And it's more so in New York than anywhere. The wrong set's like fly-paper: once you're in it you can pull and pull, but you'll never get out of it again."

Undine's mother heaved another and more helpless sigh. "I wish *you'd* tell Undine that, Mrs. Heeny."

"Oh, I guess Undine's all right. A girl like her can afford to wait. And if young Marvell's really taken with her she'll have the run of the place in no time."

This solacing thought enabled Mrs. Spragg to yield herself unreservedly to Mrs. Heeny's ministrations, which were prolonged for a happy confidential hour; and she had just bidden the masseuse good-bye, and was restoring the rings to her fingers, when the door opened to admit her husband.

Mr. Spragg came in silently, setting his

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high hat down on the centre-table, and laying his overcoat across one of the gilt chairs. He was tallish, grey-bearded and somewhat stooping, with the slack figure of the sedentary man who would be stout if he were not dyspeptic; and his cautious grey eyes with pouch-like underlids had straight black brows like his daughter's. His thin hair was worn a little too long over his coat collar, and a Masonic emblem dangled from the heavy gold chain which crossed his crumpled black waistcoat.

He stood still in the middle of the room, casting a slow pioneering glance about its gilded void; then he said gently: "Well, mother?"

Mrs. Spragg remained seated, but her eyes dwelt on him affectionately.

"Undine's been asked out to a dinner-party; and Mrs. Heeny says it's to one of the first families. It's the sister of one of the gentlemen that Mabel Lipscomb introduced her to last night."

There was a mild triumph in her tone, for it was owing to her insistence and Undine's that Mr. Spragg had been induced to give up the house they had bought in West End Avenue, and move with his family to the Stentorian. Undine had early decided that they could not hope to get on while they "kept house"—all the fashionable people she knew either boarded or lived in hotels. Mrs. Spragg was easily induced to take the same view, but Mr. Spragg had resisted, being at the moment unable either to sell his house or to let it as advantageously as he had hoped. After the move was made it seemed for a time as though he had been right, and the first social steps would be as difficult to make in a hotel as in one's own house; and Mrs. Spragg was therefore eager to have him know that Undine really owed her first invitation to a meeting under the roof of the Stentorian.

"You see we were right to come here, Abner," she added, and he absently rejoined: "I guess you two always manage to be right."

But his face remained unsmiling, and instead of seating himself and lighting his cigar, as he usually did before dinner, he took two or three aimless turns about the room, and then paused in front of his wife.

"What's the matter—anything wrong down town?" she asked, her eyes reflecting his anxiety.

Mrs. Spragg's knowledge of what went on "down town" was of the most elementary kind, but her husband's face was the barometer in which she had long been accustomed to read the leave to go on unrestrictedly, or the warning to pause and abstain till the coming storm should be weathered.

He shook his head. "N—no. Nothing worse than what I can see to, if you and Undine will go steady for a while." He paused and looked across the room at his daughter's door. "Where is she—out?"

"I guess she's in her room, going over her dresses with that French maid. I don't know as she's got anything fit to wear to that dinner," Mrs. Spragg added in a tentative murmur.

Mr. Spragg smiled at last. "Well—I guess she *will* have," he said prophetically.

He glanced again at his daughter's door, as if to make sure of its being shut; then, standing close before his wife, he lowered his voice to say: "I saw Elmer Moffatt down town today."

"Oh, Abner!" A wave of almost physical apprehension passed over Mrs. Spragg. Her jewelled hands trembled in her black brocade lap, and the pulpy curves of her face collapsed as if it were a pricked balloon.

"Oh, Abner," she moaned again, her eyes also on her daughter's door.

Mr. Spragg's black eyebrows gathered in an angry frown, but it was evident that his anger was not against his wife.

"What's the good of Oh Abner-ing? Elmer Moffatt's nothing to us—no more'n if we never laid eyes on him."

"No—I know it; but what's he doing here? Did you speak to him?" she faltered.

He slipped his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets. "No—I guess Elmer and I are pretty well talked out."

Mrs. Spragg took up her moan. "Don't you tell her you saw him, Abner."

"I'll do as you say; but she may meet him herself."

"Oh, I guess not—not in this new set she's going with! Don't tell her *anyhow*."

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He turned away, feeling for one of the cigars which he always carried loose in his pocket; and his wife, rising, stole after him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"He can't do anything to her, can he?"

"Do anything to her?" He swung about furiously. "I'd like to see him touch her—that's all!"

II

UNDINE'S white and gold bedroom, with sea-green panels and old rose carpet, looked along Seventy-second Street toward the leafless tree-tops of the Central Park.

She went to the window, and drawing back its many layers of lace gazed eastward down the long brown-stone perspective. Beyond the Park lay Fifth Avenue —and Fifth Avenue was where she wanted to be!

She turned back into the room, and going to her writing-table laid Mrs. Fairford's note before her, and began to study it minutely. She had read in the "Boudoir Chat" of one of the Sunday papers that the smartest women were using the new pigeon-blood note-paper with white ink; and rather against her mother's advice she had ordered a large supply, with her monogram in silver. It was a disappointment, therefore, to find that Mrs. Fairford wrote on the old-fashioned white sheet, without even a monogram—simply her address and telephone number. It gave Undine rather a poor opinion of Mrs. Fairford's social standing, and for a moment she thought with considerable satisfaction of answering the note on her pigeon-blood paper. Then she remembered Mrs. Heeny's emphatic commendation of Mrs. Fairford, and her pen wavered. What if white paper were really newer than pigeon-blood? It might be more stylish, anyhow. Well, she didn't care if Mrs. Fairford didn't like red paper—*she* did! And she wasn't going to truckle to any woman who lived in a small house down beyond Park Avenue. . .

Undine was fiercely independent and yet passionately imitative. She wanted to surprise every one by her dash and originality, but she could not help modelling herself on the last person she met, and the confusion of ideals thus produced caused her much perturbation when she had to choose between two courses. She hesitated a moment longer, and then drew from the drawer a plain sheet with the hotel address.

It was amusing to write the note in her mother's name—she giggled as she formed the phrase "I shall be happy to permit my daughter to take dinner with you" ("take dinner" seemed more elegant than Mrs. Fairford's "dine")—but when she came to the signature she was met by a new difficulty. Mrs. Fairford had signed herself "Laura Fairford"—just as one schoolgirl would write to another. But could this be a proper model for Mrs. Spragg? Undine could not tolerate the thought of her mother's abasing herself to a denizen of regions beyond Park Avenue, and she resolutely formed the signature: "Sincerely, Mrs. Abner E. Spragg." Then uncertainty overcame her, and she re-wrote her note and copied Mrs. Fairford's formula: "Yours sincerely, Leota B. Spragg." But this struck her as an odd juxtaposition of formality and freedom, and she made a third attempt: "Yours with love, Leota B. Spragg." This, however, seemed excessive, as the ladies had never met; and after several other experiments she finally decided on a compromise, and ended the note: "Yours sincerely, Mrs. Leota B. Spragg." That might be conventional, Undine reflected, but it was certainly correct.

This point settled, she flung open her door, calling imperiously down the passage: "Céleste!" and adding, as the French maid appeared: "I want to look over all my dinner-dresses."

Considering the extent of Miss Spragg's wardrobe her dinner-dresses were not many. She had ordered a number the year before but, vexed at her lack of use for them, had tossed them over impatiently to the maid. Since then, indeed, she and Mrs. Spragg had succumbed to the abstract pleasure of buying two or three more, simply because they were too exquisite and Undine looked too lovely in them; but she had grown tired of these also—tired of seeing them hang unworn in her wardrobe, like so many derisive points of interrogation. And now, as Céleste spread them out on the bed, they seemed disgustingly common-place, and as famil-

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iar as if she had danced them to shreds. Nevertheless, she yielded to the maid's persuasions and tried them on.

The first and second did not gain by prolonged inspection: they looked old-fashioned already. "It's something about the sleeves," Undine grumbled as she threw them aside.

The third was certainly the prettiest; but then it was the one she had worn at the hotel dance the night before, and the impossibility of wearing it again within the week was too obvious for discussion. Yet she enjoyed looking at herself in it, for it reminded her of her sparkling passages with Claud Walsingham Popple, and her quieter but more fruitful talk with his little friend—the young man she had hardly noticed.

"You can go, Céleste—I'll take off the dress myself," she said: and when Céleste had passed out, laden with discarded finery, Undine bolted her door, dragged the tall pier-glass forward and, rummaging in a drawer for fan and gloves, swept to a seat before the mirror with the air of a lady arriving at an evening party. Céleste, before leaving, had drawn down the blinds and turned on the electric light, and the white and gold room, with its blazing wall-brackets, formed a sufficiently brilliant background to carry out the illusion. So untempered a glare would have been destructive to all half-tones and subtleties of modelling; but Undine's beauty was as vivid, and almost as crude, as the brightness suffusing it. Her black brows, her reddish-tawny hair and the pure red and white of her complexion defied the searching decomposing radiance: she might have been some fabled creature whose home was in a beam of light.

Undine, as a child, had taken but a lukewarm interest in the diversions of her playmates. Even in the early days when she had lived with her parents in a ragged outskirt of Apex, and hung on the fence with Indiana Frusk, the freckled daughter of the plumber "across the way," she had cared little for dolls or skipping-ropes, and still less for the riotous games in which the loud Indiana played Atalanta to all the boyhood of the quarter. Already Undine's chief delight was to "dress up" in her mother's Sunday skirt and "play lady" before the wardrobe mirror. The taste had outlasted childhood, and she still practised the same secret pantomime, gliding in, settling her skirts, swaying her fan, moving her lips in soundless talk and laughter; but lately she had shrunk from everything that reminded her of her baffled social yearnings. Now, however, she could yield without afterthought to the joy of dramatizing her beauty. Within a few days she would be enacting the scene she was now mimicking; and it amused her to see in advance just what impression she would produce on Mrs. Fairford's guests.

For a while she carried on her chat with an imaginary circle of admirers, twisting this way and that, fanning, fidgeting, twitching at her draperies, as she did in real life when people were noticing her. Her incessant movements were not the result of shyness: she thought it the correct thing to be animated in society, and noise and restlessness were her only notion of vivacity. She therefore watched herself approvingly, admiring the light on her hair, the flash of teeth between her smiling lips, the pure shadows of her throat and shoulders as she passed from one attitude to another. Only one fact disturbed her: there was a hint of too much fulness in the curves of her neck and in the spring of her hips. She was tall enough to carry off a little extra weight, but excessive slimness was the fashion, and she shuddered at the thought that she might some day deviate from the perpendicular.

Presently she ceased to twist and sparkle at her image, and sinking into her chair gave herself up to retrospection. She was vexed, in looking back, to think how little notice she had taken of young Marvell, who turned out to be so much less negligible than his brilliant friend. She remembered thinking him rather shy, less accustomed to society; and though in his quiet deprecating way he had said one or two droll things he lacked Mr. Popple's masterly manner, his domineering yet caressing address. When Mr. Popple had fixed his black eyes on Undine, and murmured something "artistic" about the colour of her hair, she had thrilled to the depths of her being. Even now it seemed incredible that he should not turn out to be more distinguished than young Marvell: he seemed so much more in the

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key of the world she read about in the Sunday papers—the dazzling auriferous world of the Van Degens, the Driscolls and their peers.

She was roused by the sound in the hall of her mother's last words to Mrs. Heeny. Undine waited till their adieux were over; then, darting out into the passage, she seized the astonished masseuse and dragged her into the room.

Mrs. Heeny gazed in admiration at the luminous apparition in whose hold she found herself.

"Mercy, Undine—you do look stunning! Are you trying on your dress for Mrs. Fairford's?"

"Yes—no—this is only an old thing." The girl's eyes glittered under their black brows. "Mrs. Heeny, you've got to tell me the truth—*are* they as swell as you said?"

"Who? The Fairfords and Marvells? If they ain't swell enough for you, Undine Spragg, you'd better go right over to the court of England!"

Undine straightened herself. "I want the best. Are they as swell as the Driscolls and Van Degens?"

Mrs. Heeny sounded a scornful laugh. "Look at here, now, you unbelieving girl! As sure as I'm standing here before you, I've seen Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll of Fifth Avenue laying in her pink velvet bed with Honiton lace sheets on it, and crying her eyes out because she couldn't get asked to one of Mrs. Paul Marvell's musicals. She'd never 'a dreamt of being asked to a dinner there! Not all of her money couldn't 'a bought her that—and she knows it!"

Undine stood for a moment with bright cheeks and parted lips; then she flung her soft arms about the masseuse.

"Oh, Mrs. Heeny—you're lovely to me!" she breathed, her lips on Mrs. Heeny's rusty veil; while the latter, freeing herself with a good-natured laugh, said as she turned away: "Go steady, Undine, and you'll get anywheres."

Go steady, Undine! Yes, that was the advice she needed. Sometimes, in her dark moods, she blamed her parents for not having given it to her. She was so young . . . and they had told her so little! As she looked back she shuddered at some of her escapes. Even since they had come to New York she had been on the verge of one or two perilous adventures, and there had been a moment during their first winter when she had actually engaged herself to the handsome Austrian riding-master who accompanied her in the Park. He had carelessly shown her a card-case with a coronet, and had confided in her that he had been forced to resign from a crack cavalry regiment for fighting a duel about a Countess; and as a result of these confidences she had pledged herself to him, and bestowed on him her pink pearl ring in exchange for one of twisted silver, which he said the Countess had given him on her death-bed with the request that he should never take it off till he met a woman more beautiful than herself.

Soon afterward, luckily, Undine had run across Mabel Lipscomb, whom she had known at a middle western boarding-school as Mabel Blitch. Miss Blitch occupied a position of distinction as the only New York girl at the school, and for a time there had been sharp rivalry for her favour between Undine and Indiana Frusk, whose parents had somehow contrived—for one term—to obtain her admission to the same establishment. In spite of Indiana's unscrupulous methods, and of a certain violent way she had of capturing attention, the victory remained with Undine, whom Mabel pronounced more refined; and the discomfited Indiana, denouncing her schoolmates as a "bunch of mushes," had disappeared forever from the scene of her defeat.

Since then Mabel had returned to New York and married a stock-broker; and Undine's first steps in social enlightenment dated from the day when she had met Mrs. Harry Lipscomb, and been again taken under her wing.

Harry Lipscomb had insisted on investigating the riding-master's record, and had found that his real name was Aaronson, and that he had left Cracow under a charge of swindling servant-girls out of their savings; in the light of which discoveries Undine noticed for the first time that his lips were too red and that his hair was pommaded. That was one of the episodes that sickened her as she looked back, and made her resolve once more to trust less to her impulses—espe-

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cially in the matter of giving away rings. Since then, however, she thought she had learned a good deal, especially since, by Mabel Lipscomb's advice, the Spraggs had moved to the Stentorian, where that lady was herself established.

There was nothing of the monopolist about Mabel, and she lost no time in making Undine free of the Stentorian group and its affiliated branches: a society addicted to "days," and linked together by membership in countless clubs, mundane, cultural or "earnest." Mabel took Undine to the days, and introduced her as a "guest" to the club-meetings, where she was supported by the presence of many other guests—"my friend Miss Stager, of Phalanx, Georgia," or (if the lady were literary) simply "my friend Ora Prance Chettle of Nebraska—you know what Mrs. Chettle stands for."

Some of these reunions took place in the lofty hotels moored like a sonorously-named fleet of battle-ships along the upper reaches of the West Side: the Olympian, the Incandescent, the Ormolu; while others, perhaps the more exclusive, were held in the equally lofty but more romantically styled apartment-houses: the Parthenon, the Tintern Abbey or the Lido. Undine's preference was for the worldly parties, at which games were played, and she returned home laden with prizes in Dutch silver; but she was duly impressed by the debating clubs, where ladies of local distinction addressed the company from an improvised platform, or the members argued on subjects of such imperishable interest as: "What is charm?" or "The Problem-Novel"—after which pink lemonade and rainbow sandwiches were consumed amid heated discussion of the "ethical aspect" of the question.

It was all very novel and interesting, and at first Undine envied Mabel Lipscomb for having made herself a place in such circles; but in time she began to despise her for being content to remain there. For it did not take Undine long to learn that introduction to Mabel's "set" had brought her no nearer to Fifth Avenue. Even in Apex, Undine's tender imagination had been nurtured on the feats and gestures of Fifth Avenue. She knew all of New York's golden aristocracy by name, and the lineaments of its most distinguished scions had been made familiar by passionate poring over the daily press. In Mabel's world she sought in vain for the originals, and only now and then caught a tantalizing glimpse of one of their familiars: as when Claud Walsingham Popple, engaged on the portrait of a lady whom the Lipscombs described as "the wife of a Steel Magnet," felt it his duty to attend one of his client's teas, where it became Mabel's privilege to make his acquaintance and to name to him her friend Miss Spragg.

Unsuspected social gradations were thus revealed to the attentive Undine, but she was beginning to think that her sad proficiency had been acquired in vain when her hopes were revived by the appearance of Mr. Popple and his friend at the Stentorian dance. She thought she had learned enough to be safe from any risk of repeating the hideous Aaronson mistake; yet she now saw she had blundered again in distinguishing Claud Walsingham Popple while she almost snubbed his more retiring companion. It was all very puzzling, and her perplexity had been farther increased by Mrs. Heeny's tale of the great Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll's despair.

Hitherto Undine had imagined that the Driscoll and Van Degen clans and their allies held undisputed suzerainty over New York society. Mabel Lipscomb thought so too, and was given to bragging of her acquaintance with a Mrs. Spoff, who was merely a second cousin of Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll's. Yet here was she, Undine Spragg of Apex, about to be introduced into an inner circle to which Driscolls and Van Degens had laid siege in vain! It was enough to make her feel a little dizzy with her triumph—to work her up into that state of perilous self-confidence in which all her worst follies had been committed.

She stood up and, going close to the glass, gazed at the reflection of her bright eyes and glowing cheeks. This time her fears were superfluous: there were to be no more mistakes and no more follies now! She was going to know the right people at last—she was going to get what she wanted!

As she stood there, smiling at her happy image, the sound of her father's voice

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came from the room beyond, and instantly she began to tear off her dress, strip the long gloves from her arms and unpin the rose in her hair. Tossing the fallen finery aside, she slipped on a dressing-gown and opened the door into the drawing-room.

At the farther end of the room she saw Mr. Spragg standing near her mother, who sat in a drooping attitude, her head sunk on her breast, as she did when she had one of her "turns." Mr. Spragg looked up abruptly as Undine entered.

"Father—has mother told you? Mrs. Fairford has asked me to dine. She's Mrs. Paul Marvell's daughter—Mrs. Marvell was a Dagonet—and they're sweller than anybody; they *won't know* the Driscolls and Van Degens!"

Mr. Spragg surveyed her with humorous fondness.

"That so? What do they want to know you for, I wonder?" he jeered.

"Can't imagine—unless they think I'll introduce *you!*" she jeered back in the same key, her arms around his stooping shoulders, her shining hair against his cheek.

"Well—and are you going to? Have you accepted?" he took up her joke as she held him pinioned; while Mrs. Spragg, behind them, stirred in her seat with a little moan.

Undine threw back her head, plunging her eyes in his, and pressing so close that to his tired elderly sight her face was a mere bright blur.

"I want to, awfully," she declared, "but I haven't got a single thing to wear."

Mrs. Spragg, at this, moaned more audibly. "Undine, I wouldn't ask father to buy any more clothes right on top of those last bills," she said.

"I ain't on top of those last bills yet—I'm way down under them," Mr. Spragg interrupted jocosely, raising his hands to his shoulders and imprisoning his daughter's slender wrists.

"Oh, well—if you want me to look like a scarecrow, and not get asked again, I've got a dress that'll do *perfectly*," Undine threatened, in a tone between banter and vexation.

Mr. Spragg held her away at arm's length, a smile drawing up the loose wrinkles about his eyes.

"Well, that kind of dress might come in mighty handy on *some* occasions; so I guess you'd better hold on to it for future use, and go and select another for this Fairford dinner," he said; and before he could finish he was in her arms again, and she was smothering his last word in little cries and kisses.

III

THOUGH she would not for the world have owned it to her parents, Undine was disappointed in the Fairford dinner.

The house, to begin with, was small and rather shabby. There was no gilding, no lavish diffusion of light: the room they sat in after dinner, with its green-shaded lamps making faint pools of brightness, and its rows of books from floor to ceiling, reminded Undine of the old circulating library at Apex, before the new marble building was put up. Then, instead of a gas-log, or a polished grate with electric bulbs behind ruby glass, there was an old-fashioned wood-fire, like pictures of "Back to the farm for Christmas"; and when the logs fell forward Mrs. Fairford or her brother had to jump up to push them in place, and the ashes scattered messily over the hearth.

The dinner too was disappointing. Undine was not of an age to take note of culinary details, but she had expected a table adorned with orchids, and pretty-coloured *entrées* served up in ruffled papers. Instead, there was only a low centre-dish of ferns, and plain roasted and broiled meats that one could recognize—as if they'd all been dyspeptics on a diet! With all the hints in the Sunday papers, she thought it dull of Mrs. Fairford not to have picked up something newer; and as the evening progressed she began to suspect that it wasn't a real "dinner party" at all, but that they had just asked her in to share what they had when they were alone.

But a glance about the table convinced her that Mrs. Fairford could not have meant to treat her other guests so lightly. They were only eight in number, but one was no less a person than young Mrs. Peter Van Degen—the one who had been a Dagonet—and the consideration which this young lady, herself one of the choicest

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ornaments of the Society Column, displayed toward the rest of the company, convinced Undine that they must be more important than they looked. She liked Mrs. Fairford, a small incisive woman, with a big nose and good teeth revealed by frequent smiles. In her dowdy black and antiquated ornaments, she was not what Undine would have called "stylish"; but she had a kind droll merry way which reminded the girl of her father's manner when he was not tired or worried about money. One of the other ladies, having white hair, did not long arrest Undine's attention; and the fourth, a girl like herself, who was introduced as Miss Harriet Ray, she dismissed at a glance as plain and wearing a last year's "model." The men, too, were less striking than she had hoped. She had not expected much of Mr. Fairford, since married men were intrinsically uninteresting, and his baldness and grey moustache seemed naturally to relegate him to the background; but she had looked for some brilliant youths of her own age—in her inmost heart she had looked for Mr. Popple. He was not there, however, and of the other men one, whom they called Mr. Bowen, was hopelessly elderly—she supposed he was the husband of the white-haired lady—and the other two, who seemed to be friends of young Marvell's, were both destitute of Claud Walsingham's dash.

Undine sat between Mr. Bowen and young Marvell, who struck her as very "sweet" (it was her word for friendliness), but even shyer and quieter than at the hotel dance. Yet she was not sure if it were shyness, or only a new kind of self-possession which expressed itself negatively instead of aggressively. Small, well-knit, fair, he sat stroking his slight blond moustache and looking at her with kindly, almost tender eyes; but he left it to his sister and the others to draw her out and fit her into the pattern.

Mrs. Fairford talked so well that the girl wondered why Mrs. Heeny had found her lacking in conversation. But though Undine thought silent people awkward she was not easily impressed by verbal fluency. All the ladies in Apex City were more voluble than Mrs. Fairford, and had a larger vocabulary: the difference was that with Mrs. Fairford conversation seemed to be a concert and not a solo. She kept drawing in the others, giving each a turn, beating time for them with her smile, and somehow harmonizing and linking together what they said. She took particular pains to give Undine her due part in the performance; but the girl's expansive impulses were balanced by odd reactions of mistrust, and to-night the latter prevailed. She meant to watch and listen without letting herself go, and she sat very straight and pink, answering promptly but briefly, with the nervous laugh that punctuated all her phrases—saying "I don't care if I do" when her host asked her to try some grapes, and "I wouldn't wonder" when she thought her interlocutors were trying to astonish her.

This state of intense lucidity enabled her to take note of all that was being said. The talk ran more on general questions, and less on people, than she was used to; but though the allusions to pictures and books escaped her, she caught and stored up every personal reference, and the pink in her cheeks deepened suddenly at a random mention of Mr. Popple.

"Yes—he's doing me," Mrs. Peter Van Degen was saying, in her slightly drawling voice. "He's doing everybody this year, you know——"

"As if that were a reason!" Undine heard Mrs. Fairford breathe to Mr. Bowen; who replied, at the same pitch: "It's a Van Degen reason, isn't it?"—to which Mrs. Fairford shrugged assentingly.

"That delightful Popple—he paints so exactly as he talks!" the white-haired lady took the theme up gaily. "All his portraits seem to proclaim what a gentleman he is, and how he fascinates women! They're not pictures of Mrs. or Miss So-and-so, but simply of the impression Popple thinks he's made on them."

Mrs. Fairford smiled. "I've sometimes thought," she mused, "that Mr. Popple must be the only gentleman I know; at least he's the only man who has ever told me he was a gentleman—and Mr. Popple never fails to mention it."

Undine's ear was too well attuned to the national note of irony for her not to perceive that for some incomprehensible reason her companions were making sport of the painter. She winced at their banter as if it had been at her own expense, yet

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it gave her a dizzy sense of being at last in the very stronghold of fashion. Her attention was diverted by hearing Mrs. Van Degen, under cover of the general laugh, say in a low tone to young Marvell: "I thought you liked his things, or I wouldn't have had him paint me."

Something in her tone made all Undine's perceptions bristle, and she strained her ears for the answer.

"I think he'll do you capitally—you must let me come and see some day soon." Marvell's tone was always so light, so unemphasized, that she could not be sure of its being as indifferent as it sounded. She looked down at the fruit on her plate and shot a side-glance through her lashes at Mrs. Peter Van Degen.

Mrs. Van Degen was neither beautiful nor imposing: just a dark girlish-looking creature with plaintive eyes and a fidgety frequent laugh. But she was more elaborately dressed and jewelled than the other ladies, and her elegance and her restlessness made her seem less alien to Undine. She had turned on Marvell a gaze at once pleading and possessive; but whether betokening merely an inherited intimacy (Undine had noticed that they were all more or less cousins) or a more personal feeling, her observer was unable to decide; just as the tone of the young man's reply might have expressed the open avowal of good-fellowship or the disguise of a different sentiment. All was blurred and puzzling to the girl in this world of half-lights, half-tones, eliminations and abbreviations; and she felt a violent longing to brush away the cobwebs and assert herself as the dominant figure of the scene.

Yet in the drawing-room, with the ladies, where Mrs. Fairford came and sat by her, the spirit of caution once more prevailed. She wanted to be noticed but she dreaded to be patronized, and here again her hostess's gradations of tone were confusing. Mrs. Fairford made no tactless allusions to her being a newcomer in New York—there was nothing as bitter to the girl as that—but her questions as to what pictures had interested Undine at the various exhibitions of the moment, and which of the new books she had read, were almost as open to suspicion, since they had to be answered in the negative. Undine did not even know that there were any pictures to be seen, much less that "people" went to see them; and she had read no new book but "When The Kissing Had to Stop," of which Mrs. Fairford seemed not to have heard. On the theatre they were equally at odds, for while Undine had seen "Oolaloo" fourteen times, and was "wild" about Ned Norris in "The Soda-Water Fountain," she had not heard of the famous Berlin comedians who were performing Shakespeare at the German Theatre, and knew only by name the clever American actress who was trying to give "repertory" plays with a good stock company. The conversation was revived for a moment by her recalling that she had seen Sarah Burnhard in a play she called "Leg-long," and another which she pronounced "Fade"; but even this did not carry them far, as she had forgotten what both plays were about and had found the actress a good deal older than she expected.

Matters were not improved by the return of the men from the smoking-room. Henley Fairford at once replaced his wife at Undine's side; and since it was unheard-of at Apex for a married man to force his society on a young girl, she inferred that the others didn't care to talk to her, and that her host and hostess were in league to take her off their hands. This discovery resulted in her holding her vivid head very high, and answering "I couldn't really say," or "Is that so?" to all Mr. Fairford's ventures; and as these were neither numerous nor striking it was a relief to both when the rising of the elderly lady gave the signal for departure.

In the hall, where young Marvell had managed to precede her, Undine found Mrs. Van Degen putting on her cloak. As she gathered it about her she laid her hand on Marvell's arm.

"Ralphie, dear, you'll come to the opera with me on Friday? We'll dine together first—Peter's got a club dinner." They exchanged what seemed a smile of intelligence, and Undine heard the young man accept. Then Mrs. Van Degen turned to her.

"Goodbye, Miss Spragg. I hope you'll come—"

"—*to dine with me too?*" That must be what she was going to say, and Undine's heart gave a bound.

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"—to see me some afternoon," Mrs. Van Degen ended, descending the steps to her motor, at the door of which a much-furred footman waited with more furs on his arm.

Undine's face burned as she turned to receive her cloak. When she had drawn it on with haughty deliberation she found Marvell at her side, in hat and overcoat, and her heart gave a higher bound. He was going to "escort" her home, of course! This brilliant youth—she felt now that he *was* brilliant—who dined alone with married women, whom the "Van Degen set" called "Ralphie, dear," had really no eyes for any one but herself; and at the thought her lost self-complacency flowed back warm through her veins.

A sleety rain had coated the street with ice, and she had a delicious moment descending the steps on Marvell's arm, and holding it fast while they waited for her cab to come up; but when he had helped her in he closed the door on her and held his hand out over the lowered window.

"Goodbye," he said, smiling; and she could not help the break of pride in her voice, as she faltered out stupidly, from the depths of her disillusionment: "Oh—goodbye."

IV

"FATHER, you've got to take a box for me at the opera next Friday."

From the tone of her voice Undine's parents knew at once that she was "nervous."

They had counted a great deal on the Fairford dinner as a means of tranquillization, and it was a blow to detect signs of the opposite result when, late the next morning, their daughter came dawdling into the sodden splendours of the Stentorian breakfast-room.

The symptoms of Undine's nervousness were unmistakable to Mr. and Mrs. Spragg. They could read the approaching storm in the darkening of her eyes from limpid grey to slate-colour, and in the way her straight black brows met above them and the red curves of her lips narrowed to a parallel line below.

Mr. Spragg, having finished the last course of his heterogeneous meal, was adjusting his gold eye-glasses for a glance at the paper when Undine trailed down the magnificent stuffy room, where stale coffee-fumes hung perpetually under the emblazoned ceiling and the spongy carpet might have absorbed a year's crumbs without a sweeping.

About them sat other pallid families, richly dressed, and silently eating their way through a bill-of-fare which seemed to have ransacked the globe for gastronomic incompatibilities; and in the middle of the room a knot of equally pallid waiters, engaged in languid conversation, turned their backs by common consent on the persons they were supposed to serve.

Undine, who rose too late to share the family breakfast, usually had her chocolate brought to her in bed by Céleste, after the manner described in the articles on "A Society Woman's Day" which were appearing in *Boudoir Chat*. Her mere appearance in the restaurant therefore prepared her parents for those symptoms of excessive tension which a nearer inspection confirmed, and Mr. Spragg folded his paper and hooked his glasses to his waistcoat with the air of a man who prefers to know the worst and have it over.

"An opera box!" faltered Mrs. Spragg, pushing aside the bananas and cream with which she had been trying to tempt an appetite too languid for fried liver or crab mayonnaise.

"A parterre box," Undine corrected, ignoring the exclamation, and continuing to address herself to her father. "Friday's the stylish night, and that new tenor's going to sing again in 'Cavaleeria'," she condescended to explain.

"That so?" Mr. Spragg thrust his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and began to tilt his chair till he remembered there was no wall to meet it. He regained his balance and said: "Wouldn't a couple of good orchestra seats do you?"

"No; they wouldn't," Undine answered with a darkening brow.

He looked at her humorously. "You invited the whole dinner-party, I suppose?"

"No—no one."

"Going all alone in a box?" She was disdainfully silent. "I don't s'pose you're thinking of taking mother and me?"

This was so obviously comic that they

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all laughed—even Mrs. Spragg—and Undine went on more mildly: "I want to do something for Mabel Lipscomb: make some return. She's always taking me 'round, and I've never done a thing for her—not a single thing."

This appeal to the national belief in the duty of reciprocal "treating" could not fail of its effect, and Mrs. Spragg murmured: "She never *has*, Abner,"—but Mr. Spragg's brow remained unrelenting.

"Do you know what a box costs?"

"No; but I s'pose you do," Undine returned with unconscious flippancy.

"I do. That's the trouble. *Why* won't seats do you?"

"Mabel could buy seats for herself."

"That's so," interpolated Mrs. Spragg—always the first to succumb to her daughter's arguments.

"Well, I guess I can't buy a box for her."

Undine's face gloomed more deeply. She sat silent, her chocolate thickening in the cup, while one hand, almost as much beringed as her mother's, drummed on the crumpled table-cloth.

"We might as well go straight back to Apex," she breathed at last between her teeth.

Mrs. Spragg cast a frightened glance at her husband. These struggles between two resolute wills always brought on her palpitations, and she wished she had her phial of digitalis with her.

"A parterre box costs a hundred and twenty-five dollars a night," said Mr. Spragg, transferring a tooth-pick to his waistcoat pocket.

"I only want it once."

He looked at her with a quizzical puckering of his crows'-feet. "You only want most things once, Undine," he remarked.

It was an observation they had made in her earliest youth—Undine never wanted anything long, but she wanted it "right off." And until she got it the house was uninhabitable.

"I'd a good deal rather have a box for the season," she rejoined, and he saw the opening he had given her. She had two ways of getting things out of him against his principles; the tender wheedling way, and the harsh-lipped and cold—and he did not know which he dreaded most. As a child they had admired her assertiveness, had made Apex ring with their boasts of it; but it had long since cowed Mrs. Spragg, and it was beginning to frighten her husband.

"Fact is, Undie," he said, weakening, "I'm a little mite strapped just this month."

Her eyes grew absent-minded, as they always did when he alluded to business. *That* was man's province; and what did men go "down town" for but to bring back the spoils to their women? She rose abruptly, leaving her parents seated, and said, more to herself than the others: "Think I'll go for a ride."

"Oh, Undine!" fluttered Mrs. Spragg. She always had palpitations when Undine rode, and since the Aaronson episode her fears were not confined to what the horse might do.

"Why don't you take your mother out shopping a little?" Mr. Spragg suggested, conscious of the limitation of his resources.

Undine made no answer, but swept down the long room, and out of the door ahead of her mother, with scorn and anger in every line of her arrogant young back. Mrs. Spragg tottered meekly after her, and Mr. Spragg lounged out into the marble hall to buy a cigar before taking the Subway to his office.

Undine went for a ride, not because she felt particularly disposed for the exercise, but because she wished to discipline her mother. She was almost sure she would get her opera box, but she did not see why she should have to struggle for her rights, and she was especially annoyed with Mrs. Spragg for seconding her so half-heartedly. If she and her mother did not hold together in such crises she would have twice the work to do.

Undine hated "scenes": she was essentially peace-loving, and would have preferred to live on terms of unbroken harmony with her parents. But she could not help it if they were unreasonable. Ever since she could remember there had been "fusses" about money; yet she and her mother had always got what they wanted, apparently without lasting detriment to the family fortunes. It was therefore natural to conclude that there were ample funds to draw upon, and that Mr. Spragg's occasional resistances were

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merely due to an imperfect understanding of what constituted the necessities of life.

When she returned from her ride Mrs. Spragg received her as if she had come back from the dead. It was absurd, of course; but Undine was inured to the absurdity of parents.

"Has father telephoned?" was her first brief question.

"No, he hasn't yet."

Undine's lips tightened, but she proceeded deliberately with the removal of her habit.

"You'd think I'd asked him to buy me the Opera House, the way he's acting over a single box," she muttered, flinging aside her smartly-fitting coat.

Mrs. Spragg received the flying garment and smoothed it out on the bed. Neither of the ladies could "bear" to have their maid about when they were at their toilet, and Mrs. Spragg had always performed these ancillary services for Undine.

"You know, Undie, father hasn't always got the money in his pocket, and the bills have been pretty heavy lately. Father was a rich man for Apex, but that's different from being rich in New York."

She stood before her daughter, looking down on her appealingly.

Undine, who had seated herself while she detached her stock and waistcoat, raised her head with an impatient jerk. "Why on earth did we ever leave Apex, then?" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Spragg's eyes usually dropped before her daughter's inclement gaze; but on this occasion they held their own with a kind of awe-struck courage, till Undine's lids sank above her suddenly flushing cheeks.

She sprang up, tugging at the waistband of her habit, while Mrs. Spragg, relapsing from temerity to meekness, hovered about her with obstructive zeal.

"If you'd only just let go of my skirt, mother—I can unhook it twice as quick myself."

Mrs. Spragg drew back, understanding that her presence was no longer wanted. But on the threshold she paused, as if overruled by a stronger influence, and said, with a last look at her daughter: "You didn't meet anybody when you were out, did you, Undie?"

Undine's brows drew together: she was struggling with her long patent-leather boot.

"Meet anybody? Do you mean anybody I know? I don't *know* anybody—I never shall, if father can't afford to let me go round with people!"

The boot was off with a wrench, and she flung it violently across the old rose carpet, while Mrs. Spragg, turning away to hide a look of inexpressible relief, slipped discreetly from the room.

The day wore on. Undine had meant to go down and tell Mabel Lipscomb about the Fairford dinner, but its aftertaste was flat on her lips. What would it lead to? Nothing, as far as she could see. Ralph Marvell had not even asked when he might call; and she was ashamed to confess to Mabel that he had not driven home with her.

Suddenly she decided that she would go and see the pictures of which Mrs. Fairford had spoken. Perhaps she might meet some of the people she had seen at dinner—from their talk one might have imagined that they spent their lives in picture-galleries.

The thought reanimated her, and she put on her handsomest furs, and a hat for which she had not yet dared present the bill to her father. It was the fashionable hour in Fifth Avenue, but Undine knew none of the ladies who were bowing to each other from interlocked motors. She had to content herself with the gaze of admiration which she left in her wake along the pavement; but she was used to the homage of the streets and her vanity craved a choicer fare.

When she reached the art gallery which Mrs. Fairford had named she found it even more crowded than Fifth Avenue; and some of the ladies and gentlemen wedged before the pictures had the "look" which signified social consecration. As Undine made her way among them, she was aware of attracting almost as much notice as in the street, and she flung herself into rapt attitudes before the canvases, scribbling notes in the catalogue with her pencil, in imitation of a tall girl in sables, while ripples of self-consciousness played up and down her watchful back.

Presently her attention was drawn to a lady in black who was examining the

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pictures through a tortoise-shell eye-glass adorned with diamonds and hanging from a long pearl chain. Undine was instantly struck by the opportunities which this toy presented for graceful wrist movements and supercilious turns of the head. It seemed to her suddenly plebeian and promiscuous to look at the world with a naked eye, and all her floating desires were merged in the wish for a jewelled eye-glass and pearl chain. So violent was this wish that Undine, drawn on in the wake of the owner of the eye-glass, found herself suddenly bumping against a stout frock-coated young man whose impact knocked her catalogue from her hand.

As the young man picked the catalogue up and held it out to her she noticed that his bulging eyes and queer retreating face were suffused with a glow of admiration. He was so unpleasant-looking that she would have resented his homage had not his odd physiognomy called up some vaguely agreeable association of ideas. Where had she seen before this grotesque saurian head, with eye-lids as thick as lips and lips as thick as ear-lobes? It fled before her down a perspective of innumerable newspaper portraits, all, like the original before her, tightly frock-coated, with a huge pearl transfixing a silken tie. . .

"Oh, thank you," she murmured, all gleams and graces, while he stood hat in hand, saying sociably: "The crowd's simply awful, isn't it?"

At the same moment the lady of the eye-glass drifted closer, and with a tap of her wand, and a careless "Peter, do look at this," swept the young man to the other side of the gallery.

Undine's heart was beating excitedly, for as he turned away she had identified him. Peter Van Degen—who could he be but young Peter Van Degen, the son of the great banker, Thurber Van Degen, the husband of Ralph Marvell's cousin, the hero of "Sunday Supplements," the captor of Blue Ribbons at Horse-Shows, of Gold Cups at Motor Races, the owner of winning race-horses and "crack" sloops: the supreme exponent, in short, of those crowning arts that made all life seem stale and unprofitable outside the magic ring of the Society Column?

Undine smiled as she recalled the look with which his pale protruding eyes had rested on her—it almost consoled her for his wife's indifference!

When she reached home she found that she could not remember anything about the pictures she had seen. . .

There was no message from her father, and a reaction of disgust set in. Of what good were such encounters if they were to have no sequel? She would probably never meet Peter Van Degen again—or, if she *did* run across him in the same accidental way, she knew they could not continue their conversation without being "introduced." What was the use of being beautiful and attracting attention if one were perpetually doomed to relapse again into the obscure mass of the Uninvited?

Her gloom was not lightened by finding Ralph Marvell's card on the drawing-room table. She thought it unflattering and almost impolite of him to call without making an appointment: it seemed to show that he did not wish to continue their acquaintance. But as she tossed the card aside her mother said: "He was real sorry not to see you, Undine—he sat here nearly an hour."

Undine's attention was roused. "Sat here—all alone? Didn't you tell him I was out?"

"Yes—but he came up all the same. He asked for me."

"Asked for *you?*"

The social order seemed to be falling in ruins at Undine's feet. A visitor who asked for a girl's mother!—she stared at Mrs. Spragg with cold incredulity. "What makes you think he did?"

"Why, they told me so. I telephoned down that you were out, and they said he'd asked for me." Mrs. Spragg let the fact speak for itself—it was too much out of the range of her experience to admit of even a hypothetical explanation.

Undine shrugged her shoulders. "It was a mistake, of course. Why on earth did you let him come up?"

"I thought maybe he had a message for you, Undie."

This plea struck her daughter as not without weight. "Well, did he?" she asked, drawing out her hat-pins and tossing down her hat on the onyx table.

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"Why, no—he just conversed. He was lovely to me, but I couldn't make out what he was after," Mrs. Spragg was obliged to own.

Her daughter looked at her with a kind of chill commiseration. "You never *can*," she murmured, turning away.

She stretched herself out moodily on one of the pink and gold sofas, and lay there brooding, an unread novel on her knee. Mrs. Spragg timidly slipped a cushion under her daughter's head, and then dissembled herself behind the lace window-curtains and sat watching the lights spring out down the long street and spread their glittering net across the Park. It was one of Mrs. Spragg's chief occupations to watch the nightly lighting of New York.

Undine lay silent, her hands clasped behind her head. She was plunged in one of the moods of bitter retrospection when all her past seemed to her to have been a struggle for something she could not have, from a trip to Europe to an opera box; and when she felt sure that, as the past had been, so the future would be. And yet, as she had often told her parents, all she sought for was improvement: she honestly wanted the best.

Her first struggle—after she had ceased to scream for candy, or sulk for a new toy—had been to get away from Apex in summer. Her summers, as she looked back on them, seemed to typify all that was dreariest and most exasperating in her life. The earliest had been spent in the yellow "frame" cottage where she had hung on the fence, kicking her toes against the broken palings and exchanging moist chewing-gum and half-eaten apples with Indiana Frusk. Later on, she had returned from her boarding-school, to the comparative gentility of summer vacations at the Mealey House, whither her parents, forsaking their squalid suburb, had moved in the first flush of their rising fortunes. The tessellated floors, the plush parlours and organ-like radiators of the Mealey House had, aside from their intrinsic elegance, the immense advantage of lifting the Spraggs high above the Frusks, and making it possible for Undine, when she met Indiana in the street or at school, to chill her advances by a careless allusion to the splendours of hotel life. But even in such a setting, and in spite of the social superiority it implied, the long months of the middle western summer, fly-blown, torrid, exhaling stale odours, soon became as insufferable as they had been in the little yellow house.

At school Undine met other girls whose parents took them to the Great Lakes for August; some even went to California, others—oh bliss ineffable!—went "east."

Pale and listless under the stifling boredom of the Mealey House routine, Undine secretly sucked lemons, nibbled slate-pencils and drank pints of bitter coffee to aggravate her look of ill-health; and when she learned that even Indiana Frusk was to go on a month's visit to Buffalo it hardly needed any artificial aids to emphasize the ravages of envy. Her parents, alarmed by her appearance, were at last convinced of the immediate necessity of change, and timidly, tentatively, they transferred themselves for a month to a staring hotel on a glaring lake.

There Undine enjoyed the satisfaction of sending ironic post-cards to Indiana, and discovering that she could more than hold her own against the youth and beauty of the other visitors. Then she made the acquaintance of a pretty woman from Richmond, whose husband, a mining engineer, had brought her west with him while he inspected the newly developed Eubaw mines; and the southern visitor's dismay, her repugnances, her recoil from the faces, the food, the amusements, the general bareness and stridency of the scene, were a terrible initiation to Undine. There was something still better beyond, then—more luxurious, more exciting, more worthy of her! She once said to herself, afterward, that it was always her fate to find out just too late about the "something beyond." But in this case it was not too late—and obstinately, inflexibly, she set herself to the task of forcing her parents to take her "east" the next summer.

Yielding to the inevitable, they suffered themselves to be impelled to a Virginia "resort," where Undine had her first glimpse of more romantic possibilities—leafy moonlight rides and drives, picnics in mountain glades, and an atmosphere of Christmas-chromo sentimentality that tempered her hard edges a little, and gave her glimpses of a more delicate kind of

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pleasure. But here again everything was spoiled by a peep through another door. Undine, after a first mustering of the other girls in the hotel, had, as usual, found herself easily first—till the arrival, from Washington, of Mr. and Mrs. Wincher and their daughter. Undine was much handsomer than Miss Wincher, but she saw at a glance that she did not know how to use her beauty as the other used her plainness. She was exasperated, too, by the discovery that Miss Wincher seemed not only unconscious of any possible rivalry between them, but actually unaware of her existence. Slender, listless, supercilious, the young lady from Washington sat apart reading novels or playing solitaire with her parents, as though the huge hotel's loud life of gossip and flirtation were invisible and inaudible to her. Undine never even succeeded in catching her eye: she always lowered it to her book when the Apex beauty trailed or rattled past her secluded corner. But one day an acquaintance of the Winchers' turned up—a lady from Boston, who had come to Virginia on a botanizing tour; and from scraps of Miss Wincher's conversation with the newcomer, Undine, straining her ears behind a column of the long veranda, obtained a new glimpse into the unimagined.

The Winchers, it appeared, found themselves at Potash Springs merely because a severe illness of Mrs. Wincher's had made it impossible, at the last moment, to move her farther from Washington. They had let their house on the North Shore, and as soon as they could leave "this dreadful hole" were going to Europe for the autumn. Miss Wincher simply didn't know how she got through the days; though no doubt it was as good as a rest-cure after the rush of the winter. Of course they would have preferred to hire a house, but the "hole," if one could believe it, didn't offer one; so they had simply shut themselves off as best they could from the "hotel crew"—had her friend, Miss Wincher parenthetically asked, happened to notice the Sunday young men? They were queerer even than the "belles" they came for—and had escaped the promiscuity of the dinner-hour by turning one of their rooms into a dining-room, and picnicking there—one couldn't, with the Persimmon House standards, describe it in any other way! But luckily the awful place was doing mamma good, and now they had nearly served their term. . .

Undine turned sick as she listened. Only the evening before she had gone on a "buggy-ride" with a young gentleman from Deposit—a dentist's assistant—and had let him kiss her, and given him the flower from her hair. She loathed the thought of him now: she loathed all the people about her, and most of all the disdainful Miss Wincher. It enraged her to think that the Winchers classed her with the "hotel crew"—with the "belles" who awaited their Sunday young men. The place was forever blighted for her, and the next week she dragged her amazed but thankful parents back to Apex.

But Miss Wincher's depreciatory talk had opened ampler vistas, and the pioneer blood in Undine would not let her rest. She had heard the call of the Atlantic seaboard, and the next summer found the Spraggs at Skog Harbour, Maine. Even now Undine felt a shiver of boredom as she recalled it. That summer had been the worst of all. The bare wind-beaten inn, all shingles without and blueberry pie within, was "exclusive," parochial, Bostonian; and the Spraggs wore through their interminable six weeks there in blank unmitigated isolation. The incomprehensible part of it was that every other woman in the hotel was plain, dowdy or elderly—and most of them all three. If there had been any competition on ordinary lines Undine would have won, as Van Degen said, "hands down." But there wasn't—the other "guests" simply formed a cold impenetrable group who walked, boated, played golf, and discussed Christian Science and the Subliminal, unaware of the tremulous organism drifting helplessly against their rock-bound circle.

It was on the day the Spraggs left Skog Harbour that Undine vowed to herself with set lips: "I'll never try anything again till I try New York." Now she had gained her point and tried New York, and so far, it seemed, with no better success. From small things to great, everything went against her. In such hours of self-searching she was ready enough to acknowledge her own mistakes, but they

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exasperated her less than the blunders of her parents. She was sure, for instance, that she was on what Mrs. Heeny called "the right tack" at last: yet just at the moment when her luck seemed about to turn she was to be thwarted by her father's stupid obstinacy about the opera box. . .

She lay brooding over these things till long after Mrs. Spragg had gone away to dress for dinner, and it was nearly eight o'clock when she heard her father's dragging tread in the hall.

She kept her eyes fixed on her book while he entered the room and moved about behind her, laying aside his hat and overcoat; then his steps came close and a small parcel dropped upon the pages of her book.

"Oh, father!" She sprang up, all alight, the novel on the floor, her fingers twitching for the tickets. But a substantial packet emerged, like nothing she had ever seen. She looked at it, hoping, fearing—she beamed blissful interrogation on her father while his sallow smile continued to tantalize her. Then she closed on him with a rush, smothering his words against her hair.

"It's for more than one night—why, it's for every other Friday! Oh, you darling, you darling!" she exulted.

Mr. Spragg, through the glittering meshes, feigned dismay. "That so? They must have given me the wrong —!" Then, convicted by her radiant eye as she swung round on him: "I knew you only wanted it *once* for yourself, Undine; but I thought maybe, off nights, you'd like to send it to some of your friends."

Mrs. Spragg, who from her doorway had assisted with moist eyes at this closing pleasantry, came forward as Undine hurried away to dress.

"Abner—can you really manage it all right?" she questioned, laying her hand on her husband's arm.

He answered with one of his awkward brief caresses. "Don't you fret about that, Leota. I'm bound to have her go round with these people she knows. I want her to be with them all she can."

A pause fell between them, while Mrs. Spragg looked anxiously into his fagged eyes.

"You seen Elmer again?"

"No. Once was enough," he returned, with a scowl like Undine's.

"Why—you *said* he couldn't come after her, Abner!"

"No more he can. But what if she was to get nervous and lonesome, and want to go after him?"

Mrs. Spragg shuddered away from the suggestion. "How'd he look? Just the same?" she whispered.

"No. Spruced up. That's what scared me."

It scared her too, to the point of blanching her habitually lifeless cheek. She continued to scrutinize her husband broodingly. "You look fairly sick, Abner. You better let me get you some of those stomach drops right off," she proposed.

But he parried this with his unfailing humour. "I guess I'm too sick to risk that." He passed his hand through her arm with the conjugal gesture familiar to Apex City. "Come along down to dinner, mother—I guess Undine won't mind if I don't rig up to-night."

V

She had looked down at them, enviously, from the balcony—she had looked up at them, reverentially, from the stalls; but now at last she was on a line with them, among them, she was part of the sacred semicircle whose privilege it is, between the acts, to make the mere public forget that the curtain has fallen.

As she swept to the left-hand seat of their crimson niche, waving Mabel Lipscomb to the opposite corner with a gesture learned during her apprenticeship in the stalls, Undine felt that quickening of the faculties that comes in the high moments of life. Her consciousness seemed to take in at once the whole bright curve of the auditorium, from the unbroken lines of spectators below her to the culminating blaze of the central chandelier; and she herself was the core of that vast illumination, the sentient throbbing surface which gathered all the shafts of light into a centre.

It was almost a relief when, a moment later, the lights sank, the curtain rose, and the focus of illumination was shifted. The music, and the movement on the stage, were like a rich mist tempering the acute

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radiance that shot on her from every side, and giving her time to subside, draw breath, adjust herself to this new clear medium which made her feel so queerly brittle and transparent.

When the curtain fell on the first act she began to be aware of a subtle change in the house. In all the boxes cross-currents of movement had set in: groups were coalescing and breaking up, fans waving and heads twinkling, black coats emerging among white shoulders, late comers dropping their furs and laces in the red penumbra of the background. Undine, for the moment unconscious of herself, swept the house with her opera-glass, searching for familiar faces. Some she knew without being able to name them—fixed figure-heads of the social prow—others she recognized from their portraits in the papers; but of the few from whom she could herself claim recognition not one was visible, and as she pursued her investigations the whole scene grew gradually blank and featureless.

Almost all the boxes were full now, but one, just opposite, tantalized her by its continued emptiness. How queer to have an opera-box and not use it! What on earth could the people be doing—what rarer delight could they be tasting? Undine remembered that the numbers of the boxes and the names of their owners were given on the back of the programme, and after a rapid computation she turned to consult the list. Mondays and Fridays, Mrs. Peter Van Degen. That was it: the box was empty because Mrs. Van Degen was dining alone with Ralph Marvell! "*Peter will be at one of his club dinners.*" Undine had a sharp vision of the Van Degen dining-room—she pictured it as oak-carved and sumptuous with gilding—with a small table in the centre, and rosy lights and flowers, and Ralph Marvell, across the hot-house grapes and champagne, leaning to take a light from his hostess's cigarette. Undine had seen such scenes on the stage, she had encountered them in the glowing pages of fiction, and it seemed to her that every detail was before her now, from the glitter of jewels on Mrs. Van Degen's bare shoulders to the way young Marvell stroked his slight blond moustache while he smiled and listened.

Undine blushed with anger at her own simplicity in fancying that he had been "taken" by her—that she could ever really count among these happy self-absorbed people! They all had their friends, their ties, their delightful crowding obligations: why should they make room for an intruder in a circle already so packed with the initiated?

As her imagination developed the details of the scene in the Van Degen dining-room it became clear to her that fashionable society was horribly immoral and that she could never really be happy in such a poisoned atmosphere. She remembered that an eminent divine was preaching a series of sermons against Social Corruption, and she determined to go and hear him on the following Sunday.

This train of thought was interrupted by the feeling that she was being intently observed from the neighbouring box. To satisfy her curiosity she turned around with a feint of speaking to Mrs. Lipscomb, and met the bulging stare of Peter Van Degen. He was standing behind the lady of the eye-glass, who had replaced her tortoise-shell implement by one of closely-set brilliants, which, at a word from her companion, she critically turned on Undine.

"No—I don't remember," she said indifferently; and the girl reddened, divining herself unidentified after this protracted scrutiny.

But there was no doubt as to young Van Degen's remembering her. She was even conscious that he was trying to provoke in her some sign of reciprocal recognition; and the attempt drove her to the haughty scrutiny of her programme.

"Why, there's Mr. Popple over there!" exclaimed Mabel Lipscomb, making large signs across the house with fan and playbill.

Undine had already become aware that Mabel, planted, blonde and brimming, too near the edge of the box, was somehow out of scale and out of drawing; and the freedom of her demonstrations increased the effect of disproportion. No one else was wagging and waving in that way: a gestureless mute telegraphy seemed to pass between the other boxes. Still, Undine could not help following Mrs. Lipscomb's glance, and there in fact was Claud

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Popple, taller and more dominant than ever, and bending easily over what she felt must be the back of a brilliant woman.

He replied by a discreet salute to Mrs. Lipscomb's intemperate emotions, and Undine saw the brilliant woman's opera-glass turn in their direction, and said to herself that in a moment Mr. Popple would be "round." But the entr'acte wore on, and no one turned the handle of their door, or disturbed the peaceful somnolence of Harry Lipscomb, who, not being (as he put it) "onto" grand opera, had abandoned the struggle and withdrawn to the seclusion of the inner box. Undine jealously watched Mr. Popple's progress from box to box, from brilliant woman to brilliant woman; but just as it seemed about to carry him to their door he reappeared at his original post across the house.

"Undie, do look—there's Mr. Marvell!" Mabel began again, with another conspicuous outbreak of signalling; and this time Undine flushed to the nape as Mrs. Peter Van Degen appeared in the opposite box with Ralph Marvell behind her. The two seemed to be alone in the box—as they had doubtless been alone all the evening!—and Undine furtively turned to see if Mr. Van Degen shared her disapproval. But Mr. Van Degen had disappeared, and Undine leaned forward nervously, touching Mabel's arm.

"What's the matter, Undine? Don't you see Mr. Marvell over there? Is that his sister he's with?"

"No.—I wouldn't beckon like that," Undine whispered between her teeth.

"Why not? Don't you want him to know you're here?"

"Yes—but the other people are not beckoning."

Mabel looked about unabashed. "Perhaps they've all found each other. Shall I send Harry over to tell him?" she shouted above the blare of the wind instruments.

"*No!*" gasped Undine, as the curtain rose on the second act.

She was no longer capable of following the action on the stage. Two presences possessed her imagination: that of Ralph Marvell, small, unattainable, remote, and that of Mabel Lipscomb, near-by, dilated, irrepressible.

It had become clear to Undine that Mabel Lipscomb was ridiculous. That was the reason why Claud Popple did not come to the box. No one would care to be seen talking to her while Mabel was at her side: Mabel, monumental and moulded while the fashionable were flexible and diaphanous, Mabel strident and explicit while they were subdued and allusive. At the Stentorian she was the centre of a brilliant group—here she revealed herself as unknown and unknowing. Why, she didn't even know that Mrs. Peter Van Degen was not Ralph Marvell's sister! And she had a way of trumpeting out her ignorances that jarred on Undine's subtler methods. It was precisely at this point that there dawned on Undine what was to be one of the guiding principles of her career: "*It's better to watch than to ask questions.*"

The curtain fell again, and Undine's eyes flew back to the Van Degen box. Several men were entering it together, and a moment later she saw Ralph Marvell rise from his seat and pass out. Half-unconsciously she shifted her own position in such a way as to have an eye on the door at her back. But its handle remained unturned, and Harry Lipscomb, leaning back on the sofa, his head against the opera cloaks, continued to breathe stertorously through his open mouth and stretched his legs a little farther across the threshold. . .

The entr'acte was nearly over when the door opened and two gentlemen stumbled over Mr. Lipscomb's extended legs. The foremost was Claud Walsingham Popple; and above his shoulder shone the batrachian countenance of young Mr. Peter Van Degen. A brief murmur from Mr. Popple made his companion known to the two ladies, and Mr. Van Degen seated himself promptly behind Undine, relegating the painter to Mrs. Lipscomb's elbow.

"Queer go—I happened to see your friend there waving to old Popp across the house. So I bolted over and collared him: told him he'd got to introduce me before he was a minute older. I tried to find out who you were the other day at the Motor Show—no, where was it? Oh, those pictures at Goldmark's. What d'you think of 'em, by the way? You ought to be painted yourself—no, I mean it, you know—you ought to get old Popp to do you.

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He'd do your hair rippingly. You must let me come and talk to you about it. . . About the picture or your hair? Well, your hair if you don't mind. Where'd you say you were staying? Oh, you *live* here, do you? I say, that's first rate!"

Undine sat well forward, curving toward him a little, as she had seen the other women do, but holding back sufficiently to let it be visible to the house that she was conversing with no less a person than Mr. Peter Van Degen. Mr. Popple's talk was certainly more brilliant and purposeful, and she saw him cast longing glances at her from behind Mrs. Lipscomb's shoulder; but she remembered how lightly he had been treated at the Fairford dinner, and she wanted—oh, how she wanted!—to have Ralph Marvell see her talking to Van Degen.

She poured out her heart to him, improvising an opinion on the pictures and an opinion on the music, falling in gaily with his suggestion of a jolly little dinner some night soon, at the Café Martin, and strengthening her position, as she thought, by an easy allusion to her acquaintance with Mrs. Van Degen. But at the word her companion's eye clouded, and a shade of constraint dimmed his enterprising smile.

"My wife—? Oh, *she* doesn't go to restaurants—she moves on too high a plane. But we'll get old Popp, and Mrs.——, Mrs.——, what'd you say your fat friend's name was? Just a select little crowd of four—and some kind of a cheerful show afterward. . . Jove! There's the curtain, and I must skip."

As the door closed on him Undine's cheeks burned with resentment. If Mrs. Van Degen didn't go to restaurants, why had he supposed that *she* would? and to have to drag Mabel in her wake! The leaden sense of failure overcame her again. Here was the evening nearly over, and what had it led to? Looking up from the stalls, she had fancied that to sit in a box was to be in society—now she saw that it might merely emphasize one's exclusion. And she was burdened with the box for the rest of the season! It was really stupid of her father to have exceeded his instructions: why had he not done as she told him? . . . Undine felt helpless and tired . . . hateful memories of Apex crowded back on her. Was it going to be as dreary here as there?

She felt Lipscomb's loud whisper in her back: "Say, you girls, I guess I'll cut this, and come back for you when the show busts up." They heard him shuffle out of the box, and Mabel settled back to undisturbed enjoyment of the stage.

When the last entr'acte began Undine stood up, resolved to stay no longer. Mabel, lost in the study of the boxes, had not noticed her movement, and as she passed alone into the back of the box the door opened and Ralph Marvell came in.

Undine stood with one arm listlessly raised to detach her cloak from the wall. Her attitude showed the long slimness of her figure and the fresh curve of the throat below her bent-back head. Her face was paler and softer than usual, and the eyes she rested on Marvell's face looked deep and starry under their fixed brows.

"Oh—you're not going?" Marvell exclaimed.

"I thought you weren't coming," she answered simply.

He reddened a little. "I waited till now on purpose . . . to dodge your other visitors," he said.

She laughed with pleasure. "Oh, we hadn't so many!"

Some intuition had already told her that frankness was the tone to take with him. They sat down together on the red damask sofa, against the hanging cloaks. As Undine leaned back her hair caught in the spangles of the wrap behind her, and she had to sit motionless while the young man freed the captive mesh. Then they settled themselves again, laughing a little at the incident.

A glance had made the situation clear to Mrs. Lipscomb, and they saw her return to her absorbed inspection of the boxes. In their mirror-hung recess the light was subdued to a rosy dimness and the hum of the audience came to them through half-drawn silken curtains. Undine noticed the delicacy and finish of her companion's features as his head detached itself against the red silk walls. The hand with which he stroked his small moustache was finely-finished too, but sinewy and not effeminate. She had always associated finish and refinement entirely with her own sex, but she began to think they might be

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even more agreeable in a man. Marvell's eyes were grey, like her own, with chestnut eyebrows and darker lashes; and his skin was as clear as a woman's, but pleasantly reddish, like his hands.

As he sat talking in a low tone, questioning her about the music, asking her what she had been doing since he had last seen her, she was aware that he looked at her less than usual, and she also glanced away; but when she turned her eyes suddenly they always met his gaze.

His talk remained impersonal. She was a little disappointed that he did not compliment her on her dress or her hair—Undine was accustomed to hearing a great deal about her hair, and the episode of the spangles had opened the way to a graceful allusion—but the instinct of sex told her that, under his quiet words, he was throbbing with the sense of her proximity. And his self-restraint sobered her, made her refrain from the flashing and fidgeting which were the only way she knew of taking part in the immemorial love-dance. She talked simply and frankly of herself, of her parents, of how few people they knew in New York, and of how, at times, she was almost sorry she had persuaded them to give up Apex.

"They did it entirely on my account, you see; they're awfully lonesome here; and I don't believe I shall ever learn New York ways either," she confessed, turning on him the eyes of youth and truthfulness. "Of course I know a few people; but they're not—not the way I expected New York people to be." She risked what seemed an involuntary glance at Mabel. "I've seen girls here to-night that I just *long* to know—they look so lovely and refined—but I don't suppose I ever shall. New York's not very friendly to strange girls, is it? I suppose you've got so many of your own already—and they're all so fascinating you don't care!" As she spoke she let her eyes rest on his, half-laughing, half-wistful, and then dropped her lashes while the pink stole slowly up to them.

When he left her he asked if he might hope to find her at home the next day.

The night was fine, and Marvell, having put his cousin into her motor, started to walk home to Washington Square. At the corner he was joined by Mr. Popple.

"Hallo, Ralph, old man—did you run across our auburn beauty of the Stentorian? Who'd have thought old Harry Lipscomb'd have put us onto anything as good as that? Peter Van Degen was fairly taken off his feet—pulled me out of Mrs. Monty Ballinger's box and dragged me 'round by the collar to introduce him. Planning a dinner at Martin's already. Gad, young Peter must have what he wants *when* he wants it! I put in a word for you—told him you and I ought to be let in on the ground floor. Funny the luck some girls have about getting started. I believe this one'll take if she can manage to shake the Lipscombs. I think I'll ask to paint her; might be a good thing for the spring show. She'd show up splendidly as a *pendant* to my Mrs. Van Degen—blonde and brunette. . . Night and Morning. . . Of course I prefer Mrs. Van Degen's type—personally, I *must* have breeding—but as a mere bit of flesh and blood . . . hallo, ain't you coming into the club with me?"

But Marvell was not coming into the club, and he drew a long breath of relief as his companion left him.

Was it possible that he had ever thought leniently of the egregious Popple? The tone of ruthless social omniscience which he had once found so innocently diverting now seemed as offensive as a coarse physical touch. And the worst of it was that Popple, with the slight exaggeration of a caricature, really expressed the ideals of the world he adorned. As he spoke of Miss Spragg, so others at any rate would think of her: almost every one in Ralph's set would agree that it was luck for a girl from Apex to be started by Peter Van Degen at a Café Martin dinner. . .

Ralph Marvell, mounting his grandfather's door-step, looked up at the symmetrical old red house-front, with its frugal marble ornament, as he might have looked into a familiar human face.

"They're right,—after all, in some ways they're right," he murmured, slipping his key into the door.

"They" were his mother and old Mr. Urban Dagonet, both, from Ralph's earliest memories, so closely identified with the old house in Washington Square that they might have passed for its inner consciousness as it might have stood for their out-

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ward form; and the question as to which the house now seemed to affirm their intrinsic rightness was that of the social disintegration expressed by widely-different architectural physiognomies at the other end of Fifth Avenue.

As Ralph pushed the bolts behind him, and passed into the hall, with its dark mahogany doors and the quiet "Dutch interior" effect of its black and white marble paving, he said to himself that what Popple called society was really just like the houses it lived in: a muddle of misapplied ornament over a thin steel shell of utility. The steel shell was built up in Wall Street, the social trimmings were hastily added in Fifth Avenue; and the union between them was as monstrous and factitious, as unlike the gradual homogeneous growth which flowers into what other countries know as society, as that between the Blois gargoyles on Peter Van Degen's roof and the skeleton walls supporting them.

That was what "they" had always said; what, at least, the Dagonet attitude, the Dagonet view of life, the very lines of the furniture in the old Dagonet house expressed.

Ralph sometimes called his mother and grandfather the Aborigines, and he likened them to those vanishing denizens of the American continent doomed to rapid extinction with the advance of the invading race. He was fond of describing Washington Square as the "Reservation," and of prophesying that before long its inhabitants would be exhibited at ethnological shows, pathetically engaged in the exercise of their primitive industries.

Small, cautious, middle-class, had been the ideals of aboriginal New York; but it suddenly struck the young man that they were singularly coherent and respectable as contrasted with the chaos of indiscriminate appetites which made up its modern tendencies. He too had wanted to be "modern," had revolted, half-humorously, against the restrictions and exclusions of the old code; and it must have been by one of the ironic reversions of heredity that, at this precise point, he perversely recognized what there was to be said on the other side—*his* side, as he now felt it to be.

(To be continued.)

AWAKENING

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Dost thou remember how that one fair day
  Dawned just like other days? Earth gave no sign,
  Nor did far heaven proclaim the gift divine
It held in store for us, as buds of May
Pledge the year's wealth of fruitage, or as clay
  Guards the rich promise of the slumbering vine.
  And I—half child—dreamed of no rarer wine
Than Life had poured in my gold cup alway.
Then suddenly, as out of darkling space
  One sees the glory of the Evening Star
  Clear shining through the cloud-rifts floating by,
Love touched my eyelids and I saw thy face!
  That day was in no earthly calendar;
  Only God knew it, dear, and thou and I!

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French land excavator and bridge conveyer near Tabermilla; 160 feet gauge. Length over all, 225 feet. Abandoned in 1888.

THE FRENCH AT PANAMA

BY JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

FOR several years after the Americans entered upon the task of opening a water-way across the Isthmus, there were visible from the car windows of Panama railway trains long rows of abandoned locomotives, dump-cars, excavating and other machinery partially hidden by a jungle growth of creeping vines. Visitors were told that this was "old French machinery," standing where it had been left when the French company collapsed twenty years earlier. The little locomotives and cars, almost toy-like in appearance when compared with those in use by the Americans, bore eloquent testimony to the irresistible onward march of mechanical invention. Time had retired them from active service as completely as if they had never existed, leaving them stranded as mere "junk" along the way-side of progress. Covered with the softening mantle of vine and leaf and flower and overshadowed by waving palms, they stood in silent dignity as the fitting monuments of a "lost cause," making a spectacle so eloquent with the sadness of failure, the pathos of defeat, that few beholders could contemplate it unmoved, and no Frenchman could look upon it with eyes undimmed.

The story told by these silent witnesses was a true one, for the record of French effort and failure at Panama, with its mingling of folly, absurdity, greed, and heroism of the highest quality, is one of the most pathetic, as it is one of the most diverting, in the history of human endeavor. The project was doomed to failure from the outset, and was fairly rushed to

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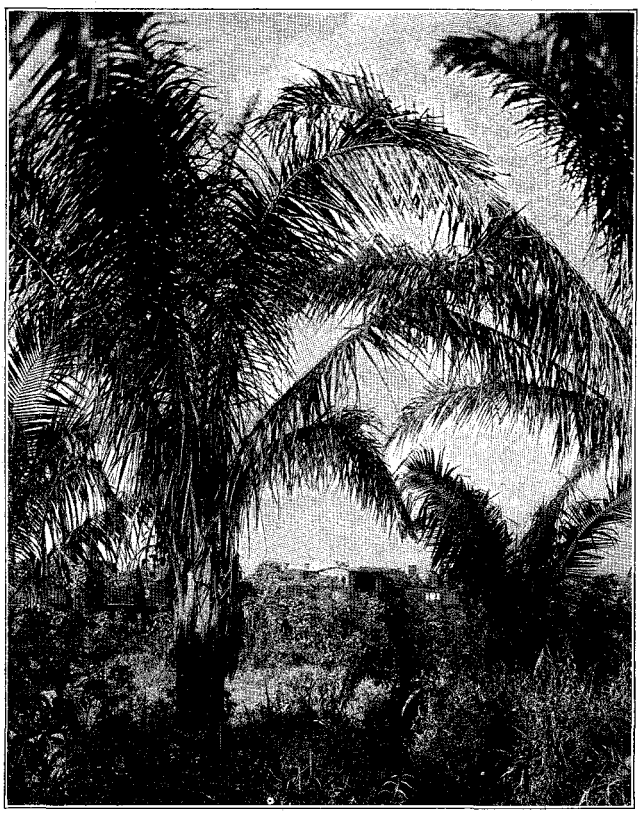
destruction by reckless and rascally management, but it deserved to succeed because of the rare courage and patriotic devotion of the men, many of them the very flower of young France, who did the work in the field. The shame of the failure has been told by many pens, and not always with either charity or careful regard of truth, but the deeds of the men who faced pestilence and death with unflinching courage, many of them dropping into unnamed graves, have passed with slight and far from adequate mention. The Americans who have succeeded them in the task at Panama, and who have studied the results of their work, have a very high appreciation of their intelligence and zeal and the warmest admiration for their courage. They were a brave and skilled army led to pitiful disaster by incompetent and unworthy commanders.



Old French locomotives left in the jungle, Empire.

I have said that the story of the French endeavor is one of the most diverting, as well as one of the most pathetic, in human annals, and this is the simple truth. One reads the narrative in bewilderment and wonder. Through it comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand. At intervals there is presented a performance of opera-bouffe in a grisly setting of pestilence and death, with the leading actor, the all-powerful director of the entertainment, dancing and pirouetting in the front of the stage, blissfully unconscious apparently of everything except his own capers. His deeds and doings fill large space in the record, and have for many years been the subject of animated and bitter controversy. Was he an enthusiast so blind as to be irresponsible, or was he so bent upon success that he was willing to adopt any means to secure it, or was he the foremost impostor of his time? The record of his proceedings may be left to supply the correct answer to these questions.

Surely no great engineering work was ever undertaken in a more jocund spirit than Ferdinand de Lesseps exhibited when he entered upon his second task as the world's chief canal-builder. His success with the Suez Canal seemed to have turned his head so completely that all obstacles were virtually invisible to him. He was the first promoter of the age, the flamboyant collector of capital under whose seductive appeals all French purses flew open. Had he been an engineer his appeals would necessarily have been deprived of that appearance of boundless confidence, that jaunty disregard of all difficulties, which made them so attractive and so nearly irresistible to his own people. If he saw obstacles, he refused to take cognizance of

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them. When trained engineers called his attention to them, he pushed them aside as unworthy of serious attention. He had cut a sea-level canal through the Isthmus of Suez; he would cut a sea-level canal through the Isthmus of Panama. He ruled his so-called "Scientific Congress" at Paris, in 1879, carefully constituted to do his bidding, with a rod of iron, "jamming through," in a manner which would do credit to a modern American political boss, his sea-level plans for Panama, turning a deaf ear to all arguments advanced by the few experienced engineers in that body against the feasibility of those plans, and securing adoption through the votes of delegates who were not engineers and who had never been on the Isthmus of Panama.

As soon as he had secured this prearranged approval of his plans, he established in Paris, on September 1, 1879, a fortnightly publication, called *Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, which, from its first issue till its final one in February, 1889, was devoted mainly to his personal glorification and the unqualified defence of all his proceedings. In it he published his circulars appealing for funds, stating at the outset his conviction that "*Le Canal de Panama sera plus facile à commencer, à terminer et à entretenir que le Canal de Suez.*"

The stage having been set, the performance opened with the first visit of Lesseps to the Isthmus in December, 1879. Every step of preparation, every stage of his journey was heralded and accompanied by an unbroken blare of trumpetings in the *Bulletin*. His party comprised his wife and three children and an International Technical Commission of nine members. They reached the Isthmus on December 30, and were joined there by a party of American visitors, guests of Lesseps, among whom were Colonel Totten, builder of the Panama Railroad; Trenor W. Park, president of that road; and Nathan Appleton, of Boston.

Old French Decauville locomotive near Frijoles.

Lesseps was at this time in his seventy-fifth year, but alert and active and bubbling over with enthusiasm. To all questions about the proposed canal, all suggestions of difficulties or obstacles, he replied with smiling amiability: "The canal will be made!" In fact, he began to make it at once in person. Two days after landing he conducted his guests across the Isthmus from Colon to Panama to take part in an elaborately organized ceremony of striking the first blow of the pick (*le premier coup de pioche*) at the Pacific entrance of the proposed canal. A small steam-boat had been chartered for the purpose of conveying the party to the mouth

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of the Rio Grande, in the Bay of Panama, where the ceremony was to take place. It had been stocked liberally with provisions and champagne, and the Bishop of Panama, officials of the Colombian Government, and other distinguished personages had been invited. A reception, with much toasting, was held on board, and many of the guests were dilatory in arriving. The tide in the Bay of Panama, which has an average oscillation of about twenty-one feet, is no respecter of persons. It began to recede while the toasting and feasting were in progress, and, having a considerable distance to go, it travelled with rapidity. The result was that when the expedition finally got under way it was discovered that the steam-boat could not get within two miles of the spot chosen for the ceremony.

This would have been disheartening to an ordinary master of ceremonies, but it was not a particle so to Lesseps. As for the guests, they were at the time in a condition of cheerfulness that rose superior to any disappointment. Lesseps promptly assembled them on the deck of the steamboat, armed with a beautiful shovel and pickaxe which he had brought from Paris for the purpose, and proceeded to address them. He explained the heedless action of the tide and said that, while it was in a way disappointing, it really did not matter, since the proposed ceremony, being only a *simulacro*, could as well be given on shipboard as on land, and he had decided to proceed with it accordingly. A champagne box filled with earth was then brought forward, and a young daughter of Lesseps administered the first blow of the pick to its contents, amid enthusiastic applause. The representatives of Colombia and other distinguished visitors also gave successive blows of the pick and delivered their speeches, and the venerable Bishop of Panama invoked a benediction upon the entire performance. So far as the testimony of eye-witnesses still living goes, no one giggled while this delightful bouffe act was in progress.

In the faithful *Bulletin* no mention of the delay or the champagne box of earth was made, but the events of the day were set forth in the best Lesseps manner in the text of his speech over the box concluding the ceremony, which was as follows: (I give the French text. Translation would so far deprive it of its theatric merits as to be little less than criminal.)

"Sous l'autorité de la République des États-Unis de Colombie:

"Avec la bénédiction de Monseigneur l'evêque de Panama:

"En présence du déléguéd u gouvernement général et de ceux des États-Unis de Colombie:

"Avec l'assistance des membres de la Commission technique des études définitives du Canal maritime universel interocéanique:

"Il sera donné, aujourdhui, 1er Janvier 1880, par Mlle. Ferdinande de Lesseps, le premier coup de pioche, sur le point qui marquera l'entrée du Canal maritime sur la côte de l'Océan Pacifique.

"Tous les assistants donneront successivement leur coup de pioche, en signe de l'alliance de tous les peuples qui contribuent a l'union des deux océans, pour le bien de l'humanité." *

The second act in this entertaining drama was performed a few days later, on January 10, with the neighborhood of Culebra Cut as the scene. Lesseps was accompanied on this occasion by the same distinguished party that had assisted at the first blow of the pick. A heavy charge of dynamite had been placed in advance deep in a rock, near the line of the canal, and an electric battery had been connected with it. Mademoiselle Ferdinande de Lesseps was on hand to press the button. According to the faithful *Bulletin*, the operation was "perfectly successful," and all present "hailed the explosion as the beginning of an immense series of labors that should have for their termination the opening of the interoceanic canal." It was added with much gravity that the explosion showed that the "rocks were much less resistant than we had anticipated, which is a good augury of the rapidity with which the great trench will be made." It was also stated that the performance took place on the summit of Cerro di Culebra. Again the official narrative is in sad conflict with the testimony of eye-witnesses. Mr. Tracy Robinson, who was a member of the local committee of reception, and was present at the time, gives in his in-

* *Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, February 1, 1880.

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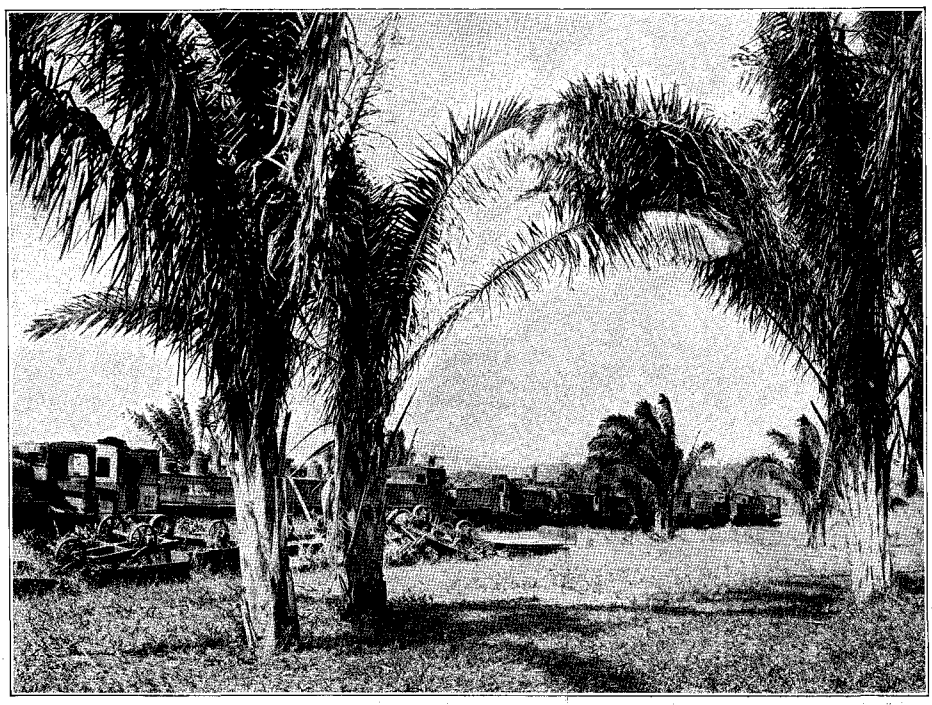
teresting book of reminiscences,* this account of the affair:

"In order that the enterprise might have the blessing of Heaven and be officially inaugurated at the same time, with that gayety so dear to the French heart, a numerous audience was invited to Empire Station, on the line, to witness the good Bishop of Panama bestow his benediction upon the great undertaking; and then to see what dynamite could do in the way of blowing up a few hundred thousand cubic metres of rock and earth, along a part of the canal where tons of that explosive had been placed for the purpose.

"Was it prophetic? The blessing had been pronounced, and the champagne, duly iced, was waiting to cool the swelter of that tropic sun, as soon as the explosion 'went off.' There the crowd stood, breathless, ears stopped, eyes blinking half in terror lest this artificial earthquake might involve general destruction. *But there was no explosion!* It wouldn't go! Then a humorous sense of relief stole upon the crowd. With one accord everybody exclaimed, 'Good gracious!' and hurried away, lest after all the dynamite should see fit to explode."

While Lesseps was engaged in these diverting performances, the nine members of his International Technical Commission were making careful studies and estimates of the work and cost of his proposed canal. On February 14, about six weeks after their arrival, they made their report. The head of this commission was Colonel George M. Totten, the builder of the Panama Railway. The report, which was signed by all the members and which was a very thorough and scientific document, estimated the cost of the canal at 843,000,000 francs ($168,600,000) and the period of construction at eight years.

Lesseps took the report and, on the following day, set sail with it for New York. During the voyage, pursuing his regular policy of disregarding the opinions of experienced engineers, he composed a "note" on the report, in which he reduced the



Old French locomotives near Empire.

*"Fifty Years at Panama, 1861–1911," Tracy Robinson.

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estimated cost of construction to 658,000,000 francs ($131,600,000), a cool cut of about $37,000,000, or not much less than a quarter of the commission's estimate. When he reached New York he issued a circular to "*Les Banquiers Américains*," were no subscriptions to the stock of his company. He went to Washington in the hope of getting the support of the United States Government for his proposed "Isthmian canal under European control," but was disappointed. He had an interview

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Photograph taken at time of first visit to the Isthmus, 1879-80, in his 75th year.

in which he announced that he had fixed the capital of his company at 600,000,000 francs ($120,000,000), because of his "conviction" that there would be much economy in the execution of the work. In the same circular he declared that, since the European capitalists who had taken part in the Suez enterprise had expressed their intention to subscribe for 300,000,000 francs of this capital, that amount had been reserved for them, leaving an equal amount for all the States of America, which had been set aside for them.

Lesseps was received with much cordiality in New York. There were many receptions and dinners in his honor, including a great banquet by the citizens of New York at Delmonico's, but there with President Hayes, which resulted in the President's sending to the Senate a special message avowing the principle that the "policy of this country is a canal under American control." While this message was a distinct and serious repulse to his plans, Lesseps rallied quickly from it and sent on the following day a cable message to his *Bulletin* in Paris, saying: "*Le message du President Hayes assure la securité politique du Canal.*"

From Washington he visited Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and other American cities, receiving everywhere flattering attentions which he described in brief and stirring cable messages to his *Bulletin* as "*une adhésion enthousiaste et unanime à notre entreprise*," "*un accueil cha-*

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Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, his second wife and nine children.
Photograph taken about the time of his first visit, 1879–80.

leureux," "*un plein succès*." But the enthusiasm, however warm, was unaccompanied by subscriptions to the capital stock of the Lesseps company, and when he sailed from New York, on April 1, 1880, for France by way of England, Holland, and Belgium, he had still in his possession the 300,000,000 francs of that stock which he had reserved for the United States.

In France it was quite another story. He made a tour of its principal cities during the summer of 1880 and aroused such enthusiastic faith in his project that when he opened his subscription in November, for a capital of 300,000,000 francs ($60,000,000) in 600,000 shares of 500 francs each, the stock was subscribed for twice. He announced during that tour that a firm of French contractors had offered to build the canal for 512,000,000 francs ($102,400,000) and to complete it within eight years. The subscription was closed on December 10, and the first assembly of shareholders was held in Paris on January 31, 1881. At a second assembly, on March 3 following, the "*Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique*" was definitely constituted (*définitivement constituée*) with a capital of 300,000,000 francs ($60,000,000) and with 102,230 subscribers, of whom 16,000 were women.

The great promoter was thus entering, in the jauntiest manner, upon the task of constructing with a capital of $60,000,000 a canal which, according to the estimate of his own chosen commission of engineers, was to cost $168,000,000, and, according to the lowest estimate which he himself was able to reach, would cost $131,600,000.

In beginning active work on the Isthmus, he pursued the same methods that he had employed in forming his company. The arrival of the first detachment of canal-construction force at Colon, on January 29, 1881, was announced in the *Bulletin* in this cable message to Lesseps: "*Travail commencé*," which he characterized as "*ce télégramme éloquent dans son laconism*," and upon which the newspaper *La France* made the comment: "*Voilà de l'éloquence en peu de mots*." This was

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Avenue on water-front, Cristobal, where official Lesseps residences were situated. Now Roosevelt Avenue.

pure humbug. Aside from crossing the Isthmus on the Panama Railroad, responding to addresses of welcome from Panama officials, and finding living quarters in Panama, there had been no *travail* of any kind, nor, from the nature of the case, could there be any for many months. As a matter of fact, actual work did not begin till a year later.

The tragic and heroic phases of the enterprise began with the arrival of the French engineering and organizing forces on the Isthmus. They landed in a country which, with the exception of two cities, one on the shores of either ocean, was little more than a wilderness. Along the line of the railroad there were a few scattered villages composed of rude buildings and shacks whose population was mainly native. As for the section through which the proposed canal was to run, it was for the most part an impenetrable jungle. Throughout the entire country pestilence and the worst forms of malarial fever were epidemic. The two ocean cities, Colon and Panama, were the permanent abodes of disease, for they were without even the most elementary provisions for health protection. They had no sewers, no water supply, no sanitary appliances whatever. Their only scavengers were the huge flocks of buzzards that circled constantly above them.

Colon was a collection of wooden buildings harboring a population which contained more of the dregs of humanity than could be found in any other settlement of its size on the face of the globe. Panama was superior to Colon in its buildings, which were mostly of stone; and, while the bulk of its population was mongrel, a mixture of many races—Indian, negro, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, and other—it contained also a white element of merchants, bankers, and persons engaged in other occupations, who were the dominating class. But with these elements of superiority, its sanitary condition was as bad as that of Colon, and its moral condition differed only in degree. Both cities had, in fact, all the debasing qualities of a mining camp, or rude frontier town, with the usual facilities for gambling, drinking, vice, and general de-

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Grand Hotel, Panama. Made administration head-quarters of French company about 1884. Used for a time as administration head-quarters by Americans.

bauchery supplemented by tropical laxity in morals and conduct.

A graphic picture of life in Panama at this period is given in a narrative of personal experience on the Isthmus, published in Paris in 1886, under the title of "*Deux Ans à Panama.*" Its author, H. Cermoise, was a French engineer who went to the Isthmus with the third party that was sent out by the French company. He arrived on the Isthmus in the spring of 1881, and was in the canal service for two years. Describing the scenes which he witnessed in the Grand Hotel at Panama on the evening of his arrival, he wrote:

"A great, an enormous hall with a stone floor was the bar-room, in which all persons about the hotel were now assembled. In the centre were two billiard tables, the largest I have ever seen. They were so large that there were four balls to a game; with three it was impossible, in most of the strokes, to reach the ball to be played, lost as it was in the middle of this *steppe* of green cloth.

"Beyond the billiard tables, at one end of the hall, stood one of those vast bars which are so much a part of American life.

"In front of these rows of bottles with many-colored labels, most of the commercial business of Panama is transacted —standing and imbibing cocktails—always the eternal cocktail!

"Afterward, if the consumer had the time and money to lose, he had only to cross the hall to find himself in a little room crowded with people, where roulette was going on.

"Every diversion was there at hand in the hall of this hotel. But then, it was useless to look for other pleasures. They were nowhere to be found. In this town there was neither theatre, concert, nor café—nothing, nothing but the hall of the Grand Hotel, to which one must always return.

"Oh, this roulette, how much it has cost all grades of canal employees! Its proprietor must make vast profits. Admission is absolutely free; whoever wishes may join in the play. A democratic mob representing every class of society pushes

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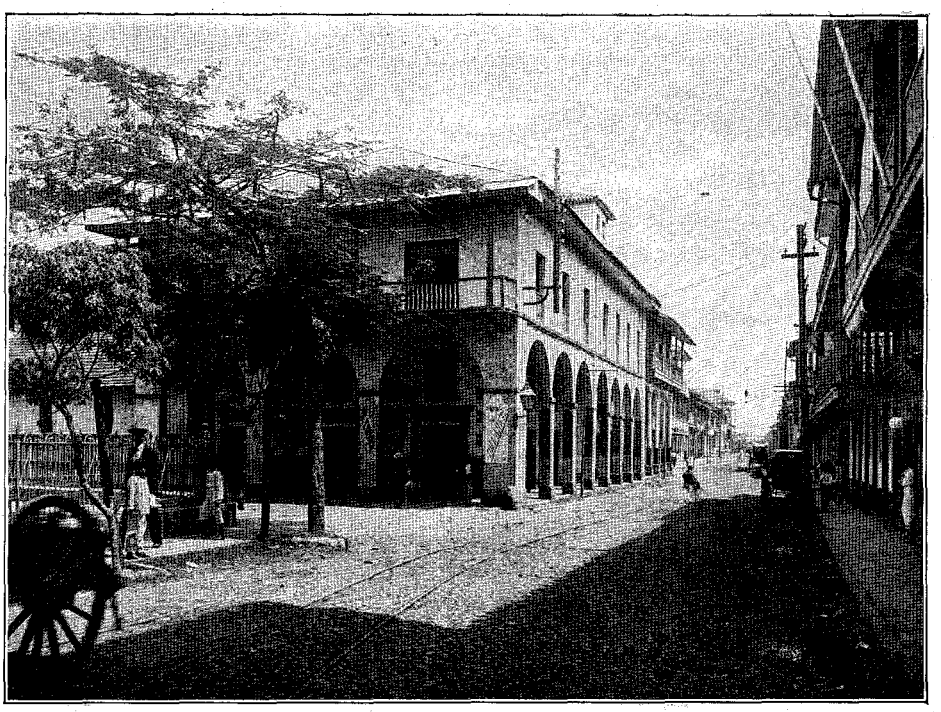

One of the oldest buildings in Panama, opposite Santa Ana Plaza. Hotel in French days (still standing).

and crowds around the table. One is elbowed at the same time by a negro, almost in rags, anxiously thrusting forward his ten sous and by a portly merchant with his pockets stuffed with piasters and bank-notes."

Very like a mining-town episode is the following:

"Some time before our arrival on the Isthmus, on an evening when the play was especially high and furious, a band of thieves planned to rob the roulette table. Under it they concealed a powerful petard or bomb, which they lighted at the critical moment. There was an explosion and a frightful panic. Every one, believing that the house was blown up, rushed for the doors and windows. The lights went out. When the panic subsided it was discovered that all the stakes had disappeared under cover of the tumult.

"This accident was more disagreeable than serious and the authorities paid little heed to it. But then the authorities never minded anything, letting the manager of the game take such steps as he saw fit to prevent the repetition of the occurrence. He, accordingly, surrounded himself with certain precautions which at first seemed odd to us until we understood them.

"Before each turn of the wheel, at the solemn moment of 'Make your plays, gentlemen!' the following dialogue took place between the chief croupier and his assistants:

"'*Mira la bomba!*' ('Look for the bomb!') he commanded.

"A croupier immediately went down on all-fours, lifted the carpet, inspected the under side of the table, reappeared, and announced that he had seen no bomb.

"'Very well!' gravely replied the chief croupier.

"And only then, strong in this assurance, he pronounced the 'Make your plays, gentlemen!'

"He threw the ball. When it stopped he announced the number in three languages, as was necessary for the cosmopolite attendance with which he had to deal: '*Treinta y seis, colorado!* Thirty-six and red! *Trente-six, rouge!*'"

Colon differed from Panama in having no central point for its debauchery. It

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Marion Public Library
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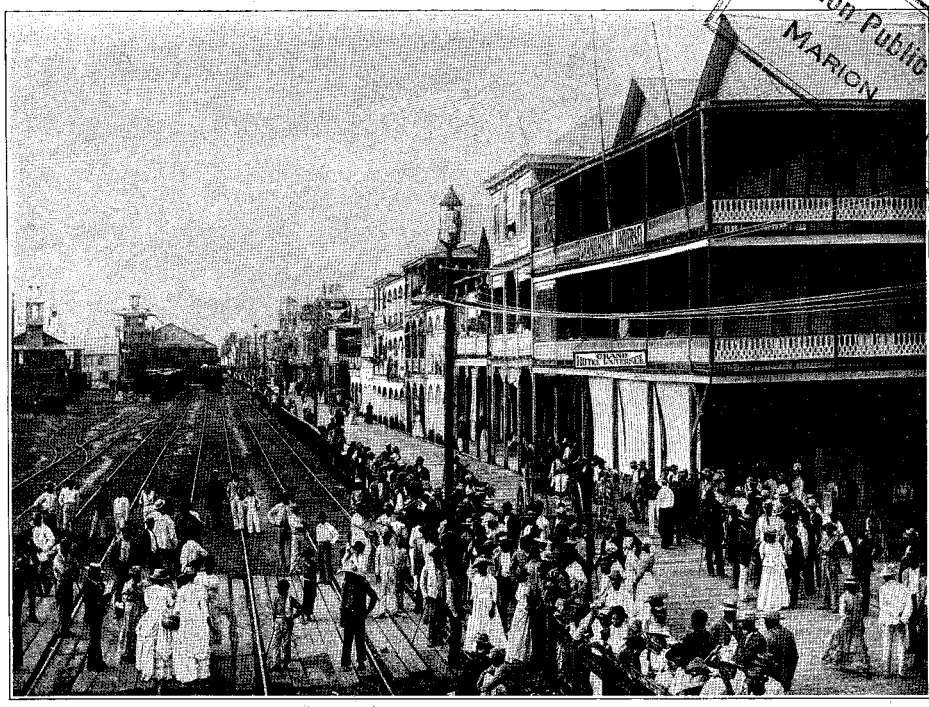

Front Street, Colon, during the flourishing French times.

had no Grand Hotel in which all its gambling, drinking, and accompanying vices were congregated, but it had a single main street, running along the water-front, which was composed almost entirely of places in which these diversions were in full progress day and night with such abandon as to make the town uninhabitable for decent persons. It was a veritable sink of iniquity, if ever one existed.

In these two centres of Isthmus life, Panama and Colon, the French canal builders found their sole places of abode outside the jungle. There was nowhere else to go for habitation or recreation. The advent of the various detachments from France, with plenty of money and generous cargoes of wines and other liquors, gave a tremendous incentive to the wild gayety of the two towns. Nothing like the supply of liquor which the French poured out upon the Isthmus during their eight years of occupation was ever seen there before, or has been seen there since. It was wellnigh unlimited in quantity, and was sold to everybody at the prices at which it had been bought in large quantities at wholesale in France. Nothing was added for transportation across the ocean or to defray the cost of handling. Champagne, especially, was comparatively so low in price that it flowed very like water, and other wines were to be had in scarcely less profusion and cheapness. The lack of a pure water supply was doubtless the moving cause for this abundance, which was justified on the ground of health preservation, but the consequences were as deplorable as they were inevitable. The ingredients for a genuine Bacchanalian orgy being supplied, the orgy naturally followed.

Money was scarcely less abundant than wine. Vast sums were sent from France to the Isthmus during the first five or six years of canal work, and at least one-half of it, according to most competent authorities, was either misapplied or stolen. The chief canal officials received enormous salaries, ranging from $50,000 to $100,000 a year, were allowed travelling expenses ranging from $5 to $50 a day, were provided with expensive residences and with fine horses and carriages. Pre-

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vious to June, 1886, there was expended for office buildings and residences $5,250,000. The residence of the director-general cost $150,000, including a $40,000 bath-house. He had a private railway car which cost $42,000. In order to select a suitable carriage and horses for him, a commission of seven of his assistants was sent to New York at the expense of the company to make the purchase. The hospital buildings at Ancon cost $5,600,000, and those at Colon, $1,400,000. Stables had cost $600,000, carriages and horses for employees, $215,000, and $2,700,000 had been spent for servants for employees. Three men were employed in nearly every instance to do the work of one, and all were extravagantly paid. Every house, hospital, stable, or other building that was erected, nearly or quite every purchase that was made of machinery and supplies of every sort, were charged to the company at double or treble the original cost, and the surplus was divided. If there was an orgy of gambling and drinking and vice, there was in progress with it one of the most unrestrained orgies of extravagance, corruption, and "graft" that the world has ever seen. Froude scarcely overpainted the picture when he wrote, after visiting the Isthmus during his tour of the West Indies in 1885–6:

Columbus statue on water-front, Cristobal, near Lesseps residences.

Presented to the United States of Colombia by the Empress Eugénie, and by Colombia presented to the French Canal Company to be erected at the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Formally dedicated by Lesseps on February 24, 1886, during his second visit to the Isthmus.

"In all the world there is not, perhaps, now concentrated in any single spot so much swindling and villany, so much foul disease, such a hideous dung heap of moral and physical abomination, as in the scene of this far-famed undertaking of nineteenth-century engineering. . . . The scene of operations is a damp, tropical jungle, intensely hot, swarming with mosquitoes, snakes, alligators, scorpions, and centipeds, the home, even as Nature made it, of yellow-fever, typhus, and dysentery, and now made immeasurably more

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Group of Lesseps and his friends taken at Cristobal at the time of the dedication of the Columbus statue, with Bishop Thiel, of Costa Rica, standing at the right of Lesseps.

deadly by the multitudes of people who crowd thither."

Behind it all lurked constantly the grim shadow of death. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!" This could well have been the motto to hang above the bars and gambling-tables in Colon and Panama, and in the camps amid the jungle. The most vigorous among the living to-day might be among the dead and buried to-morrow, smitten without warning by the swift and (at that time) mysterious scourge of yellow-fever. It is not surprising, when one reads the authentic accounts of the ravages of this disease, that men sought to forget their peril by plunging into the wildest forms of diversion. What is surprising is that so many remained and faced the danger—faced it only to fall before it.

Estimates of the number of the French who lost their lives, by this disease mainly, vary greatly because no accurate record was kept; but it is a reasonably safe assertion that two out of every four who went from France died of it, and possibly two out of every three. It is said that many of them were induced to go to the Isthmus in the first place and to remain there by the very high salaries paid and by the opportunities for illicit gain; but this is not, in my opinion, either an adequate or a just explanation. There was something more than desire for pecuniary profit necessary to induce men to remain under the conditions which prevailed both in the working camps and in the two cities. It required no ordinary kind or degree of courage to induce a man who saw his companions fall one after another dead beside him to continue at his post; yet this is what hundreds of Frenchmen did. To get a proper estimate of their courage and devotion, let me cite a few authentic instances of the silent and swift working of disease.

Sir Claude Coventry Mallet, at present British minister at Panama, was, in the early days of French occupation, British consul at the same place. Through love of adventure he accompanied one of the French surveying parties to the upper

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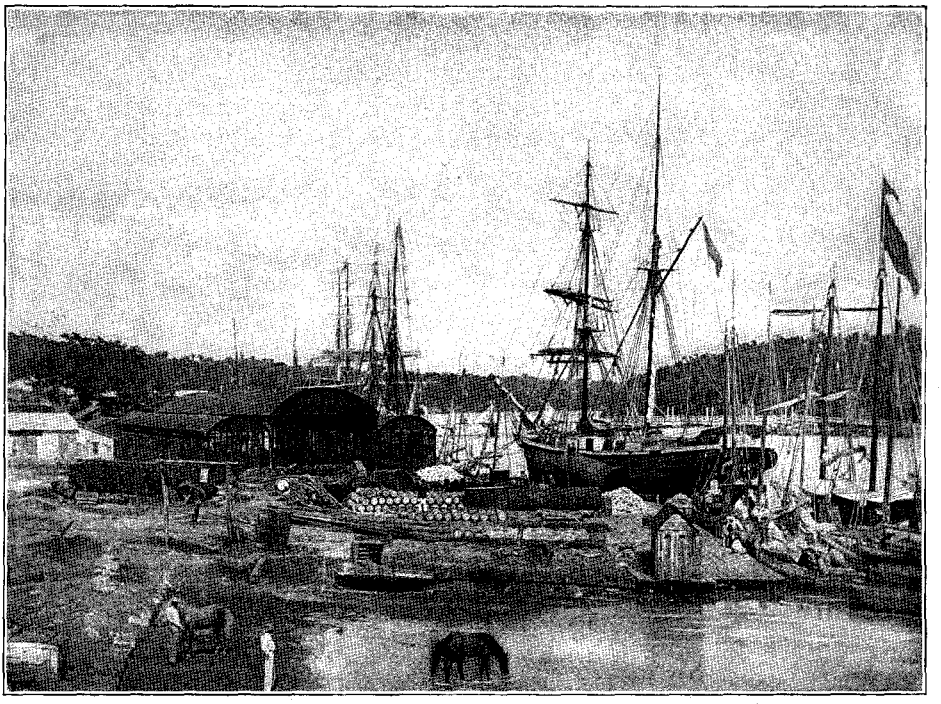

The port of Colon in 1884.

waters of the Chagres River. The expedition started with twenty-two men. Within a few weeks all its members, except Mallet and the engineer in charge, were incapacitated by disease. Twenty men went into hospital, where ten died. Mallet and the engineer in charge, a Russian named Dziembowski, returned to Panama, both in apparently unimpaired health. Dziembowski asked Mallet to advance him money with which to buy a suit of clothes, since he could get no money till his accounts had been rendered and approved. On the afternoon of the day of their return the suit was bought, and Dziembowski accepted Mallet's invitation to luncheon on the following day. The luncheon hour arrived, but the guest did not appear. Going to the Grand Hotel in the evening, Mallet inquired for Dziembowski, saying he had promised to lunch with him but had failed to appear. "Why," was the reply, "have you not heard of his death? He died of yellow-fever at three o'clock this morning and was buried at six!" He had been buried in the new suit of clothes.

M. Cermoise, from whose book I have quoted on previous pages, records several equally dramatic cases. A dinner had been arranged at a field camp near Gamboa, in one instance, in honor of Henry Bionne, secretary-general of the company, who was on the Isthmus charged with a confidential mission:

"The guests had assembled and were waiting to sit down when M. Bionne should arrive. Suddenly a lady present, who had been looking at the table with particular attention, cried out in much agitation: 'We are thirteen at table!'

"At this moment M. Bionne arrived. He heard her exclamation. 'Be assured, madame,' said he, gayly. 'In such a case it is the last to arrive who pays for all.' And he sat down without seeming in the least disturbed by this sinister portent.

"Never was there so gay, so lively a meal. M. Bionne was at his best, a delightful and witty conversationalist. He drank to our success on the Isthmus; we drank to his good luck, for in fifteen days he was to take the steamer and return to Europe.

"Fifteen days later he sailed from Colon. At the end of forty-eight hours he was taken with yellow-fever and died in a few days. The body was thrown into

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"La Folie Dingler."
The $150,000 residence of the first French director-general as it appeared in 1904.

the Gulf of Mexico. He had not long delayed the payment of his debt!"

Continuing, M. Cermoise gives a further history of what happened in the same camp:

"Blasert had also left the camp. His wife wished to return to Europe with her children. He accompanied them to Colon, put them on board a steamer, and returned to Panama that same evening.

"What could have affected him? Was it the result of the sudden change from life in the open air to that in town? At all events, the day after his return he took to his bed with yellow-fever.

"And he had crossed the Far West and believed himself invulnerable. Certainly his moral character was above reproach. Alas! Nothing, neither strict morality nor crossing the Far West, renders one invulnerable to yellow-fever. Some days later the unfortunate man died like a new arrival from Europe.

"He had also taken part at M. Bionne's dinner.

"His wife and children, who had left him in good health, learned of his death on reaching France. That was a sad period for the administration. It seemed as though a wind of death were blowing over its employees.

"After M. Bionne, Blasert; after Blasert, M. Blanchet continued the black series. He had just made an expedition on horseback into the interior of the Isthmus, during which he had endured great fatigue. On his return, the yellow-fever declared itself, he took to his bed, and died in three days."

Perhaps the most tragic case was that of Jules Dingler, who was the first director-general of canal work on the Isthmus. It was for him that the $150,000 residence had been erected. This was placed high upon the southern slope of Ancon Hill, overlooking La Boca, now Balboa, and the Bay of Panama. Before he could occupy it his wife, son, and daughter died of yellow-fever within a few months of each other, and he returned to France a broken-hearted man, where he died soon afterward. The house was known for many years as "La Folie Dingler," on account of its excessive cost and rather inaccessible location. It was used for a time as a small-pox isolation house, later as barracks for Colombian troops, still later by the Americans as a quarantine detention station,

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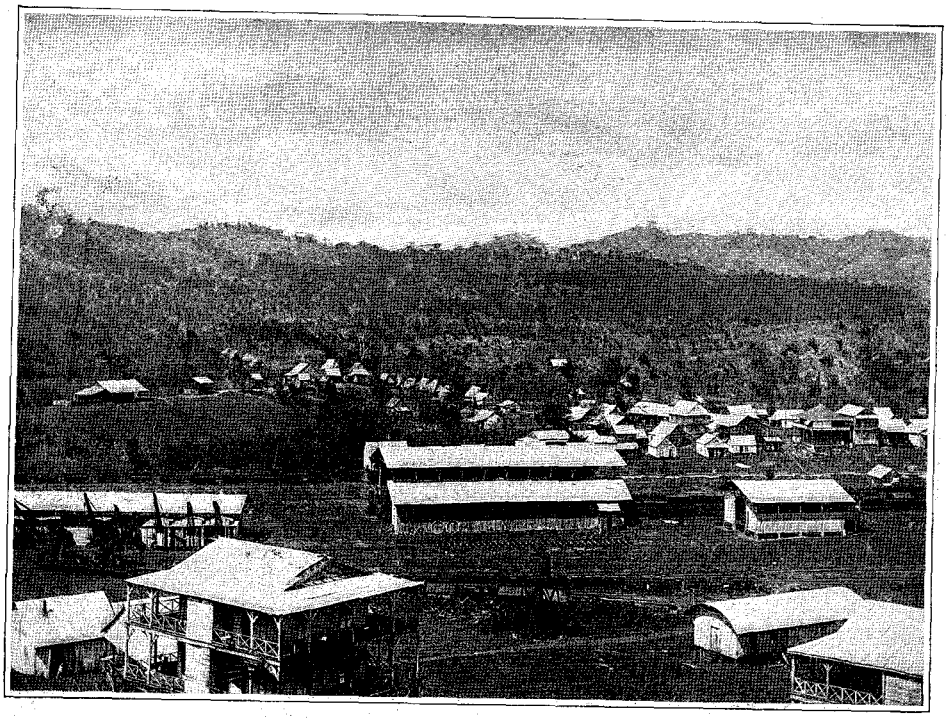

The village of Empire in French days.

and finally, in February, 1910, was razed to the ground to make room for works in connection with canal construction.

Dingler was succeeded by Léon Boyer, who arrived on the Isthmus in January, 1886, and had hardly entered upon his duties when he was smitten with yellow-fever, dying on May 1.

Philippe Bunau Varilla, who was a division engineer during this period, makes many references to the ravages of yellow-fever in his book on the "Past, Present, and Future" at Panama. He says the effect the disease had upon the courage and activity of the working force cannot be estimated; that the elusive and mysterious malady defied all precautions, laughed at all remedies, and that all that the most expert physicians could do for its victims was to administer palliatives whose effect was moral rather than curative.

"Two talented engineers," he says, "Messrs. Petit and Sordillet, were sent to me from Paris to occupy posts as chiefs of division. Their coming had given me hope of a strong reinforcement, but unfortunately, arriving together, they were taken to the cemetery fifteen days later, victims of the fatal malady which had so terribly thinned the ranks of the personnel of all classes."

Speaking generally of the working force, he says:

"Out of every one hundred individuals arriving on the Isthmus, I can say without exaggeration that only twenty have been able to remain at their posts at the working stations, and even in that number many who were able to present an appearance of health had lost much of their courage."

Colonel Gorgas, in an address delivered at Los Angeles, Cal., in June, 1911, gives the following instances which came within his personal knowledge:

"One of the French engineers, who was still on the Isthmus when we first arrived, stated that he came over with a party of seventeen young Frenchmen. In a month they had all died of yellow-fever except himself. The superintendent of the railroad brought to the Isthmus his three sisters; within a month they had all died of yellow-fever. The mother superior of the sisters nursing in Ancon Hospital told me that she had come out with twenty-four sisters. Within a few years twenty-one had died, the most of yellow-fever."

Conditions like these were calculated

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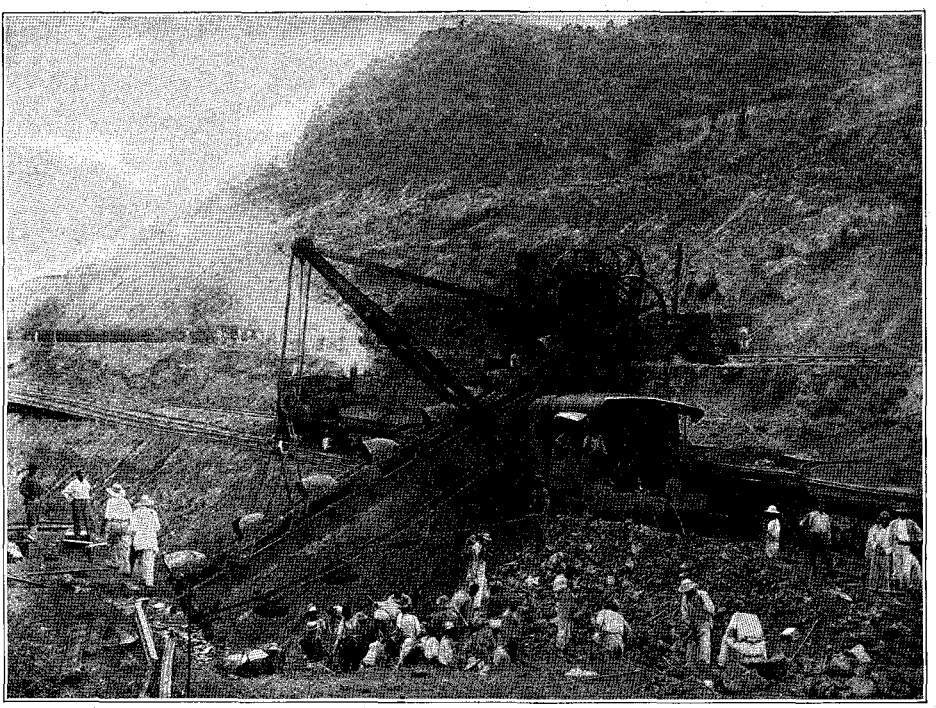

Showing the French system of excavation in the Culebra Cut.

to try even the strongest nerves. That for eight years Frenchmen were found in considerable numbers who were willing to fill the constantly thinning ranks is a fact of which their nation may well be proud. They kept the force recruited sufficiently to enable the work to be carried forward till funds for its prosecution were exhausted.

How many of them gave up their lives in the struggle? It is impossible to state the number accurately. The Ancon Hospital records show that, during the nine years of work by the French, 1,041 patients died of yellow-fever. As the West Indian negroes are immune to yellow-fever, these were all white persons and nearly all French. Colonel Gorgas estimates that as many died of yellow-fever outside the hospital as in, and places the number of victims at 2,082. This is, of course, mere surmise, but it is not unreasonable. Neither is the supposition, quite general among those who have studied the subject carefully, that two out of every three Frenchmen who went to the Isthmus died there. But there is no exact information obtainable. Lesseps, in accordance with his uniform policy, minimized or suppressed the truth, and outside the hospital rolls no records were kept. The hospital rolls show that during the nine years of French work 5,618 employees of all kinds died of various diseases. As the French contractors were charged a dollar a day for each hospital patient, only a small proportion of sick laborers were sent to them. It is not an unreasonable supposition, quite generally made, that for one laborer who died in hospital two died outside, which would raise the total death roll during the nine years to about 16,500. This again is mere surmise, but, after carefully weighing all attainable evidence, it seems to me to be a plausible estimate. Colonel Gorgas, who adopted that figure for several years, raised it later to about 22,000, but his reasons for doing so, which he has not published but which he has stated to me, do not strike me as convincing.

It is the undivided testimony of the Americans who succeeded the French that they did their work well and accomplished results which were little short of marvellous, when the conditions which surrounded them are taken into consideration. It is also the opinion of those Americans that, had similar conditions prevailed when the United States undertook the task, no better, if as good, results could

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have been secured. The French were ignorant of the mosquito transmission of disease, for the discovery had not been made. They erected and equipped admirable hospitals and, in their ignorance, furnished them with the means of spreading rather than checking disease. To protect their patients from annoyance from the hordes of ants which infest the Isthmus, they placed the posts of the hospital bedsteads in bowls of water. In these bowls the deadly *stegomyia* mosquito was bred, and when a yellow-fever patient came in the mosquito fed on him and carried the germs of the pest throughout the hospital, infecting other patients. Being ignorant also that another mosquito, *anopheles*, transmitted malaria, they placed no screens in the windows and doors of hospitals and other buildings, and thus permitted the unchecked dissemination of that disease.

The Americans arrived on the Isthmus in the full light of these two invaluable discoveries. Scarcely had they begun active work when an outbreak of yellow-fever occurred which caused such a panic throughout their force that nothing except the lack of steam-ship accommodation prevented the flight of the entire body from the Isthmus. Prompt, intelligent, and vigorous application of the remedies shown to be effective by the mosquito discoveries not only checked the progress of the pest, but banished it forever from the Isthmus. In this way, and in this alone, was the building of the canal made possible. The supreme credit for its construction, therefore, belongs to the brave men, surgeons of the United States army, who by their high devotion to duty and to humanity risked their lives in Havana in 1900–1 to demonstrate the truth of the mosquito theory. One of them, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, not only risked but lost his life, dying a martyr to his country and to humanity. The story of this heroic devotion is too long to be told here, but mention of it is necessary for a realization of the courage which the French displayed. It was made clear by the panic in 1905 that, had not the ability to suppress and abolish yellow-fever been demonstrated at that time, it would have been impossible to retain an American force on the Isthmus; and if it had been possible to retain such a force, it is doubtful if public opinion in the United States would have consented to its retention there at such a cost of human life.

What was Lesseps doing during these eight years? If he was aware of the loss of life which the work entailed, he gave no sign that he was troubled by it. During those years he made only two visits to the Isthmus, spending only about two months there—forty-seven days in his first visit in 1881 and fourteen days in his second in 1886.

When he left Paris on the latter visit the affairs of his company were in serious straits. All the money in its treasury had been expended and there was no more in sight. In May, 1885, he had asked the French Government for authority to issue lottery bonds for a loan of 600,000,000 francs ($120,000,000), and the government decided, before acting on the request, to send a special commissioner of its own, Armand Rousseau, an eminent engineer, to investigate conditions and report.

In July, 1885, at a meeting of the shareholders of the company, Lesseps admitted that the cost of the canal would reach the amount fixed by the International Congress of 1879—1,070,000,000 francs ($214,000,000)—and postponed the date of completion six months, or till July, 1889. He then took steps to forestall the report of the government commission by assembling a sort of commission of his own to accompany him to the Isthmus. He invited representatives of the chambers of commerce of the principal cities of France, an eminent engineer from Germany, and another from Holland. The party sailed from France in January, 1886, reaching Colon on February 17, where it was joined by the Duke of Sutherland and Admiral Carpenter of the British navy, and by John Bigelow, representing the Chamber of Commerce of New York, Nathan Appleton, representing the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, and Admiral Jewett of the United States navy. This second visit, only a fortnight in length, was as continuously theatric as Lesseps could make it. There was an almost unbroken series of banquets and speeches, and an unrestrained flood of adulation and eulogy for Lesseps, to which the most ex-

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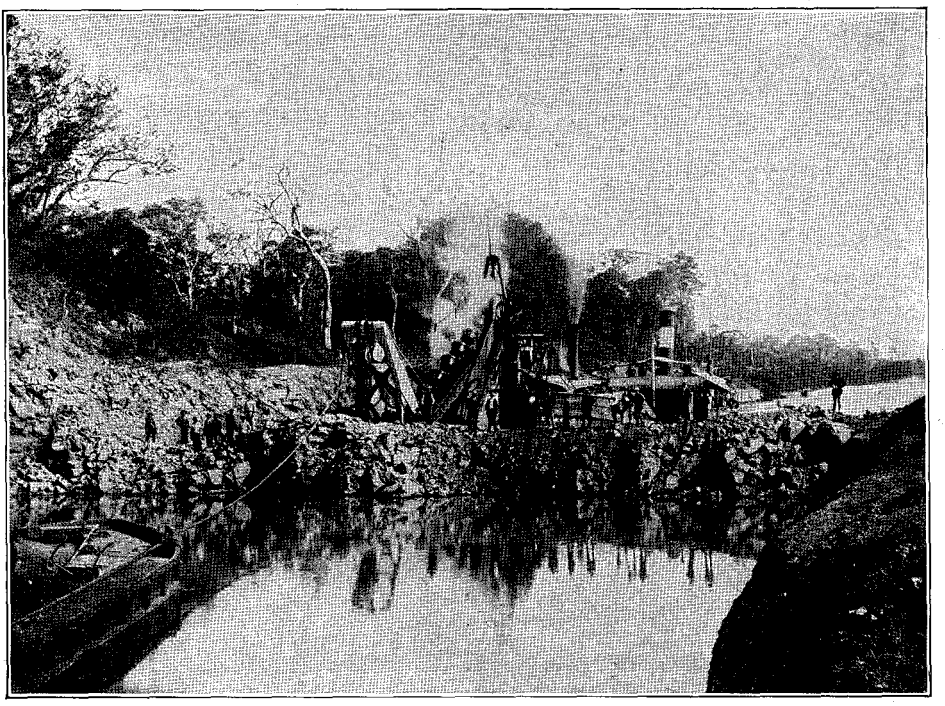
pert contributor was Monsignor Thiel, Bishop of Costa Rica. When Panama was reached the whole city, according to the faithful *Bulletin*, waited to "render homage to the Creator of Canals."

The homage found expression in a gor-



French dipper dredges at work in canal.

geous procession with allegorical floats; triumphal arches upon which Lesseps was acclaimed the "genius of the nineteenth century" and his portrait was displayed with Glory crowning him with laurel; an obelisk in his honor; and a garden of flowers into which Lesseps stepped from his carriage to receive a crown of laurel from the hands of a little girl. The line of march from the railway station to the central square of the city was "*une véritable procession triomphale.*" In the evening there was a popular fête, with fireworks and illuminations, a banquet with innumerable speeches and felicitations, and a grand ball.

The tour of inspection along the line of the canal was also a "*procession triomphale*" with Lesseps in the front, usually on a prancing horse. "M. de Lesseps," says a member of the party, recorded in the *Bulletin*, "always indefatigable, held the head of the caravan. I saw him escalade at a gallop an escarpment of Culebra amid a roar of enthusiastic hurrahs from blacks and whites astounded by so much ardor and youthfulness." There is a tradition on the Isthmus that he went about in a flowing robe of gorgeous colors, like an Eastern monarch.

Delightful opera-bouffe this, but in a very grim setting. If Lesseps had even the most superficial knowledge of the financial condition of his company he must have known that it was on the verge of collapse. His spectacular antics on the Isthmus can only be construed as a final, frantic effort to conceal the truth about the situation and raise more funds. If ever a man danced above the crater of a volcano, he did during that fortnight of his last visit. He was in the eighty-first year of his age and the bodily vigor which he displayed was amazing. That he knew what he was about, knew how to succeed with his own countrymen, subsequent events were to prove. He sailed for France on March 3, and on arrival declared, with customary

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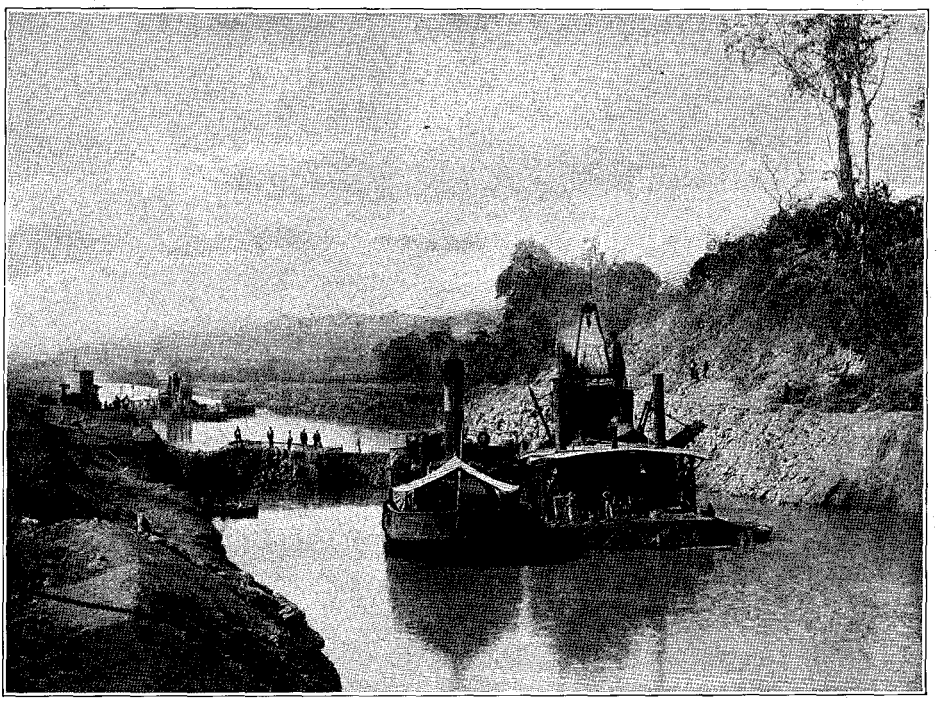
buoyancy and disregard of facts, that the situation on the Isthmus was all that could be desired and that the canal would be completed in 1889. The delegates of the French chambers of commerce, docile as ever to the great promoter, made favorable reports, but nothing was heard from the eminent engineers of the party.



Dredges working on a lock during final French days.

In the meantime, the government's special commissioner, M. Rousseau, had returned and had reported that the completion of the proposed canal was impossible unless there was a change to a lock plan. Similar reports were made by two engineers in the employ of the Lesseps company, Léon Boyer, at the time its director-general on the Isthmus, and L. Jacquet. Lesseps paid no heed to these reports, and refused to consent to a change of plan. He withdrew his request for authority to issue lottery bonds, and in July, 1886, obtained permission from the shareholders of his company to issue a new series of bonds. The success of this issue, in the face of all that had been disclosed, was an astonishing proof of the hold Lesseps had upon the French people. It resulted in the sale of bonds to the value of about 354,000,000 francs, or $70,000,000. This was, however, only a temporary relief. The outflow of money was so tremendous that even Lesseps was compelled, finally, to give heed to the demand for a change in canal plan. At a meeting of the stockholders of the company in July he gave out the information that a new plan was under consideration for a temporary canal with locks which would not prevent the ultimate construction of a sea-level canal. A superior commission, appointed by him, reported in October, 1887, that such a plan was feasible, that the cost would not exceed 600,000,000 francs ($120,000,000), and that the date of completion would not be later than 1891.

A plan was adopted which provided a lock canal at a summit level above the flood line of the Chagres River, to be supplied with water by elevating machinery. Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, known to fame a year later as the constructor of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, early in 1888 was awarded a contract for the lock construction. He

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pushed work on the new plan till the collapse of the Lesseps company, accomplishing very little.

In November, 1887, Lesseps again applied to the government for permission to issue lottery bonds. Permission was granted in June, 1888, and on June 26 an issue of 2,000,000 bonds was made, but only 800,000 were taken. A new issue was made on November 29, when the 1,200,000 bonds remaining were offered, but less than 200,000 were taken. The end had come. On December 14 Lesseps petitioned the courts to appoint temporary managers of the company, which was done. The temporary managers sought to reorganize the enterprise, but were unsuccessful, and they informed the shareholders, at a general meeting on January 26, 1889, that they considered the appointment of a judicial receiver necessary. The shareholders so informed the court, and in accordance with that expression the Civil Court of the Seine, on February 4, appointed a receiver for the company.

When the affairs of the company were examined, it appeared that about $260,000,000 had been received and expended. About 800,000 persons held stock in it, or obligations against it, and its treasury was empty. Of the total expenditure, nearly $157,000,000, in addition to $18,000,000 for the Panama Railroad, had been spent on the Isthmus and $78,000,000 in Paris. A total excavation of 78,000,000 cubic yards, about one-fourth of their proposed canal, had been accomplished and nearly or quite 2,000 Frenchmen had lost their lives.

The revelations which were made when the affairs of the company were investigated not only filled France with consternation and humiliation, but the civilized world with amazement. Wholesale bribery of legislators and government officials in France, reckless extravagance and misuse of funds by the directors of the company, and a total disregard of legal or moral obligations of all kinds, these were the distinguishing features of the company's policy and conduct. It was shown that the chief financial agent of the company had received over 6,000,000 francs, partly as commissions on the sale of stock, partly as "expense of publicity," a euphemism for bribery of government officials. When the full exposure came the chief financial agent committed suicide. Another financial agent received nearly 4,000,000 francs for services and commissions. Charles de Lesseps, son of Ferdinand, confessed that he paid 600,000 francs to another agent "because of his great influence with the government." He paid 375,000 francs to the French Minister of Public Works, who confessed that he kept 300,000 of it and gave 75,000 to another person as reward for having tempted him to accept the bribe. The press of Paris received 1,362,000 for advertising the various stock subscriptions. One favored editor alone received 100,000 francs. A distinguished contractor received 12,000,000 for material amounting to 2,000,000 francs in value, and 6,000,000 francs for "transporting material" which was never delivered. It cost a handsome sum to convert a majority of the Parliamentary Committee of the Chamber of Deputies to a favorable view of the lottery project, one member receiving 500,000 francs, another 400,000, another 300,000, and others 200,000 each. The Minister of the Interior was persuaded to view the project with favor by a present of 300,000 francs.

Charles de Lesseps justified his conduct in making these payments on the ground that they were absolutely necessary to protect the interests of the stockholders. Public opinion in France took a surprisingly lenient view both of his conduct and that of his father. Several years had elapsed between the collapse of the company and the trial, and the first bitterness felt by the stockholders over their loss had been softened by time. Their faith in Lesseps and in his good intentions was still strong, and they regarded him as the victim of dishonest agents and associates rather than as the responsible author of the disaster.

Lesseps and his son Charles were sentenced by the court to fine and five years' imprisonment, and similar sentences were passed upon others of their associates. The sentence against Charles de Lesseps was annulled by the Court of Appeals. That against his father was never executed, for he was eighty-eight years old at the time, January 10, 1893, and a physical and mental wreck. He died in December following.

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

"A LAND OF DAMNED PROFESSORS"

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

IT can hardly be doubted that could Lord Palmerston have seen what I have seen of the changes in Germany, he would at least have placed the "damned" in another part of his famous sentence. These professors have turned their prowess into channels which have given Germany, in this scientific industrial age, a mighty grip upon something more than theories. It may be dull reading to tell the tale of damned professordom, but it is to Germany that we must all go to school in these matters.

The American chooses his university or college because it is in the neighborhood; because his father or other relatives went there; because his school friends are going there; on account of the prestige of the place; sometimes, too, because one is considered more democratic than another; sometimes, and perhaps more often than we think, on account of the athletics; because it is large or small; or on account of the cost.

The German youth, owing to widely different customs and ideals, chooses his university for other reasons. If he be of the well-to-do classes, and his father before him was a corps student, he is likely to go first to the university where his father's corps will receive him and discipline him in the ways of a corps student's life, and rigorous ways they are, as we shall see. Young men of small means, and who can afford to waste little time in the amusements of university life, go at once where the more celebrated professors in their particular line of work are lecturing.

Few students in Germany reside during their whole course of study at one university. The student year is divided into two so-called semesters. The student remains, say, in Heidelberg two years or perhaps less, and then moves on, let us say, to Berlin, or Göttingen, or Leipsic, or Kiel, to hear lectures by other professors, and to get and to see something of the best work in law, theology, medicine, history, or belles-lettres, along the lines of his chosen work.

One can hardly say too much in praise of this system. Many a medical, or law, or theological, or philosophical student, or one who is going in for a scientific course in engineering or mining, would profit enormously could he go from Harvard to Yale, or to Johns Hopkins, or to Princeton, or to Columbia, and attend the lectures of the best men at these and other universities. Many a man would have gone eagerly to Harvard to hear James in philosophy, Peirce in mathematics, Abbot in exegesis, or to read Greek with Palmer; or to Yale to have heard Whitney in philology in my day; or now, to name but a few, Van Dyke at Princeton, Sloane at Columbia, Wheeler at the University of California, Paul Shorey at Chicago, and many others, are men whom not to know and to hear in one's student days is a loss.

The German student is at a distinct advantage in this privilege of hearing the best men at whatever university they may be. The number of students, indeed, at particular German universities rises and falls in a large measure according to the fame and ability of the professors who may be lecturing there. One can readily imagine how such men as Hegel, or Ranke,

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or Mommsen, who lectured at Berlin; or Liebig or Döllinger, at Munich; or Ewald, at Göttingen; or Sybel, at Bonn; or Leibnitz or Schlegel, in their day, or Kuno Fischer, in my day, at Heidelberg, must have drawn students from all parts of Germany; just as do Harnack, and Schmidt, and Lamprecht, and Adolph Wagner, Schmoller, or Gierke, or Schiemann, or Wach, Haeckel, List, Deitsch, Hering, or Verworm, in these days. Though the German professors are somewhat hampered by the fact that they are servants of the state, and their opinions therefore on theological, political, and economic matters restricted to the state's views, they are free as no other teachers in the world to exploit their intellectual prowess for the benefit of their purses. Each student pays each professor whose lectures he attends, and as a result there are certain professors in Germany whose incomes are as high as $50,000 a year.

Even in intellectual matters state control produces the inevitable state laziness and indifference. One could tell many a tale of these professors who arrive late at their lecture-rooms, who read slowly, who give just as little matter as they can in order to make their preferred work go as far as possible. Some of them, too, read the same lectures over and over again, year after year, quite content that they have made a reputation, gained a fixed tenure of their positions, and are sure of a pension.

There are twenty-one universities in Germany, with another already provided for this year in Frankfort, and practically the equivalent of a university in Hamburg. The total number of students is 66,358, an increase since 1895 of 37,791. Geographically speaking, one has the choice between Kiel, Königsberg, and Berlin in the north, Munich in the south, Strassburg on the boundaries of France, or Breslau in Silesia. At the present writing Berlin has 9,686 students, and some 5,000 more authorized to attend lectures, over half of them grouped under the general heading "Philosophy"; next comes Munich with 7,000, nearly 5,000 of them grouped under the headings "Jurisprudence" and "Philosophy"; then Leipsic with 5,000; then Bonn with 4,000; and last in point of numbers Rostock with 800 students. There are now some 1,500 women students at the German universities, but a total of 4,500 who attend lectures, and Doctor Marie Linden at the beginning of 1911 was appointed one of the professors of the medical faculty at Bonn, but the appointment was vetoed by the Prussian ministry.

In addition to the universities is the modern development of the technical high-schools, of which there are now eleven, one each in Berlin, Dresden, Braunschweig, Darmstadt, Hanover, Karlsruhe, Munich, Stuttgart, Danzig, Aix, and Breslau. These schools have faculties of architecture, building construction, mechanical engineering, chemistry, and general science, including mathematics and natural science. They confer the degree of Doctor of Engineering, and admit those students holding the certificate of the *Gymnasium*, *Realgymnasium*, and *Oberrealschule*. They rank now with the universities, and their 17,000 students may fairly be added to the grand total number of German students, making 83,000 in all, and if to this be added the 4,000 unmatriculated students, we have 87,000. While the population of Germany has increased 1.4 per cent in the last year, the number of students has increased 4.6 per cent, and of the total number 4.4 per cent are women. Since the founding of the empire the population has increased from 40,000,000 to 65,000,000, but the number of students has increased from 18,000 to 60,000. The teaching staffs in the universities number 3,400, and in the technical high-schools 753, or, roughly, there are, in the higher-education department of Germany, at the least nearly 90,000 persons engaged, as these figures do not include officials and many unattached teachers and students indirectly connected with the universities. There are in addition agricultural high-schools, agricultural institutes, and technical schools such as veterinary high-schools, schools of mining, forestry, architecture and building, commercial schools, schools of art and industry; a naval school at Kiel, military academies at Berlin and Munich, besides some 50 schools of navigation, and 20 military and cadet institutions. There are also courses of lectures given under the auspices of the German foreign office to instruct candidates for the consular service in the commercial and industrial affairs of Germany.

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At several of the universities now evening extension lectures are given, an innovation first tried at Leipsic, where more than seven thousand persons paid small fees to attend the lectures in a recent year.

If one considers the range of instruction from the Volkschulen and Fortbildungsschulen up through the skeleton list I have mentioned to the universities, and then on beyond that to the thousands still engaged as students in the commerce and industry of Germany, as for example the technically employed men in the Krupp Works at Essen, or the Color Works at Elberfeld, to mention two of hundreds, it is seen that Germany is gone over with a veritable fine-tooth comb of education. There is not only nothing like it, there is nothing comparable to it in the world. If training the minds of a population were the solution of the problems of civilization, they are on the way to such solution in Germany. Unfortunately there is no such easy way out of our troubles for Germany or for any other nation. Some of us will live to see this fetich of regimental instruction of everybody disappear as astrology has disappeared. There is a Japanese proverb which runs, "The bottom of lighthouses is very dark."

As early as 1717 Frederick William I in an edict commanded parents to send their children to school, daily in summer, twice a week in winter. Frederick the Great at the close of the Seven Years' War, 1764, insisted again upon compulsory school attendance, and prescribed books, studies, and discipline. At the beginning of the nineteenth century began a great change in the primary schools due to the influence of Pestalozzi, and in the secondary schools owing to the efforts of Herder, Frederic August Wolf, William Humboldt, and Sünern. The schools then were part of the ecclesiastical organization and have never ceased to be so wholly, and until recently the title of the Prussian minister has been: "Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Instruction, and Medical Affairs." That part of the minister's title, "Medical Affairs," has within the last few months been eliminated.

The French Revolution, and the dismemberment of Prussia at Tilsit, put a stop to orderly progress. Stein and his colleagues, however, started anew; students were sent to Switzerland to study pedagogical methods; provincial school-boards were established, and about 1850 all public-school teachers were declared to be civil servants; and later, in 1872, during Bismarck's campaign against the Jesuits, all private schools were made subject to state inspection. In Prussia to-day no man or woman may give instruction even as governess or private tutor without the certificate of the state.

This control of education and teaching by a central authority is an unmixed blessing. In Prussia, at any rate, the officials are hard-working, conscientious, and enthusiastic, and the system, whether one gives one's full allegiance to it or not, is admirably worked out. Above all, it completely does away with sham physicians, sham doctors of divinity, sham engineers and mining and chemical experts, sham dentists and veterinary surgeons, who abound in our country, where shoddy schools do a business of selling degrees and certificates of proficiency in everything from exegesis to obstetrics. These fakir academies are not only a disgrace but a danger in America, and here as in other matters Germany has a right to smile grimly at certain of our hobbledehoy methods of government.

The elementary schools, or *Volkschulen*, are free, and attendance is compulsory from six to fourteen; in addition, the *Fortbildungsschulen*, or continuation schools, can also be made compulsory up to eighteen years of age. There are some 61,000 free public elementary schools with over 10,000,000 pupils, and over 600 private elementary schools with 42,000 pupils who pay fees.

Under a regulation of the Department of Trade and Industry towns with more than twenty thousand inhabitants are empowered to make their own rules compelling commercial employees under eighteen to attend the continuation schools a certain number of hours monthly, and fining employers who interfere with such attendance. It has even been suggested that this law be extended to include girls.

In Berlin this has already been put into operation, and this year some 30,000 girls will be compelled to attend continuation

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schools, where they will be taught cooking, dress-making, laundry work, house-keeping economy, and for those who wish it, office work. It will require some training even to pronounce the name of this new institution, which requires something more than the number of letters in the alphabet to spell it, for it has this terrifying title: *Mädchenpflichtfortbildungsschule*. The work in these *Pflichtfortbildungsschulen*, or compulsory continuation schools, is practical and thorough. The boys are from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and are obliged to attend three hours twice a week. Shopkeepers and others employing lads coming under the provisions of the law are obliged by threat of heavy fines to send them. The boys pay nothing. There are some thirty-four thousand of such pupils under one jurisdiction in Berlin, and the cost to the city is three hundred thousand dollars annually. The curriculum includes letter-writing, book-keeping, exchange, bank-credits, checks and bills, the duty of the business man to his home, to the city, and to his fellow business men, his legal rights and duties, and, in great detail, all questions of citizenship. Methods of the banks, stock exchange, and insurance companies are explained. The business man's relations in detail to the post-office, the railways, the customs, canals, shipping agencies are dealt with. The investigation of credits and the general management from cellar to attic of what we call a "store" are taught, and lectures are given upon business ethics and family relations and morals.

In towns where factories are more common than shops there are schools similar in kind, as at Dortmund for example, where you may begin with horse-shoeing in the cellar, and go up through the work of carpenter, mason, plumber, sign-painter, poster-designer, to the designing of stained-glass windows and the modeling of animals and men.

In the strictly agricultural districts of Prussia the extent of courses open to those who work upon the land has steadily increased. In 1882 there were 559 courses of instruction and 9,228 pupils; in 1902, 1,421 such courses and 20,666 pupils; and in 1908, 3,781 courses and 55,889 pupils. About five per cent of the cost of such instruction, which cost the state 566,599 marks in 1908, is paid by the fees of the pupils themselves.

To those interested in ways and means it may serve a purpose to say that the total cost of these elementary schools amounts to nearly $131,000,000 a year, of which the various state governments pay $37,500,000 and local authorities the rest. In 1910 the city of Berlin spent $9,881,987 on its schools. The average cost per pupil is $13.50. In some of the towns of different classes of population that I have visited the number of pupils per 100 inhabitants stands as follows: Berlin, 11.1; Essen, 16.5; Dortmund, 16; Düsseldorf, 13.2; Charlottenburg, 9; Duisburg, 16.7; Oberhausen, 17.7; Bielefeld, 14.7; Bonn, 11.1; Cologne, 13.1.

There are 170,000 teachers in these elementary schools, of whom 30,000 are women. They begin with $250 a year, which is raised to $300 when they are given a fixed position. By a graduated scale of increase a teacher at the age of forty-eight (when he may retire) may receive a maximum of $725. A woman teacher's salary would vary from $300 to $600 as the maximum. These figures are for Prussia. In other states of the Empire, in Bavaria and Saxony for example, the scale of wages is somewhat higher.

The secondary schools are the well-known *Gymnasien* and *Progymnasien*, the *Realgymnasien*, and the *Realschulen*. Roughly the *Gymnasia* prepare for the universities, and the *Realschulen* for the technical schools. Admission to the universities and to any form of employment under the civil service demands a certificate from one or another of these secondary schools. In 1890, two years after the present Emperor came to the throne, he called together a conference of teachers and in an able speech suggested that these secondary schools devote more time and attention to technical training. As a result of this, the certificates of the *Realgymnasien* and *Realschulen* are now received as equivalent to those conferred by the *Gymnasien* where Latin and Greek are as they were then still paramount.

Of these secondary schools some are state schools; others are municipal or trade-supported schools; some are private institutions; but all are amenable to the rules, organization, and curricula ap-

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proved by the state. All secondary and elementary teachers must meet the examinational requirements of the state, which fixes a minimum salary and contributes thereto. In the universities and technical high-schools all professors are appointed by the state, and largely paid by the state as well. In the year 1910 the German Empire expended under the general heading of instruction $101,188,900. Prussia alone spent $60,424,325; Bavaria, $8,955,825 (though nearly $750,000 of this total went for building and repairs for both churches and schools); Baden, $4,176,075; Saxony, $457,325; the free city of Hamburg, $5,561,900. The total expenditures of the empire and of the states of the empire combined, in 1910 amounted to $2,225,225,000; of this, as we have seen, more than $101,000,000 went for instruction and allied uses; $198,748,775 was the cost of the army; and $82,362,650 the cost of the navy, not counting the extraordinary expenditures for these two arms of the service, which amounted to $5,624,775 for the army, and $28,183,125 for the navy. The total expenditure of the Fatherland for schools, army, and navy amounted, therefore, to one-fifth of the total, or $416,108,225.

I have grouped these expenditures together for the reason that I am still one of those who remain distrustful and disdainful of the Carnegie holy water, and a firm believer that the two best schools in Germany, or anywhere else where they are as well conducted as here, are the army and the navy. Even if they were not schools of war, they would be an inestimable loss to the country were they no longer in existence as manhood-training schools. This is the more clear when it is remembered that, according to the army standard, both the German peasant and the urban dweller are steadily deteriorating. In ten years the percentage of physically efficient men in the rural districts decreased from 60.5 to 58.2 per cent, and this decrease is even more marked in particular provinces. Infant mortality, despite better hygienic conditions and more education, has not decreased, and in some districts has increased; while the birth-rate, especially in Prussia and Thuringia, has fallen off as well. For the whole of Germany, the births to every thousand of the inhabitants were: in 1876, 42.63; in 1891, 38.25; in 1905, 34; and in 1909, 31.91. In Berlin the births per thousand in 1907 were 24.63 and in 1911 only 20.84.

Even the observer who cares nothing for statistics, who rambles about in the district of Leipsic, Chemnitz, Riesa, Oschatz, and even in the mountainous district of south-east Saxony, may see for himself a population lacking in size, vigor, and health, noticeably so indeed. Education at one end turning out an unwholesome, "white-collared, black-coated proletariat," as the Socialists call them; and industry and commerce, which even tempt the farmer to sell what he should keep to eat, at the other, are making serious inroads upon the health and well-being of the population.

The chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, speaking in the Reichstag February 11, 1911, said: "The fear that we may not be working along the right lines in the education of our youth is a cause of great anxiety to many people in Germany. We shall not solve this problem by shunning it!"

Many social economists hold that higher education is unfitting numbers of young men from following the humbler pursuits, while at the same time it is not making them as efficient as are their ambitions; and such men are recognized as the most potent chemical in making the milk of human kindness to turn sour. At a meeting of the Goethebund this year, advocating school reform, it was evident that many intelligent men in Germany were not satisfied with present methods of education, which were characterized as wasting energy in mechanical methods of teaching, and so robbing youth of its youth. It is beginning to be understood in Germany, as it has been understood by wise men in all ages, that "to spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of the scholar." This same commentary of Bacon should be on the walls of every school and university in Germany.

In America, it is true, we have gone ahead along educational lines. In 1800, it is said, the average adult American had 82 days of school attendance; in 1900,

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146 days. In the last quarter of a century our secondary schools have increased in number from 1,400 to 12,000; and during the last 18 years the proportion of our youth receiving high-school instruction has doubled, and attendance at American colleges has increased 400 per cent, while the population increased by 100 per cent. But education is by no means so strenuous as in Germany. The hours are shorter, holidays longer, standards lower, and the emphasis far less insistent. A boy who has not the mental energy to pass the entrance examinations at Harvard for instance, and proceed to a degree there, ought to be drowned, or to drown himself. I would not say as much of the requirements in Germany, for they are far more severe. Prince von Hohenlohe in his memoirs gives an account of a conversation between the Emperor, the Emperor's tutor, and himself. The Emperor was regretting the severity of the examinations in the secondary schools, and it was replied to him that this was the only way to prevent a flood of candidates for the civil service!

There is another all-important factor in Germany bearing upon this point. A boy must have passed into the upper section of the class before the last, "*Secunda*," as it is called, or have passed an equivalent examination, in order to serve one year instead of three in the army. To be an *Einjähriger* is, therefore, in a way the mark of an educated gentleman. The tales of suicide and despair of school-boys in Germany are, alas, too many of them true; and it is to be remembered that not to reach a certain standard here means that a man's way is barred from the army and navy, civil service, diplomatic or consular service, from social life, in short. The uneducated man of position in Germany does not exist, cannot exist. This is, therefore, no phantom, but a real terror. The man of twenty-five who has not won an education and a degree faces a blank wall barring his entrance anywhere; and even when, weaponed with the necessary academic passport, he is permitted to enter, he meets with an appalling competition, which has peopled Germany with educated inefficients who must work for next to nothing, and who keep down the level of the earnings of the rest because there is an army of candidates for every vacant position. On the other hand, the industries of Germany have bounded ahead, because the army of chemists and physicists of patience, training, and ability who work for small salaries provide them with new and better weapons than their rivals.

There are two sides to this question of fine-tooth-comb education. Its advantages both America and England are seeing every day in these stout rivals of ours; but its disadvantages are not to be concealed, and are perhaps doing an undermining work that will be more apparent in the future than now it is. The very fact that an alien, an oriental race, the Jews, have taken so disproportionate a share of the cream of German prosperity, and have turned this technical prowess to purposes of their own, is, in and of itself, a sure sign that there may be an educated proletariat working slavishly for masters whom, with all their learning and all their mental discipline, they cannot force to abdicate.

Strange to say, the federal constitution of 1871, which gave Germany its emperor, did not include the schools, and each state has its own school system, but in 1875 an imperial school commission was formed which has done much to make the system of all the states uniform.

The three classes of schools recognized as leading later to a university career are the *Gymnasium*, in which Latin and Greek are still the fundamental requirements; the *Realgymnasium*, in which Latin but no Greek is required; the *Oberrealschule*, in which the classics are not taught at all, but emphasis is laid upon modern languages and natural science. In addition to these there are the so-called *Reformschulen*, of very recent growth, which are an attempt to put less emphasis upon the classics, but without excluding them entirely from the course, and to pay more attention proportionately to modern languages, French in particular. There are in addition some four hundred public and one thousand or more private higher girls' schools, with an attendance of a quarter of a million, all subject to state supervision. If one were to make a genealogical tree of the German schools which educate the children from the age of six up to the age of entrance to the university, it might be described as follows:

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First are the *Volkschulen*, which every child must attend from six to fourteen. In the smaller country schools the children of all ages may be in one school-room and under one teacher; in another, divided into two classes; in another, into three or four classes; up to the large city schools, in which there are eight classes. Next would come the *Mittelschulen*, where the pupils are carried on a year farther, and where the last year corresponds to the first year of the so-called *Lehrerbildungsanstalten*, or training schools for teachers. These again are divided into two, one called *Praeparanda*, the other *Seminar*, the former carrying the pupil on to his sixteenth year, the latter to the nineteenth year and turning him out a full-fledged *Volkschule* teacher and giving him the right to serve only one year in the army.

If boy or girl goes on from the fourteenth year, the höhere Knabenschulen and the höhere Mädchenschulen take them on to the eighteenth or nineteenth year. Many boys go on till they have passed from the lower *Secunda*, next to the last class which is divided into upper and lower *Secunda*, into the upper *Secunda*, when their certificate entitles them to serve one year only in the army when they quit school. Many boys, too, intending to become officers, leave school at sixteen or seventeen and go to regular cramming institutions, where they do their work more quickly and devote themselves to the special subjects required. For boys intending to go on through the higher schools, there are schools taking them on from the age of nine, with a curriculum better adapted than that of the *Volkschulen* to that end.

In all these higher schools there is less attention paid to mere examinations, and more attention paid to the general grip the pupils have on the work in hand; and of the teaching, as mentioned elsewhere, too much cannot be said in its praise.

For those boys who finish their public schooling at the age of fourteen and then turn to earning their living, there are the continuation schools, which are in many parts of the country compulsory, and which are nicely adapted, according to their situation in shopkeeping cities, in factory towns, or in the country, to give the pupils the drilling and instruction necessary for their particular employment.

According to the last census the proportion of illiterates among the recruits for the army was 0.02 per cent. The number of those who could neither read nor write in Germany was, in 1836, 41.44 per cent; in 1909, 0.01 per cent. If one were to name all the agricultural schools; technical schools; schools of architecture and building; commercial schools, for textile, wood, metal, and ceramic industries; art schools; schools for naval architecture and engineering and navigation; and the public music schools, it would be seen that it is no exaggeration to speak of fine-tooth-comb education.

I have visited scores of all sorts of schools all over Germany, from a peasant common school in Posen up to that last touch in education, the schools in Charlottenburg, the Schulpforta Academy, and such a private boys' school as Die Schülerheim-Kolonie des Arndt-Gymnasiums in the Grünewald near Berlin, and the training schools for the military cadets. Through the courtesy of the authorities I was permitted, when I wished it, to sit in the class-rooms, and even to put questions to the boys and girls in the classes. From the small boys and girls making their first efforts at spelling to the young woman of seventeen who translated a paragraph of the "Germania" of Tacitus, not into German but into French, for me (a problem I offered as a good test of whether I was merely assisting at a prepared exhibition of the prowess of the class or whether the minds had been trained to independence), I have looked over a wide field of teaching and learning in Germany. If that young person was typical of the pupils of this upper girls' school, there is no doubt of their ability to meet an intellectual emergency of that kind.

Of one feature of German education one can write without reservation, and that is the teaching. Everywhere it is good, often superlatively good, and half a dozen times I have listened to the teaching of a class in history, in Latin, in German literature, in French literature, where it was a treat to be a listener. I remember in particular a class in physical geography, another reading Ovid, another reading

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Shakespeare, and another reading Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea," where I enjoyed my half-hour as though I had been listening to a distinguished lecturer on his darling subject.

We know how little these men and women teachers are paid, but there is such a flood of intellectual output in Germany that the competition is ferocious in these callings, and the schools can pick and choose only from those who have borne the severest tests with the greatest success. The teaching is so good that it explains in part the amount of work these poor children are enabled to get through. School begins at seven in summer, at eight in winter. The course for those intending to go to the university is nine years; the recitation hours alone range from twenty-five to thirty-two hours a week; to which must be added two hours a week of singing and three hours a week of gymnastics, and this for forty-two weeks in the year. The preparation for class-work requires from two and a half to four hours more. It foots up to something like fifty hours a week!

At Eton, in England, the boys grumble because they only have a half-holiday every other day and four months of the year vacation. It will be interesting to see which educational method is to produce the men who are to win the next Waterloo. No wonder that nearly seventy per cent of those who reach the standard required of those who need serve only one year instead of three in the army are near-sighted, and that more than forty-five per cent are put on one side as physically unfit. The increase in population in Germany is so great, however, and the candidates for the army so numerous, that the authorities are far more strict in those they accept than in France, for example. There is more manhood material for the German army and navy every year than is needed.

In the first year of the nine-years' course in a Gymnasium the 25 hours a week are divided: religion, 3 hours; German, 4 hours; Latin, 8 hours; geography, 2 hours; mathematics, 4 hours; natural science, 2 hours; writing, 2 hours. In the last year: religion, 2 hours; German, 3 hours; Latin, 7 hours; Greek, 6 hours—Greek is begun in the fourth year; French, 3 hours—French is begun in the third year; history, 3 hours; mathematics, 4 hours; natural science, 2 hours.

In the first year in a Realgymnasium: religion, 3 hours; German, 4 hours; Latin, 8 hours; geography, 2 hours; mathematics, 4 hours; natural science, 2 hours; writing, 2 hours. In the last year of the course: religion, 2 hours; German, 3 hours; Latin, 4 hours; French—begun in third year—4 hours; English—begun in fourth year—3 hours; mathematics, 5 hours; natural science, 5 hours; drawing, 2 hours.

In the first year in an Oberrealschule: religion, 3 hours; German, 5 hours; French, 6 hours; geography, 2 hours; mathematics, 5 hours; natural science, 2 hours; writing, 2 hours. In the last year: religion, 2 hours; German, 4 hours; French, 4 hours; English—begun in the fourth year—4 hours; history, 3 hours; geography, 1 hour; mathematics, 5 hours; natural science, 6 hours; free-hand drawing—begun in the second year—2 hours.

It may be seen from these schedules where the emphasis is laid in each of these schools. So far as results are concerned, the pupils about to leave for the universities seemed to me to know their Latin, Greek, French, German, and English, and their local and European history well. Their knowledge of Latin and of either French or English, sometimes of both, is far superior to anything required of a student entering any college or university in America. I have asked many pupils to read passages at sight in Latin, French, and English in schools in various parts of Germany and there is no question of the grip they have upon what they have been taught. I am, alas, not a scholar, and can only judge of the requirements and of the training and its results in subjects where I am at home; and I must take it for granted that these boys and girls are as well trained in other subjects where I am incapable of passing judgment. It is improbable, however, that the same thoroughness does not characterize their work throughout the whole curriculum. The examination at the end of the secondary-school period, called Abiturienten-examen, is more thorough and covers a wider range than any similar examination in America. It is a test of intellectual maturity. It permits no gaps, covers a

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wide ground, leaves no subject dropped on the way, and sends a man or woman to the university with an equipment entirely adequate for such special work as the individual proposes to undertake.

It seemed to me that in many class-rooms the ventilation was distinctly bad, but here too I must admit an exaggerated love for fresh air, born of my own love of out-door exercise.

There are practically no schools in Germany like the public schools for boys in England, and our own private schools for boys, like Saint Paul's, Groton, Saint Mark's, and others, where the training of character and physique are emphasized. Here again I admit my prejudice in favor of such education. I should be made pulp, indeed, did I try to run through the boys of a fifth or sixth form at home, but, from the look of them, I would have undertaken it for a wager in Germany.

It is not their fault, poor boys. Practically the whole emphasis is laid upon drilling the mind. Moral and physical matters are left to the home, and in the home there are no fathers and brothers interested in games or sport, and in this busy, competitive strife, and with the small means at the disposal of the majority, there is no time and no opportunity. Boys and girls seldom leave home for distant boarding-schools. They go from home to school and from school home every day, and have none of the advantages to be gained from intercourse with men outside their own circles. It shows itself in a deplorable lack of orientation as compared with our lads of the same relative standing. In dress and bearing, in at-homeness in the world, in ability to take care of themsleves under strange conditions or in an emergency, and in domestic hygiene they are inferior, and yet they are so competent to push the national military, industrial, and commercial ball along as men, that one wonders whether Bagehot's gibe at certain well-to-do classes of the Saxons, that "they spend half their time washing their whole persons," may not have a grain of truth in it.

Another feature of the school life which is prominent, especially in Prussia, is the incessant and insistent emphasis laid upon patriotism. In every school, almost in every class-room, is a picture of the Emperor; in many, pictures also of his father and grandfather. Even in a municipal lodging-house, where I found some tiny waifs and strays being taught, there were pictures of the sovereign, and brightly colored pictures of the war of 1870–71, generally with German personalities on horseback, and the French as prisoners with bandages and dishevelled clothing. This war, which began with the first movement of the German army on August 4, and on the 2d of September next Napoleon was a prisoner; this war, in which the German army at the beginning of operations consisted of 384,000 officers and men and which had grown to 630,000 on March 1, during the truce, lost in killed and those who died from wounds 28,278, of whom 1,871 were officers; this war is flaunted at the population of Germany continually, and from every possible angle. We hear very little of our war of 1861–66, that cost us $8,000,000,000 with killed and wounded numbering some 700,000. We do not find it necessary to feed our patriotism with a nursing-bottle.

At a kindergarten two tots, a boy and a girl, stood at the top of some steps while the rest marched by and saluted; they later descended and went through the motions of reviewing the others. They were playing they were Kaiser and Kaiserin!

Two small boys in a school-yard discussing their relative prowess as jumpers end the discussion when one says as a final word: "Oh, I can jump as high as the Kaiser!"

We have noted in another article how even police sergeants must be familiar with the history of the House of Hohenzollern.

I am an admirer of Germany and her Emperor, with a distinct love of discipline and a bias in favor of military training, and with an experience of actual warfare such as only a score or so of German officers or men of my generation have had; but I am bound to say I found this pounding in of patriotism on every side distinctly nauseating. Boys and girls, and men and women, ought not to need to be pestered with patriotism. We had a controversy in America some ten years before the Franco-German War, where in more than one battle more men were killed

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and wounded than in all the battles Prussia, and later Germany, has fought since 1860.

In the South, at any rate, we bear the scars and the mourning of those days still, but nobody would be thanked for pummelling us with patriotism. In the skirmish with Spain our military authorities were pestered with candidates for the front. Germany itself is not more a nation in arms than America would be at the smallest threat of insult or aggression. But we take those things for granted. If we have the honor to possess a medal or a decoration, the gentlemen among us wear it only when asked to do so, or perhaps on the Fourth of July.

Germany is even now somewhat loosely cemented together. Their leaders may feel that it is necessary to keep ever in the minds even of the children that Germany is a nation with an Emperor and a victory over France, France in political rags and patches at the time, behind them.

They even carry this teaching of patriotism beyond the boundaries of Germany. The *Allgemeiner Deutscher Schulverein zur Erhaltung des Deutschtums im Auslande* is a society with head-quarters in Berlin devoting itself to the advancement of German education all over the world. The society was started privately in 1886, and is now partly supported by the state. It controls some sixteen hundred centres for the teaching of German and German patriotism, and German learning. There are such centres in China, South America, the United States, Spain, and elsewhere. They number 90 in Europe; 25 in Asia; 20 in Africa; 70 in Brazil; 40 in Argentina; and 100 in Australia and Canada. The society is instrumental in having German taught in 5,000 schools and academies in the United States to 600,000 pupils. The work is not advertised, rather is it concealed so far as possible, but it is looked upon as a valuable force for the advancement of German interests throughout the world.

In the schools, too, there is an enemy of which we know nothing, and that is the active propagandism of socialism, which is anti-military, anti-monarchical, and anti-status quo. Leaflets and books and pamphlets are widely distributed among the school children; many of the teachers are in sympathy with these obstructionist methods; and the authorities may feel that they must do what they can to combat this teaching. In Prussia, on every side, and in the industrial towns of Saxony, one sees the evidence of this impotent discontent expressing itself either openly or in surly malice of speech and manner. The streets of Berlin, and of the industrial towns, show this condition at every turn, and when the Reichstag closes with cheers for the Emperor, the Socialist members leave in a body before that loyal ceremony takes place.

We in America are brought up to believe that the best cure for such maladies is to open the wound, to give freedom of speech, to let every boy and girl and man and woman find out for himself his citizen's path to walk in. We have no policemen on our public platforms, no gags in the mouths of our professors or preachers, no lurid pictures of battles, no plastering of the walls of our schools and seminaries with pictures of our rulers, and withal our German immigrants are perhaps our best and most patriotic citizens.

Self-consciousness is the prince of mental and social diseases, as vanity is the princess, and even self-conscious patriotism seems a little unwholesome, not quite manly, and often even grotesque. It is easy to say: "Dic mihi si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?" and if one is a person of no great importance, it is an embarrassing question to answer. In this connection I can only say that I should assume that my lionhood was taken for granted without so much roaring, bristling of the mane, and switching of the tail. It irritates those who are discontented, it positively infuriates the redder democrats, and it bores the children, and, worst of all, proclaims to everybody that the lion is not quite comfortable and at his ease. The German lion is a fine, big fellow now, with fangs, and teeth, and claws as serviceable as need be, and it only makes him appear undignified to be forever looking at himself in the looking-glass.

Whatever may be the right or wrong of these comparative methods of training, Germans trained in the investigation of such matters agree in telling me that the boys who come up to the universities, especially in the large cities and towns, are

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somewhat lax in their moral standards as regards matters upon which the puritan still lays great stress.

In Berlin particularly, where there are some thirty-five hundred registered and nearly fifty thousand unregistered women devoting themselves to the seemingly incompatible ends of rapidly accumulating gold while frantically pursuing pleasure, there is an amount of immorality unequalled in any capital in Europe. In the whole German Empire the average of illegitimacy is ten per cent, but in Berlin the average for the last few years is twenty per cent. Out of every five children born in Berlin each year one is illegitimate! It is questionable whether the increasing demands of the army and navy require such laxity of moral methods in providing therefor.

There is, however, a state church in Germany with its head in Berlin, and no doubt we may safely leave this matter in these better hands than ours. I beg to say that in mentioning this subject I am quoting unprejudiced scientific investigators, who, I may say, agree, without a dissenting voice of importance, that Berlin has become the classical problem along such lines. In the endeavor to compete with the gayeties elsewhere, a laxity has been encouraged and permitted that has won for Berlin in the last ten years an unrivalled position as a purveyor of after-dark pleasures. Berlin not only produces a disproportionate number of such people as Diotrephes, in manners, but also a veritable horde of those who are like unto the son of Bosor.

After the sheltered home life and the severe discipline of the higher schools, a German youth is permitted a freedom unknown to us at the university. There is no record kept of how or where he spends his time. He matriculates at one or another of the universities, and for three, four, or, in the case of medical students, five years, he is free to work or not to work, as he pleases.

There are, however, three factors that serve as bit and reins to keep him in order. The final examination is severe, thorough, and cannot be passed successfully by mere cramming; very few of the students have incomes which permit of a great range of dissipation; and not to pass the examination is a terrible defeat in life, which cuts a man off from further progress and leaves him disgraced.

These are forces that count, and which prevail to keep all but the least serious within bounds. German life as a whole is so disciplined, so fitted together, so impossible to break into except through the recognized channels, that few men have the optimistic elasticity of mind and spirits, the demoniac confidence in themselves, that overrides such considerations.

We suffer from a superabundance of men of aleatory dispositions, men who love to play cards with the devil, who rejoice to wager their future, their reputation, their lives, against the world. I admit a sneaking fondness for them. They are a great asset, and a new country needs them, but if we have too many, Germany has too few. They are forever crying out here for another Bismarck. Whenever in political matters, in foreign affairs, even in their religious controversies, things go wrong, men lift their hands and eyes to heaven and say, "How different if Bismarck were here!" Bismarck and two of his predecessors as nation-builders were not afraid to throw dice with the world, and what "the land of damned professors" could not do, they did.

When the young men from the Gymnasium come into the freedom of university life, they toss their heads a bit, kick up their heels, laugh long and loud at the Philister, but just as every German climax is incomplete without tears, so they too are soon singing: "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so traurig bin!" the gloom of the Teutoburger Wald settles down on them, and they buckle to and work with an enduring patience such as few other men in the world display, and join the great army here, who, bitted and harnessed, are pulling the Vaterland to the front.

The British Empire between 1800 and 1910 grew from 1,500,000 square miles to 11,450,000 square miles, and its trade from $400,000,000 to $11,020,000,000; not to mention the United States of America, now considered to be of noticeable importance, though we are universally sneered at by the Germans, to an extent that no American dreams of who has not lived here, as a land of dollars, and,

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from the point of view of book-learning, dullards. But it is this, none the less, that Germany envies, and has set out to rival and if possible to surpass. No wonder the training must be severe for the athletes who propose to themselves such a task.

For a semester or two, perhaps for three, the German student gives himself up to the rollicking freedom of the corps student's life. That life is so completely misunderstood by the foreigner that it deserves a few words of explanation.

I am not yet old enough to envy youth, nor sourly sophisticated enough to deal sarcastically or even lightly with their worship and their creeds, that once I shared, and with which lately I have been, under the most hospitable circumstances, invited to renew my acquaintance at the *Commers* and the *Mensur*.

One may be no longer a constant worshipper at the shrine of blue eyes, pink cheeks, flaxen hair, and the enshrouding mystery of skirts, which make for curiosity and reverence in youth; one may have learned, however, the far more valuable lesson that the best women are so much nobler than the best men, that the best men may still kneel to the best women; just as the worst women surpass the worst men in consciencelessness, brutal selfishness, disloyalty, and degradation. The female bandit in society, or frankly on the warpath outside, takes her weapons from an armory of foulness and cruelty unknown to men; just as the heroines and angels among women fortify themselves in sanctuaries to which few if any men have the key.

One returns, therefore, to the playground of one's youth with not less but with more sympathy and understanding. Far from being "brutalizing guilds," far from being mere unions for swilling and slashing, the German corps, by their codes, and discipline, and standards of manners and honor, are, from the chivalrous point of view, the leaven of German student life. In these days many of them have club-houses of their own, where they take their meals in some cases and where they meet for their beer-drinking ceremonies.

There is of course a wide range of expenditure by students at the German universities, whether they are members of the corps or not. At one of the smaller universities in a country town like Marburg, for example, a poor student, with a little tutoring and the system of *frei Tisch*—money left for the purpose of giving a free midday meal to poor students—may scrape along with an expenditure of as little as twenty dollars a month. A member of a good corps at this same university is well content with, and can do himself well on, seventy dollars a month. I have seen numbers of students' rooms, with bed, writing-table, and simple furniture, perhaps with a balcony where for many months in the year one may write and read, which rent for sixty dollars a year. One may say roughly that at the universities outside the large towns, and not including the fashionable universities, such as Bonn, the student gets on comfortably with fifty dollars a month. They have their coffee and rolls in the morning, their midday meal which they take together at a restaurant, and their supper of cold meats, preserves, cheese, and beer where they will. For seventy-five cents a day a student can feed himself.

The hours are Aristotelian, for it was Aristotle in his "Economics," and not a nursery rhymer, who wrote: "It is likewise well to rise before daybreak, for this contributes to health, wealth, and wisdom." "Early to bed and early to rise" is a classic.

At Bonn, a member of one of the three more fashionable corps spends far more than these sums, and his habits may be less Spartan. The ridiculous expenditure of some of our mamma-bred undergraduates, who go to college primarily to cultivate social relations, are unknown anywhere in Germany, for a student would make himself unpopularly conspicuous by extravagance. Two to three thousand dollars a year, even at Bonn as a member of the best corps, would be amply sufficient and is considered an extravagant expenditure.

The origin of the Landmannschaften, Burschenschaften, and the Corps among the students dates back to the days when the students aligned themselves with more rigidity than now according to the various German states from which they came. The names of the corps still bear this sug-

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gestion, though nowadays the alignment is rather social than geographical. The Burschenschaften societies of students had their origin in political opposition to this separation of the students into communities from the various states. The originators of the Burschenschaften movement, for example, were eleven students at Jena. Sobriety and chastity were conditions of entrance, and "Honor, Liberty, Fatherland" were their watchwords. It was deemed a point of honor that a member breaking his vows should confess and retire from the society.

The societies of the Burschenschaften are still considered to have a political complexion and the corps proper have no dealings with them.

In any given semester the number of students in one of these corps varies from as few as ten to as many as twenty-five, depending, much as do our Greek-letter societies and college clubs, upon the number of available men coming up to the university. Certain corps are composed almost exclusively of noblemen, but none is distinctly a rich man's club.

An active member of a corps during his first two semesters may do a certain amount of serious work, but as a rule it is looked upon as a time "to loaf and invite one's soul," and little attempt is made to do more. Not a few men whom I have known have not even entered a class-room during the two or three semesters of this blossoming period.

I have spent many days and nights with these gentlemen, at Heidelberg, at Leipsic, at Marburg, at Bonn, and been made one of them in their jollity and good-fellowship, and I have agreed and still agree that "Wir sind die Könige der Welt, wir sind's durch unsere Freude."

They are by no means the swashbuckling, bullying, dissolute companions painted by those who know nothing about them. They may drink more beer than we deem necessary for health, or even for comfort, and they may take their exercise with a form of sword practice that we do not esteem, they may be proud of the scars of these imitation duels, but these are all matters of tradition and taste.

When one writes of eating and drinking, it is hardly fair to make comparisons from a personal stand-point. An adult of average weight requires each day 125 grams of proteid or building material, 500 grams of carbohydrates, 50 grams of fat. This equals, in common parlance, one pound of bread, one-half pound of meat, one-quarter pound of fat, one pound potatoes, one-half pint of milk, one-quarter pound of eggs, assumed that one egg equals two ounces, and one-eighth pound of cheese. Divided into three meals, this means for breakfast: two slices of bread and butter and two eggs; for dinner: one plateful potato soup, large helping of meat with fat, four moderate-sized potatoes, one slice bread and butter; for tea: one glass of milk and two slices of bread and butter; for supper: two slices of bread and butter and two ounces of cheese.

Plain white bread supplies more caloric, or energy, for the price than any other one food and, with one or two exceptions, more proteid, or building material, than any other one food.

One to one and a half fluid ounces of alcohol is about the amount which can be completely oxidized in the body in a day. This quantity is contained in two fluid ounces of brandy or whiskey; five fluid ounces of port or sherry; ten of claret or champagne or other light wines, and twenty of bottled beer. All this means that a pint of claret, or two glasses of champagne or a bottle of beer, or a glass of whiskey with some aerated water during the day will not hurt a man, and adds perhaps to the "agreeableness of life," as Matthew Arnold phrases it. At any rate this table of contents is a much safer standard of comparison in judging the eating and drinking habits of other people than either your habits or mine.

The German student probably drinks too much, and it is said by safe authorities here in Germany that his heart, liver, and kidneys suffer; but he has been at it a long time, and in certain fields of intellectual prowess he is still supreme, and as we only drink with him now occasionally when he is our host, perhaps he had best be left to settle these questions without our criticism.

In general terms, I have always considered, as a test of myself and others, that a healthy man is one who lies down at night without fear, rises in the morning cheerfully, goes to a day's serious

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work of some kind rejoicing in the prospect, meets his friends gayly, and loves his loves better than himself.

It is folly to maintain that it does not require pluck and courage to stand up to a swinging *Schläger* and take your punishment without flinching, and then to sit without a murmur while your wounds are sewn up and bandaged. I cannot help my preference for foot-ball, or base-ball, or rowing, or a cross-country run with the hounds, or grouse or pheasant shooting, or the shooting of bigger game, or the driving of four horses, or the handling of a boat in a breeze of wind, but the "world is so full of a number of things" that he has more audacity than I who proposes to weigh them all in the scales of his personal experience, and then to mark them with their relative values.

First of all, it is to be remembered that these *Schläger* contests between students are in no sense duels; a duel being the setting by one man of his chance of life against another's chance, both with deadly weapons in their hands. These contests with the *Schläger* at the German universities, wrongly called duels, are so conducted that there is no possibility of permanent or even very serious injury to the combatants. The attendants who put them into their fighting harness, the doctors who look after them during the contest and who care for them afterward, are old hands at the game and no mistakes are made.

There is no feeling of animosity between the swordsmen as a rule. They are merely candidates for promotion in the corps who meet candidates from other corps, and prove their skill and courage *auf die Mensur*, or fighting-ground.

When a youth joins a corps he chooses a counsellor and friend, a *Leibbursch*, as he is called, from among the older men, whose special care it is to see that he behaves himself properly in his new environment; he pledges himself to respect the traditions and standards of the corps and to keep himself worthy of respect among his fellows and among those whom he meets outside. A companion and guardianship not unlike this used to exist in the Greek-letter society to which I once belonged. He of course abides by the rules and regulations of the order. It is a time of freedom in one sense, but it is a freedom closely guarded, and there is rigid discipline here as in practically all other departments of life in Germany.

The young students, or *Füchse* as they are called, are instructed in the way they should go by the older students, or *Burschen*, whose authority is absolute. This authority extends even to the people whom they may know and consort with, either in the university or in the town; and to all questions of personal behavior, debts, dissipation, manners, and general bearing. In many of the corps there are high standards and old traditions as regards these matters, and every member must abide by them. Every corps student is a patriot, ready to sing or fight for Kaiser and Vaterland, and socialism, even criticism of his country or its rulers, are as out of place among them as in the army or navy. They are particular as to the men whom they admit, and a man's lineage and bearing and relations with older members of the corps are carefully canvassed before he is admitted to membership. Both the present Emperor and one of his sons have been members of a corps.

Let us spend a day with them. It is Saturday. We get up rather late, having turned in late after the *Commers* of Friday, when the men who are to fight the next day were drunk to, sung to, and wished good fortune on the morrow, and sent home early. The trees are turning green at Bonn, the shrubs are feeling the air with hesitating blossoms, you walk out into the sunshine as gay as a lark, for the champagne and the beer of the night before were good, and you sang away the fumes of alcohol before you went to bed. There was much laughter, and a speech or two of welcome for the guest, responded to at 1 A. M. in German, French, English, and gestures with a beer-mug and punctuated with the appreciative comments of the company.

It was a time to slough off twenty years or so and let Adam have his chance, and the company was of gentlemen who sympathize with and understand the "Alter Herr," and are only too delighted if he will let the springs of youth bubble and sparkle for them, and glad to encourage him to return to reminiscences of his prowess in love and war, and ready to pledge him

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in bumper after bumper success in the days to come. You might think it a carouse. Far from it.

The ceremony is presided over by a stern young gentleman, who never for a moment allows any member of the company to get out of hand, and who, when a speech is to be made, makes it with grace and complete ease of manner. Indeed, these young fellows surprise one with their easy mastery of the art of speech-making. Even the spokesman for the *Füchse*, or younger students, at the lower end of the table, rises and pledges himself and his companions in a few graceful words, with certain sly references to the possibility that the guest may not have lost his appreciation of the charms of German womankind, which the guest in question here and now and frankly admits; but not a word of coarseness, not a hint that totters on the brink of an indiscretion, and what higher praise can one give to speech-making on such an occasion!

My particular host and introducer to his old corps is youngest of all, and though seemingly as lavish in his potations as any one, sings his way home with me, head as clear, legs as steady, eyes as bright, as though it were 10 A. M. and not 2 A. M., and as though I had not seemed to see his face during most of the evening through the bottom of a beer-mug.

That was the night before. The next morning we stroll over to the room where the *Schläger* contests are to take place. It is packed with students in their different-colored caps. Beer there is, of course, but no smoking allowed till the bouts are over.

I go down to see the men dressing for the fray. They strip to the waist, put on a loose half-shirt half-jacket of cotton stuff, then a heavily padded half-jerkin that covers them completely from chin to knee. The throat is wrapped round and round with heavy silk bandages. The right arm and hand are guarded with glove and a heavily padded leather sleeve; all these impervious to any sword blow. The eyes are guarded with steel spectacle frames fitted with thick glass. Nothing is exposed but the face and the top of the head. The exposed parts are washed with antiseptics, as are also the swords, repeatedly during the bout. The sword, hilt and blade together, measures one hundred and five centimetres. There is a heavy, well-guarded hilt, and a pliable blade with a square end, sharp as a razor on both edges for some six inches from the end.

The position in the sword-play is to face squarely one's opponent, the sword hand well over the head with the blade held down over the left shoulder. The distance between the combatants is measured by placing the swords between them lengthwise, each one with his chest against the hilt of his own weapon, and this marks the proper distance between them. When they are brought in and face one another, the umpire, with a bow, explains the situation. The two seconds with swords crouch each beside his man, ready to throw up the swords and stop the fighting between each bout. Two other men stand ready to hold the rather heavily weighted sword arm of his comrade on the shoulder during the pauses. Two others with cotton dipped in an antiseptic preparation keep the points of the swords clean. Still another official keeps a record in a book of each cut or scratch, the length of time, the number of bouts, and the result. The doctor decides when a wound is bad enough to close the contest.

At the word "Los!" the blades sing and whistle in the air, the work being done almost wholly with the wrist, some four blows are exchanged, there is a pause, then at it again, till the alloted number of bouts are over, or one or the other has been cut to the point where the doctor decides that there shall be no more. We follow them downstairs again, where, after being carefully washed, the combatants are seated in a chair one after the other, their friends crowd around and count the stitches as the surgeon works, and comment upon what particular twist of the wrist produced such and such a gash.

I have seen scores of these contests, and during the last year as many as a dozen or more. There is no record of any one ever having been seriously injured; indeed, I doubt if there are not more men injured by too much beer than too much sword-play.

It is perhaps expected that the foot-ball player should sneer at bull-fighting; the boxer at fencing; the rider to hounds at these *Schläger* bouts; and that we game-

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players should say contemptuous things of the contests of our neighbors. Personally, if one could eliminate the horse from the contest, I go so far as to believe that even bull-fighting is better than no game at all. As for these *Schläger* contests, they seem to me no more brutal than our own foot-ball, which is only brutal to the shivering crowd of the too tender who have never played it, and not so dangerous as polo or pick-sticking, and a thousand times better than no contest at all.

I am not of those who believe that the human body and that human life are the most precious and valuable things in the world. They are only servants of the courageous hearts and pure souls that ought to be their masters. Without training, without obedience, without the instant willingness to sacrifice themselves for their masters, the human body and human life are contemptible and unworthy. I claim that it braces the mind to expose the body; that an education in the prepared emergencies of games and sport is the best training for the unprepared emergencies with which life is strewn.

The most cruel people I have ever known were gentle enough physically, but they were hard and sour in their social relations, and often enough called "good" by their fellows. The disappointments, losses, sorrows, defeats, of each one of us, trouble, even though imperceptibly, the waters of life that we all must drink of; and to ignore or to rejoice at these misfortunes is only muddying what we ourselves must drink. I believe the hardening of the body goes some way toward softening the heart and cleansing the soul, and toward fitting a man with that cheerful charity that supplies the oil of intercourse in a creaking world of rival interests.

To see a youth swinging a sword at his fellow's face with delighted energy; to see a man riding off vigorously at polo; to see a man hard at it with the gloves on; to see another flinging himself and his horse over a wall or across a ditch; to see these things without seeing that—perhaps often enough in a muddy sort of way—the soul is making a slave of the body, that courage is mastering cowardice, that in an elementary way the youth is learning how to give himself generously when some great emergency calls upon him to give his life for an ideal, a tradition, a duty, is to see nothing but brutality, I admit. Who does not know that the Carthaginians at Cannæ were one thing, the Carthaginians at Capua another! I have therefore no acidulous effeminacy to pour upon these German *Schläger* bouts. I prefer other forms of exercise, but I am a hardened believer in the manhood bred of contests, and though their ways are not my ways, I prefer a world of slashed faces to a world of soft ones.

Prosit, gentlemen! Better your world than the world of Semitic haggling and exchange; of caution and smoothness; of the disasters born of daintiness; of sliding over the ship's side in women's clothes to live, when it was a moral duty to be drowned. Better your world than any such worlds as those, for

> "If one should dream that such a world began
> In some slow devil's heart that hated man,
> Who should deny it?"

Milton held that "a complete and generous education fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." It is my opinion that the *Schläger* has its part to play in this matter of education. A mind trained to the keenness of a razor's edge, but without a sound body controlled by a steel will, is of small account in the world. The whole aim of education is, after all, to make a man independent, to make the intelligence reach out in keen quest of its object, and at its own and not at another's bidding. An education is intended to make a man his own master, and so far as any man is not his own master, in just so far is he uneducated. What he knows, or does not know, of books does not alter the fact.

Much of the pharisaism and priggishness on the subject of education arises from the fact that the world is divided into two camps as regards knowledge: those who believe that the astronomer alone knows the stars, and those who believe that he knows them best who sleeps in the open beneath them. In reality, neither type of mind is complete without the other.

To turn from any theoretical discussion

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of the subject, it remains to be said that Germany has trained her whole population into the best working team in the world. Without the natural advantages of either England or America she has become the rival of both. Her superior mental training has enabled her to wrest wealth from by-products, and she saves and grows rich on what America wastes. Whether Germany has succeeded in giving the ply of character to her youth, as she folds them in her educational factories, I sometimes doubt. That she has not made them independent and ready to grapple with new situations, and strange peoples, and swift emergencies, their own past and present history shows.

It is a very strenuous and economical existence, however, for everybody, and it requires a politically tame population to be thus driven. The dangerous geographical situation of Germany, ringed round by enemies, has made submission to hard work and to an iron autocratic government necessary. To be a nation at all it was necessary to obey and to submit; to sacrifice and to save. These things they have been taught as have no other European people. Greater wealth, increased power, a larger rôle in the world, are bringing new problems. Education thus far has been in the direction of fitting each one into his place in a great machine, and less attention has been paid to the development of that elasticity of mind which makes for independence; but men educate themselves into independence, and that time is coming swiftly for Germany.

"Also he hath set the world in their heart," and one wonders what this population, hitherto so amenable, so economical, and so little worldly, will do with this new world. The temptations of wealth, the sirens of luxury, the opportunities for amusement and dissipation, are all to the fore in the Germany of to-day as they were certainly not twenty-five years ago. "The land of damned professors" has learned its lessons from those same professors so well, that it is now ready to take a post-graduate course in world politics; and as I said in the beginning, some of our friends are putting the word "damned" in other parts of this and other sentences when they describe the rival prowess and progress of the Germans.

FORGET ME NOT

By Oliver Herford

"I WISH that we had never met,
All that I ask is to forget—
To be forgot!"
She sighed, and turned away her head.
He did not see her eyes that said,
"Forget me not!"

"Why have you come again," she said,
"Now that the Memory is dead,
The Love forgot?"
He bowed his head, his pain to hide;
He did not see her eyes that cried,
"Forget me not!"

Now at his side she kneels and cries
His name, and white and still he lies,
All pain forgot.
His eyes will never look again
Into her eyes, that cry in vain,
"Forget me not!"

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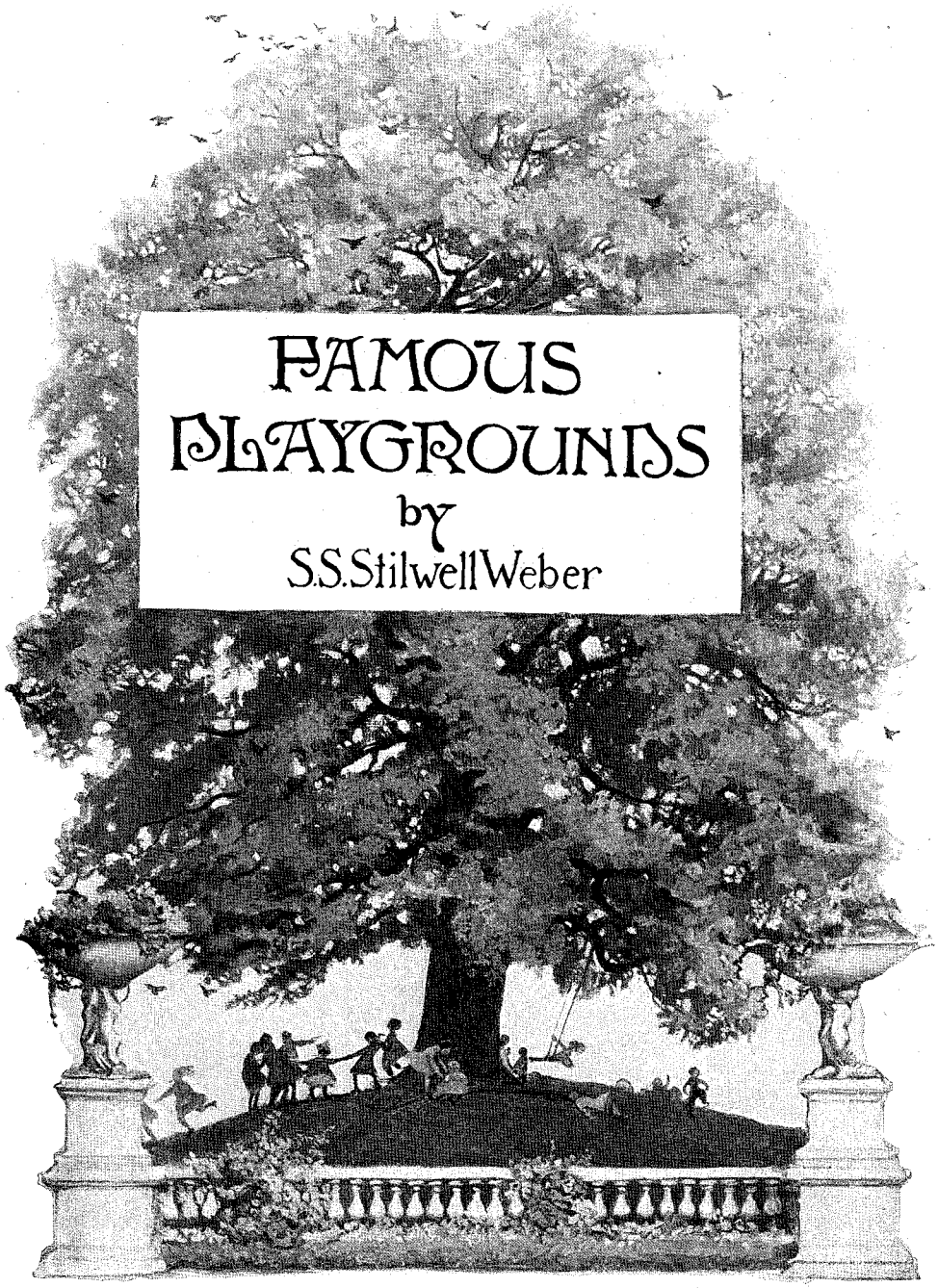

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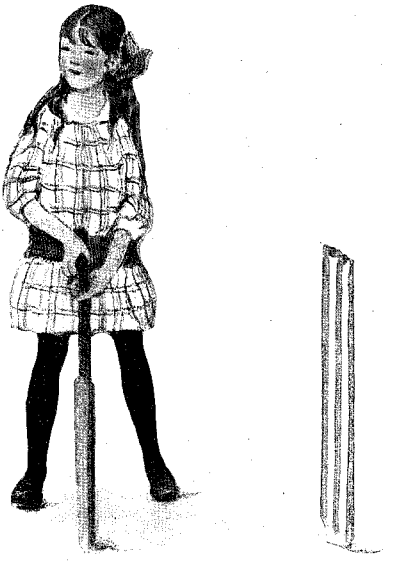

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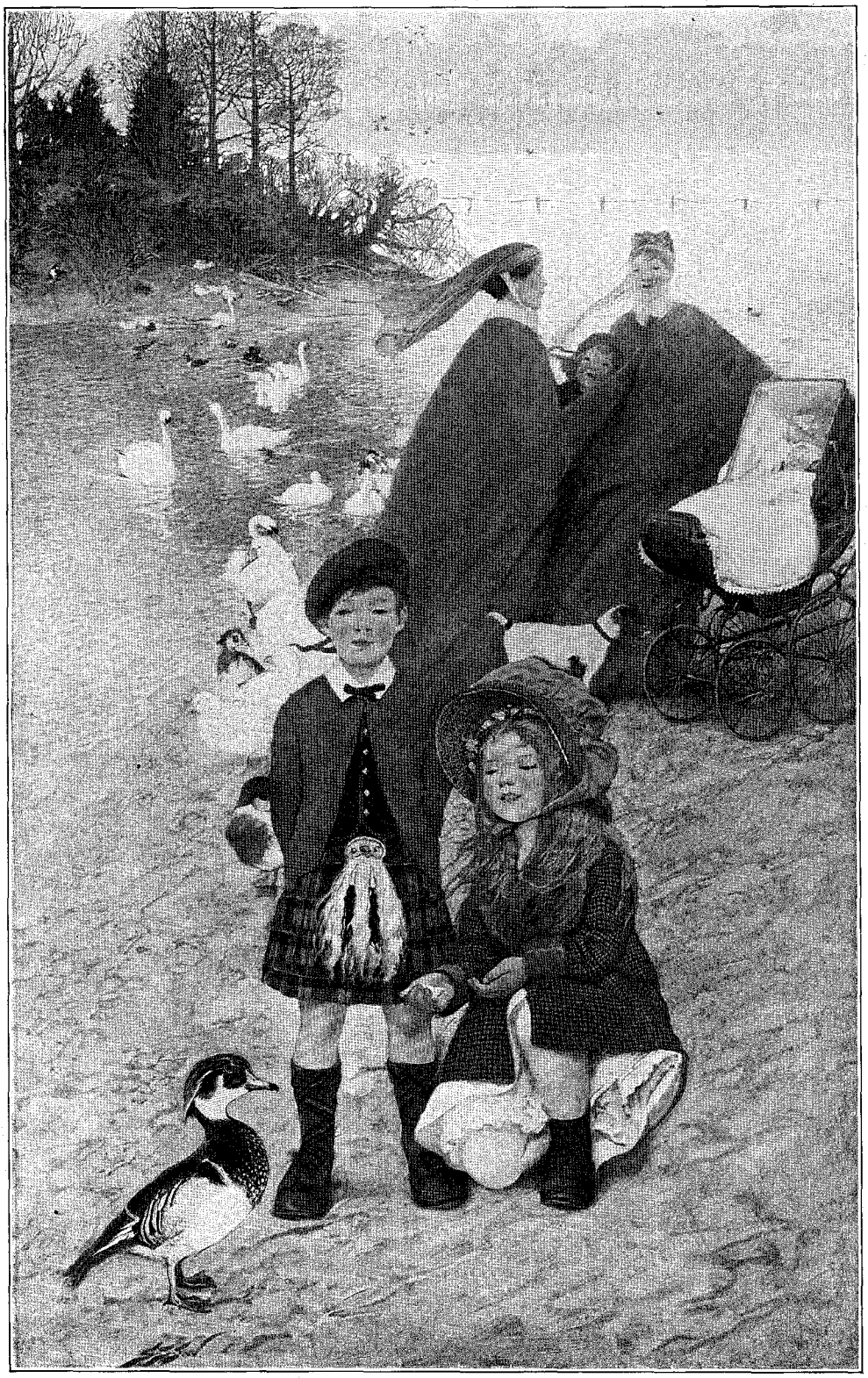

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New York

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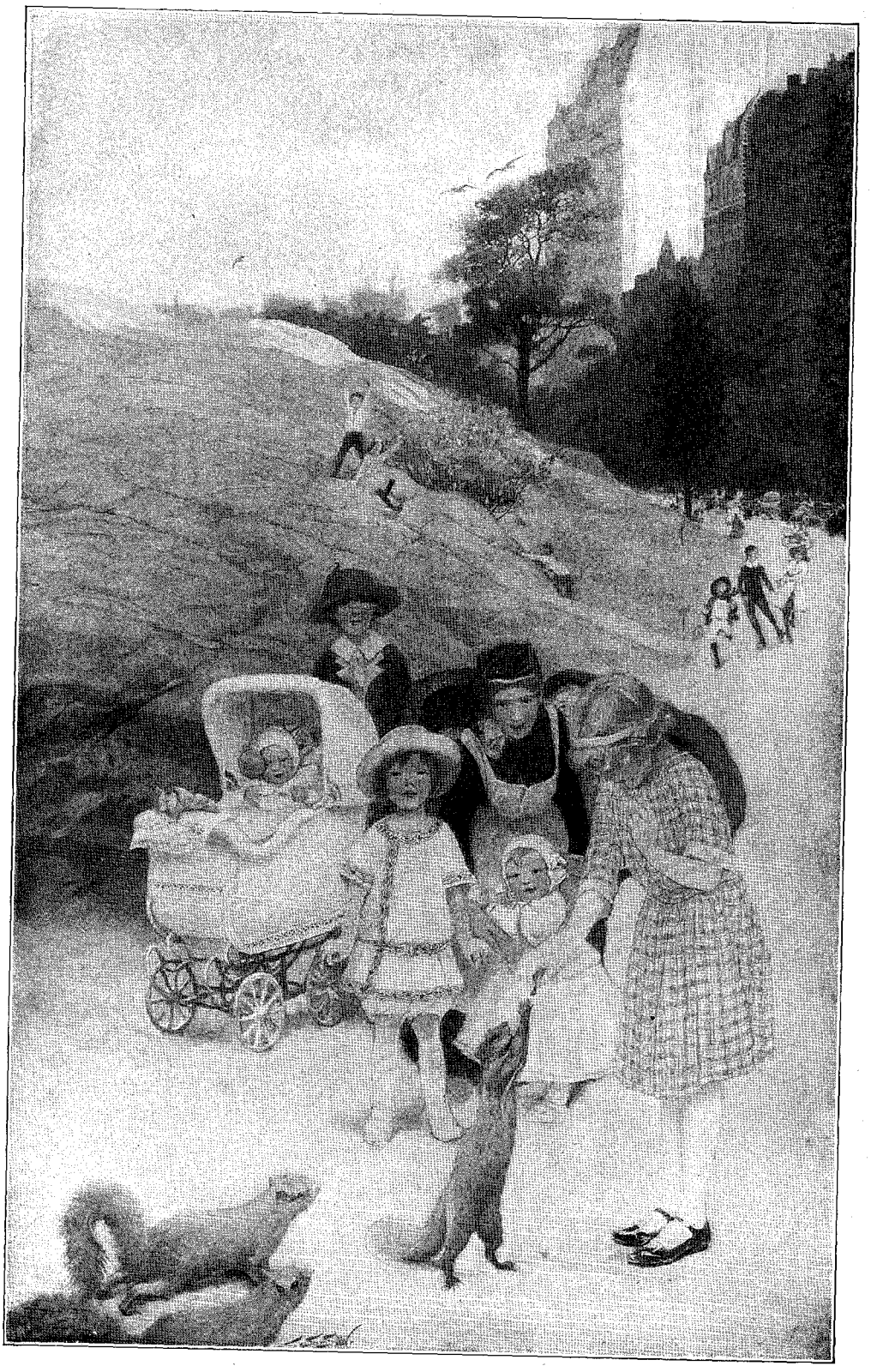

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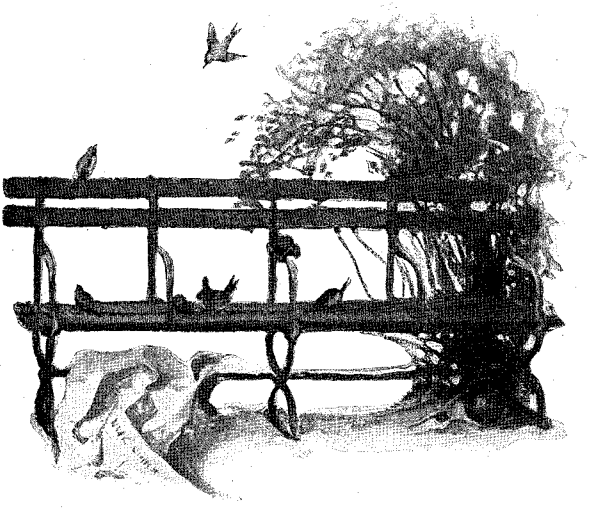

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SOME EARLY MEMORIES

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

Senator from Massachusetts

IV

IT is no more possible to draw definite lines dividing one part of life from another than it is to separate historical periods with exactness by the rigid number of a given year. Yet when a man passes from the irresponsibility of the years of school and college, and when the artificial period fixed by law for coming of age is attained and coincides, as it did in my case, with marriage, with the assumption of responsibilities, and with the first vague questionings as to what one is to do with life, there seems at that moment a natural separation between that which has befallen us since the *annus mirabilis* and that which has gone before. The early days appear to be shut off from those which follow, although in reality they glided quite imperceptibly into each other. As one looks back one instinctively pauses at this point, and the temptation to compare the world and society as one knew them at the outset of life and as one knows them today, after forty years have wrought their changes, becomes irresistible.

That human environment has altered more in the last seventy years, since the first application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication, than it had in two thousand or, indeed, in six thousand years previously is a truism to those who have taken the trouble to consider this subject. And since the first application of steam and electricity the revolution in the conditions of human existence has gone forward with constantly accelerating force and rapidity. When I was born the fundamental change had already taken place. For more than forty years the world had possessed the steamboat, for twenty years the railroad, and messages had been carried for six years at least by the electric wire. I have never known, therefore, the world and society as they were before these great instruments of communication and transportation existed. But these far-reaching inventions were nevertheless still in their infancy when I was advancing from the cradle to boyhood and from boyhood to manhood. The steam-boat, although widely used, was still, comparatively speaking, undeveloped, especially on the ocean. Railroads were limited in extent and were even less developed than steam-boats. The enormous spread of both in all quarters of the globe and the corresponding increase in rapidity of movement have been the work of the last sixty years. The sleeping-car, the parlor-car, the fast through trains, the huge steamships, ten or twelve times as large as any existing in my boyhood, which now cross the Atlantic in less than a week, have all made their gradual appearance during my lifetime. In the world upon which I opened my eyes, and in which I lived and played contentedly for many years, there were no ocean cables and only a very limited system of telegraphs. I remember the beginning of street railways, which in their growth and by the application of electricity as a motive power have revolutionized (there is no other word) local communications upon which the daily life of the people so largely depends. I have seen the telephone come and spread until it has grown insensibly to be an integral part of our existence. I have seen wireless telegraphy begin, electric lighting introduced, the motor-car come into general use, and if I should live a few years longer I suppose I shall behold, with the indifference born of familiarity, the outlines of flying-machines dark against the sky. There have been many other inventions, many marvellous scientific discoveries, of course, in my time, but I mention only those which have changed radically human environment and the conditions of life, thereby affecting the evolution of the human race as only a changed environment can affect it. If new conditions

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powerful enough to produce evolutionary movements have been created, then society, customs, and manners, which are the mere reflections of the desires and tendencies of mankind at any given moment, must be profoundly affected also by such extraordinary changes in environment.

To any man who has lived beyond middle age, the alterations which he has witnessed and the contrasts between the world he knows and that in which he began life must be, and at any period of human history must have always been, very apparent. How much more startling are such changes and how much more profound and far-reaching when the years cover the birth and growth of new conditions more radical in their meaning and effects than any which have occurred in man's environment within historic times! The men and women born since 1830, and still living, have passed through this period and, unconsciously for the most part, have watched these bewildering changes come and have beheld the new order establish itself. Realizing, as I think I do, these contrasts and changes, it is, perhaps, not amiss to note them down. I am not concerned with whether, in my opinion, the changes in custom, society, and manners, born of the new environment and the new conditions of life, are for better or worse. That is a matter of personal taste. One can take the Homeric position that the men of old time were worth more than those of the present, or, if one prefers, that of early Christian pessimism, and hold, with Bernard of Clairvaux, that

> "The world is very evil,
> The times are growing late."

On the other hand, we can, if we are of a cheerful temperament, cling to the creed of the nineteenth century, that mankind is steadily advancing and that we are moving slowly upward to perfection; or we can fall back on the opinion with which Machiavelli shocked the world, that although customs alter, humanity is ever the same, never really progressing but always possessed of the same virtues and, still more distinctly, of the same vices. These are all arguable propositions, but I have no thought of arguing anything. I wish merely to point out certain facts without any attempt to pass judgment upon their merits or to praise or blame existing conditions.

The society into which I was born and of which I became a part was, aside from politics, in its standards and fashions essentially English. The colonial habits, very natural in their time, still held sway. In reading lately the reminiscences of Mr. George Russell and of Sir Algernon West, in which they contrast the society of their youth with London society as it is to-day, I was struck by the absolute identity of many of the vanished manners and customs which they recall with those which I remember. It seemed to me as I read as if in many respects they were writing of the Boston which I knew as a boy. The dominance of English habits, fashions, and beliefs may have been more pronounced in Boston and New England than elsewhere in the United States, but I doubt if there was any great difference. I am satisfied that American society, in its opinions and habits, was much the same in all the Atlantic States; that is, in the former colonies, and that they impressed their views upon the new Western States as the latter gradually emerged from the backwoods, pioneer stage of development. The books we read from those of childhood onward were English, our fashions of dress were English, our long, generous, heavy dinners were English; the ladies left the men in the dining-room, as in England, and as they still do in Boston, and the continental habit of escorting the women from the dining-room to the drawing-room was unknown. Our literary standards, our standards of statesmanship, our modes of thought, apart from politics and diplomacy, where we were really independent, were as English as the trivial customs of the dinner-table and the ballroom.

I turn to the "Autocrat," a very great book which has not even yet come to its proper place, and there, at the very beginning, I find the delightful passage about mutual admiration societies. Dr. Holmes had read more widely, more curiously, more thoroughly than almost any man of his time, and analogies, illustrations, and quotations teemed in his memory and sprang into life as he wrote. Yet what are the examples he gives to sustain his theme of the mutual admiration societies of men of genius or talent? Two very

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local from New York and two examples from England, the Shakesperian and the Johnsonian groups. The poets of the "Pléiade," the men who gathered about Lorenzo de Medici or Petrarch or Boccaccio, the Venetian group of Aretino and Titian and Sansovino, the French Romanticists of 1830, and many others were as familiar to him as to the rest of the world, but instinctively, in order to illustrate his text, he takes two English groups and no others. Turn to Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and read his satire about the influence of Scott as displayed in the Southern fancy for the words "knightly" and "chivalrous," and in their talk about "Norman blood" and "cavaliers" and all the rest of the stage machinery of the famous novels; a queer trick which has endured to much later times than those of which I am writing at this moment. It all tells the same story of the manners, customs, and social ideals of the United States in the early Victorian period.

The only foreign opinion for which we cared was that of England, and we showed how much we cared by our childish sensitiveness to the arrogant and ignorant brutality which disfigured most English criticism. The colonial attitude of mind was shown as clearly by the deep hatred of England which most Americans felt as it could have been by the most servile admiration.

The English observers of changes in their own societies note many alterations which are common to American society as well, but in the United States forces which had no existence in England have been at work and have resulted in social changes far more sweeping and more profound than anywhere else. The colonial spirit and the English influence have alike disappeared. The Civil War disposed of the one finally and destroyed with it our crude and youthful sensitiveness. The huge increase of immigration, drawing its armies no longer from the British Isles alone, but from all Europe, has so diluted the other that it is no longer important. Owing to our immigrants and to the vast development of communication and transportation, the United States, so far as its relations to other countries are concerned, has become cosmopolitan. I do not mean by this that we have ceased to have characteristics of our own. Far from it. The American characteristics have changed, and are still changing from those which were familiar and wellnigh universal when I was a boy, but they are none the less definite and are growing constantly more marked. The American of to-day is cosmopolitan in his attitude toward other countries, but he is more than ever strongly American. His patriotism may not be more intense than that of his predecessor in the days before the Civil War, but it is more uniform and more contented. Sixty years since our patriotism was restless, uneasy, self-assertive toward the rest of the world, while at home it was shadowed by the dark clouds of the slavery question and was suspicious and highly localized. The United States was divided by slavery, and when a man's patriotism was aroused it followed sectional lines and did not as now cover with impartial affection the entire country. Improvement in communications, the spread of railroads and telegraphs, have had their part in this change as well as the sacrifices of the Civil War which wrought it.

It is to steam and electricity, also, that we owe the material development of the country which, under old conditions, it would have taken as many centuries almost as it has years to bring to its present point of wealth and prosperity. This rapid development of practically unlimited natural resources has, of course, brought with it not only general prosperity, but huge and quickly acquired fortunes. Vast fortunes are no new thing. Poverty and wealth are as old as civilization. The money-maker, the speculator, and the financier were a class as familiar to ancient Rome as they are to-day to London or New York or Paris. The tax-gatherers, the courtiers, the officials of Egypt, the Phœnicians circling the Mediterranean and stealing down the African and up the European coast, the Greek colonists and traders, the Athenian merchants, the mediæval bankers of Italy and Germany, the Venetian ship-owners, the manufacturers of the Low Countries, were not essentially unlike their prototypes. That which differentiates our own time is the rapidity with which wealth has been amassed and the size of the fortunes which have thus been gathered. In these re-

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spects mankind has never seen their like any more than it has seen railroads and steam-boats and electricity or the thousand inventions by which in a few months we have been able to make the earth yield up its riches to our relentless grasp and seize remorselessly and with utter wastefulness every resource which is offered by the bounty of nature. If we may believe Macaulay, Lars Porsena numbered among his followers a rich mine-owner:

> "Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
> Sicken in Ilva's mines."

But the modern mine-owner, with highly paid free labor, is able to extract a colossal fortune from ore which Seius would have rejected as utterly worthless. Indeed, until within the last thirty years we had not gone far beyond the methods of mining which contributed to the wealth of the Etruscan King.

In the United States, moreover, the change has not only been quicker but the contrast with what had gone before is much more violent than in the Old World. The conditions of the Revolutionary days, when foreign observers admired us because they found here neither great poverty nor great wealth, neither very rich nor very poor, but a general equality of well-being, had passed away long before my memories begin. Yet the difference, nevertheless, between 1850 and 1910 is sufficiently striking. Some years ago, in 1880, a Boston newspaper published a list of the principal tax-payers of Boston in 1830, giving the amount of the personal property upon which they were severally taxed. By far the richest man was taxed upon three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no one else who came anywhere near this amount. When I was a boy a hundred thousand dollars was considered a comfortable property, and the very rich man, with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, was spoken of as a millionaire. Now three hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be regarded, in fashionable society at least, as a very modest provision; a hundred thousand would be looked upon as genteel poverty; and to describe adequately a really rich man, we are forced to "multi-millionaire," for a million is no longer great wealth. These simple figures imply, of course, a complete and universal change in the scale of living and a corresponding alteration in the social structure. Society, as I first remember it, was based on the old families; Dr. Holmes defines them in the "Autocrat" as the families which had held high position in the colony, the province, and during the Revolution and the early decades of the United States. They represented several generations of education and standing in the community. They had traditions running back not infrequently to the first white settlement and the days of Elizabeth and James. They had ancestors who had filled the pulpits, sat upon the bench, and taken part in the government under the crown; who had fought in the Revolution, helped to make the State and national constitutions and served in the army or navy; who had been members of the House or Senate in the early days of the republic, and who had won success as merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, or men of letters. In many places these people have been pushed out of sight if not actually driven against the conventional wall. Unless they were able to hold on to a certain amount of money or to add to their inherited fortune, they have been swept away. The people who now fill society, as depicted in the hideous vulgarisms of the daily press, are for the most part the modern, very modern, plutocrats who are widely different from their modest predecessors of the middle of the nineteenth century. In my early memory, the man who, rising from the ranks, had made a fortune and wished to establish himself, sought entrance to the society of the old families and hoped, and sometimes endeavored, to marry his children among them. To the modern and recent plutocrat the old American family means nothing. He knows naught of the history or traditions of his State and country and cares less. He has but one standard, money or money's worth. He wants his children to marry money, and he prefers the children of other plutocrats, no matter how new, for that purpose, or he will buy a European title, because he comprehends that the title has value as a trade-mark and a trade-mark he understands. Old family, whether at home or abroad, no matter how distinguished, if it is without a title, is meaningless to

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him. His theory, which he has every reason to believe to be sound, is that if he has enough money he can have everything he desires, and that his money will open to him all the social doors, not only in America, but in Europe, and that there is no court of the Old World which will not welcome him, no royal personage who will not receive him, if he only has money enough. Did not Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for once abandoning the tiresome paradox, say that when Mr. Carnegie landed in the British Isles all England was one universal cringe, and has any one had the hardihood to contradict him?

"Novi homines," as the name imports, are no new thing under the sun. We should get on ill if it were not for the men who, starting with nothing, make their own way to the top. It has always been a powerful class in every civilization of which we have knowledge, and in this class, as in every other, the members vary among themselves, from those who wear, as if born to it, the purple they have attained to those who can only realize and understand mere money and who are the exponents of that vulgarity which is typical of their class and which, indeed, they come very near monopolizing. So I am far from suggesting that the newly rich man is a modern phenomenon. He is as old as commercial civilization. What I would point out is merely that he is more portentous than fifty years ago or, indeed, than at any period of which we have record. The great inventions of the nineteenth century have so quickened everything that the plutocrat is richer than ever before and of larger and much more rapid growth. The pace has been so accelerated that families which were just struggling into positions when I was young are now regarded as ancient and long established, so fast and in such numbers have the creations of the last twenty years crowded upon their heels. They have taken possession of the society columns of the newspapers, and fill them with their performances, with their entertainments, their expenditures, their marriages, their divorces, and their scandals. The world at large which reads those delectable columns believe that this is what constitutes fashionable society and are probably quite right in so thinking. Whether it is what used to be technically called in an elder day "good" society is another question. These same people have also taken possession of society itself in some places, and they are flagrant and not to be overlooked in any society, either here or in Europe.

In force, in insistence, in vulgarity, they do not, I imagine, differ widely from their predecessors dimly seen in the receding vistas. But they are much more numerous and much richer than their earlier prototypes. There are two facts about them which seem to me to be new, although I venture the assertion of novelty with much diffidence. It seems to me that the children, the second generation, who come suddenly to the enjoyment of wealth which they have not earned and who have no restraining habit or tradition, are in a surprisingly large proportion failures, sometimes degenerates who end in an early wreck. The girls do better, perhaps, than the boys, although the story of their marriages and divorces, both foreign and domestic, does not furnish exhilarating subjects either for contemplation or study.

The other fact in regard to them which seems to me obvious is their lawlessness, their disregard of the rights of others, especially of others about whom they are not informed, and as they know only money, their information is limited. I do not mean by this to say merely that they are arrogant; that is an old characteristic of the type. I use the word "lawless" in its exact sense. They pay no regard to the laws of the land or the laws and customs of society if the laws are in their way. They seem to think that money warrants everything and can pay for everything and that nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of what money wants. The maker of the sudden fortune may have disregarded written statutes and the unwritten laws of honor, but he did it consciously, certainly with full knowledge in the case of the statutes. His children, however, do it all unconsciously, so far as my observation goes, which means that they think themselves born to a position above the laws. There have been classes of people before who have taken this same view of their position, although on different and less ignoble ground. But

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the result in modern times has been the same. When the people at large who had to obey the laws finally rose, the end was ruin to the lawless, and sometimes the guillotine. This process of reformation is expensive, and even the most confirmed optimist may therefore regard the gigantic modern plutocracy and its lawless ways with some uneasiness. I am not a "laudator temporis acti." I shun the rôle. I do not say that the modern plutocrat is worse than the plutocrat of my youth, if such existed, but I say decidedly that he is different and that he merits observation.

Social changes, then, in the United States during the past fifty years have been obviously much more marked, much more rapid than in the Old World. The fact that we were a young and swiftly growing people made this greater rapidity, one might almost say this violence of change, inevitable. Yet it is curious, as I have already remarked, how similar the changes have been along many lines in England and in America if we may trust to such good observers as Mr. George Russell and Sir Algernon West. They both, for example, comment upon the adoption of money and disease as subjects for general and especially for dinner-table conversation. I was taught in my youth, and very vigorously taught, that it was not good manners to discuss physical ailments in general society, and that it was the height of vulgarity to refer to money or to what anything cost whether in your own case or in that of other people. I now hear surgical operations, physical functions, disease and its remedies freely and fully discussed at dinner and on all other occasions by the ingenuous youth of both sexes. Money is no longer under a taboo. One's own money and that of one's neighbors is largely talked about, and the cost of everything or anything recurs as often in polite conversation as in a tariff debate. I am not concerned to decide which is the better fashion, the old or the new. I merely note the difference.

The world of Boston, when I opened my eyes upon it, was a very small and simple world as I look back at it now in the glare and noise of the twentieth century. There was an abundance of gayety, but expenditures were small. Everybody knew everybody else and all about everybody else's family. Most people were related, for in the small colonial communities of the eighteenth century the established families had intermarried in a manner most bewildering even to the trained genealogists. Yet the extreme familiarity and ease of intercourse which I now observe among young men and young women entirely unrelated did not then exist. However intimate people might be, a certain formality of address was thought to be demanded by good manners. It was firmly believed that the observance of these conventions was necessary to maintain the dignity of polite society as well as self-respect and respect for others. In that old time, which is really not so very old or so very distant, but which seems to grow more and more unreal as I try to reproduce it before the surprised stare of the exemplars of modern habits and standards, it was an accepted tenet that children not only ought to honor their father and mother, but that they owed them a great debt and were bound to respect them, to help them, to sympathize with them, and, if need were, to care for them. This theory has now been almost reversed. The present view seems to be that parents owe an unlimited debt to children because they brought them into the world, and are bound to defer to them in all possible ways, one reason, perhaps, among many more potent, for the decline in the size of families. Again I do not offer any opinion as to the respective merits of the two systems. I will only go so far as to say that my own generation, owing to this change, has found itself in the subordinate and reverential attitude both at the beginning and at the end of life, both as child and as parent.

The rapidity of fortune-making is but one form of the increased and increasing swiftness which marks to-day every kind of occupation, whether useful or otherwise, as well as every function of daily life. To all societies it has brought haste in living, and hurry and restlessness are the keynotes of existence. The leisure class rush uneasily from one amusement to another, the busy transact business and push forward their affairs with feverish and often break-neck speed. That repose which our ancestors so prized and which they thought comported best with dignity of

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life and manners has departed. Quiet and repose would now be considered stupid and dreary, while contentment is looked upon as the sign of a poor, unaspiring soul. It might be urged that repose of manner and contentment of spirits have not been found incompatible with high achievements, with daring deeds, or with noble aspirations. But it is to be feared that this suggestion would fall now upon deaf ears. The point is not, perhaps, worth pressing, but the restlessness and hurry so prevalent and so beloved to-day have produced certain far-reaching results which affect profoundly every activity of life and thought and thereby the very nature of our civilization. I can best express what I mean by saying that we are now in such a hurry that form is being abandoned, that it has, indeed, been very largely given up. This may seem at the first glance an unimportant matter, but it is really very serious when it is carefully considered, for form has always been one of the essential qualities of all the best work which, in the last analysis, has been the justification and the fine flower of a high civilization. It is form which has preserved for humanity, which has given life and savor to all that mankind has cherished most as it has passed along its toilsome road, choked with the dust of material strife, deafened by the din, and broken and wounded by the blows of the struggle for life and by the shocks of wars and revolutions.

Let me take a familiar instance. It is a commonplace to say that the old and graceful art of letter-writing has wellnigh vanished. The letters of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries, which it is such a delight to read and which revive for us the life, the loves, the hopes, the ambitions, the manners, the scandals, the gossip, the thoughts of a bygone day, are no longer written. It is not merely that the telegraph, the telephone, and the type-writer are the enemies of letter-writing. These might, no doubt these inventions must, reduce the number of letters, but that is no reason why those letters which are written should for the most part be dry, condensed, and ungraceful, and fall as dead as a withered leaf as soon as they have been read. The fact is that it requires time to write a good letter, one worthy of preservation for some reason other than business or historical purposes. A really good letter should have style; thought should be expended upon it, and it should be carefully framed and composed. It ought to possess both form and substance, and if it is easily written that is the result of training, practice, and care. Robert Louis Stevenson, the best letter-writer of our time, took infinite pains even with a note. But all these qualities consume time, and we have in these days, apparently, no time to give to a particular letter or to the training which is needful if we would have the letter a good one. We are restless and in a hurry, and therefore we abandon any attempt at form and content ourselves with what will do well enough for the moment. Thus it comes to pass that the charming art of the letter-writer, with a few lonely exceptions, dies out from among us.

In sculpture and painting we see the same tendency. Because Rodin, a great genius, sees fit in his later work to leave parts uncut or merely roughly indicated, a herd of imitators who are not geniuses at all rush forward to reproduce the great man's trick or oddity or mannerism, which he makes effective, and announce in shrill tones that the very art which above all others depends on form is best expressed by formlessness. We call the same thing in a Greek statue an injury from time or bad treatment. In the case of Michael Angelo we say with regret that the statue is unfinished, and no one quarrels with the correctness of the definition. But the imitators of Rodin, who have never proved their mastery of form by noble works like the "Age of Bronze" or the "St. John" or "Le Penseur," insist that crude marble, amorphous and rough-hewn, is true sculpture. The truth is that in the hands of the imitators formlessness is only a convenient way of saving time and avoiding labor; a method of escaping from the work they cannot do and which demands a skill and a talent they do not possess.

There have been "impressionists" here and there who have produced beautiful pictures, but the crowd who have practised impressionism and sung its praises as the only true form of art in painting are, as a rule, the incapables, dominated by the restlessness and hurry of the present day.

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They proclaim the doctrine that the vague, the unfinished, the undrawn, the flat surface, and the childish lines are the real qualities of true art. This theory, loudly asserted, is merely the dust which is raised to cover the true cause of the movement, which is to give to those of inferior talent an opportunity and a reason for bad work, for work done quickly in order to meet the clamorous haste which calls aloud to them on every corner and from every house-top. Form requires time and study.

In writing, style, which is the essence of form, is now neglected. The reason is obvious. Style requires infinite pains, and taking pains means time. Why waste it when the main object is to pour out books or magazine articles and swell the vast flood which sweeps under the bridge to the delectation of the idle crowd looking over the railings and in a day has rushed on to the ocean of oblivion? The writers who with infinite care perfect their style as Stevenson did, and who maintain the standards of the great models which have come down to us from a long past, delight the judicious and have a crescent and enduring fame. But it is to be feared that they are looked upon just now by the great mass of readers as pleasing eccentricities, and that the crowd goes on contentedly absorbing daily the printed word from the most obvious sources which range from the vulgarisms and slovenliness of most newspapers to the loose, careless, colorless, formless articles which pad out, together with advertisements written in the same cheerful dialect, the pages of many magazines. The world is in a hurry, the writer is in a hurry—why waste time over style which has no obvious money value? Form and style, be it said again, require time, and what we desire are new articles and new stories and new sensations so that we may rush from one to another. We do not seek for or demand work well done, work which rests securely on the slow accretions of civilization, and which is inspired by the labors of the men of genius who have added to the intellectual possessions of mankind and then gone their way into the covering darkness.

To those who listen with attentive ears or read with careful eyes it is apparent that the decline in outward form, in that which strikes the senses, is accompanied by a similar and growing indifference to that inner form which is wholly intellectual in its appeal. From writing, painting, or carving in a formless way to thinking in slovenly fashion is but a step. Incoherence of expression is nearly allied to incoherence of thought. Deep thought may lurk under an obscure style and has often been hidden in that way, but an obscure style does not of itself mean depth of thought, although some people appear to think so. An involved, diffuse style frequently conceals nothing but emptiness and confusion. Clearness and simplicity are entirely compatible with profound and original thought, but to those who are neither profound nor original, simplicity and clearness are impossible because they relentlessly expose the void within. Under cover of obscure sentences, vague brush strokes, or shapeless marble, poverty of ideas may claim, if it does not really produce, an effect. It may lead people to mistake eccentricity for originality. It may startle for the moment, and that seems the key-note of much modern work, which imperatively recalls the fat boy in "Pickwick" when he frightens old Mrs. Wardle by saying to her: "I want to make your flesh creep." But when we tear aside the veil the reality is disclosed, and we find only too often that the argument is as formless as the sentences in which it is dressed, the inner thought as meaningless and amorphous as its shapeless wrappings. How seldom, comparatively speaking, do we find in speech or book the argument or thesis in proper form, rising from premise to conclusion in ordered sequence. *Disjecta membra* are flung together, but the thought as a whole is broken and disconnected. To think clearly and connectedly, to know how to begin at the beginning and thence carry the mind of the reader or hearer smoothly on to the inevitable conclusion is a great art, rare in its perfection but in a reasonable degree not uncommon in the past. Now, however, it is becoming more and more infrequent, for such thinking demands painful effort, much training, and much time. Is the modern rapidity going to prove altogether fatal to connected thinking and to well-ordered argument? We are in a great hurry, we are terribly afraid of being bored, the philosophy of life seems to be to do

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what we want at the moment provided that we know what our want is. We are far removed from the days when a great poet could put the aspiration of a generation into the lines:

"When duty whispers low, You must!
The youth replies, I can."

I am far from saying that the old attitude was the best. Perhaps the modern theory is the better of the two. It is not for me to decide. I merely note the great change. Hitherto in the history of mankind, the decline of a civilization, the break-up of a great social and political system, the sinking into ruin of a nation or an empire were revealed in literature and art by the devotion to mere outward form, to over-refinement, to tricks of expression, with nothing behind them. At such periods form became everything and under the elaborate forms no substance was to be found. When the final catastrophe came and form and dexterity of manufacture vanished there was nothing left. Formlessness once more, as at the beginning, reigned in expression, and there was no thought to express. We can see this process in the latter days of Rome's empire, in the condition of Italy after the reformation there had failed and the glories of the Renaissance had faded. It was from these conditions that men worked upward, rough in form at first but with vigor of thought struggling for expression. They gradually recovered the standard of a great past and once more brought literature and the arts to the high levels of both form and substance. We do not show the symptom of decay almost infallible in its prophecy and which is unmistakable when form is everything and substance nothing. Our situation is quite different. The tendency now is to abandon outer form and then to be content with formlessness in thought because we are in too much of a hurry to spend time in securing the one or avoiding the other. Are we going to bring out of a chaos created by ourselves new forms and a new order, or are we deliberately returning to the twilight which precedes the dawn, determined to live in that dim zone because we have not time to spare for the patient labors, for the careful establishment of standards by which, and by which alone, civilization, carrying arts and letters and thought in its train, has hitherto emerged after many conflicts from the bondage of barbarism.

EUROPE—1871–1872

I shall not give any account of our journey in Europe, which began immediately after graduation, for this is not a narrative of travels and our wanderings were along much-trodden paths and among familiar places. We made our way to London after landing at Southampton, and there saw sights in abundance but few people, for we were not of an age to crave society when everything about us was so new and strange and interesting, especially to the eager eyes of youth. Nevertheless, under maternal directions, we went one afternoon to call upon Mrs. William Story, who was staying with Mrs. Benzon, then living in a very charming house in the Kensington region. The visit is made memorable to me by the fact that we found other callers already there, Mrs. Leslie Stephen and her sister, Miss Thackeray. We were very unknown, very shy, I think, and we certainly felt very keenly our youthful insignificance in a strange house, in a strange land, but it interested me profoundly to know that I was actually face to face with Thackeray's daughters. I recall nothing that they said, but I remember well just how they looked, and their presence seemed to bring me very near to their father, whose books I had read while I was in college and for whom, both as writer and man, I had acquired an intense admiration.

From London we crossed to the Continent, went up the Rhine, and so on to Munich, whence we made our way to the hills in order to see the passion play at Oberammergau. We stayed with an old white-bearded peasant who played the part of one of the high-priests, and the whole experience was most interesting. The play was then given only once in ten years—fashion had but just began to gather round it and it had not yet become sophisticated and conscious. The old simplicity of feeling and intention was still present, and one felt strongly the atmosphere of faith and the devotion of the villagers. It was an extraordinary performance: most solemn, most impressive, with

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a great deal of fine acting and a remarkable sense of scenic and artistic effect. Among those hills the old faith still lingered in its entirety, and one felt distinctly the "tender grace of a day that was dead," stripped of all the evils which had surrounded it when the system of which it was a part was still powerful and flourishing. From the hills of Bavaria we journeyed into Switzerland, and as the summer waned, at the beginning of September, we betook ourselves to Paris. Although I have no intention, as I have said, of rehearsing our sight-seeing and our little adventures, yet I must pause for a moment as the evening of our arrival at Paris comes back to me. When I had last seen the most beautiful of modern cities, the empire was in its glory. Now the empire had vanished and war and rebellion had swept across the scene, leaving ruin and desolation in their track. Scarcely three months had elapsed since the Versailles troops had made themselves masters of the city after a week of savage street fighting. Every effort had been put forth to repair the wellnigh incalculable damage inflicted by the siege and by the Commune, but it was impossible to progress far in two months. The Tuileries was a wreck and the Hôtel de Ville a heap of untouched ruins. The column of the Place Vendôme was down, many streets were still torn up; even the repaving of the Rue de Rivoli was not completed. In other streets the remnants of barricades still lingered, and at all the principal corners and along the lines of the fighting were remnants of half-burned houses, while on every side one saw the mark of the rifle-ball, the shell, and the obus. The Bois de Boulogne was a treeless plain and the palace of Saint Cloud had perished. The signs of mourning, both national and personal, were painfully visible.

One morning I saw a Communard arrested in the Champs Elysées and carried off, screaming, cursing, and fighting, by four sergents de ville, who handled their prisoner with little mercy, for they gave but short shrift in those days to any one who was even suspected of connection with the Commune. Dr. Campbell, a leading physician of Paris, whom I came to know well in the following spring, told me of two little incidents which illustrate the condition of public opinion in regard to the members of the Commune better than volumes of description. Just after the entry of the troops he was passing up the Rue Royale, when he saw an officer and two or three soldiers dragging along a prisoner whom they had apparently taken red-handed at one of the barricades. A crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, and as the prisoner came by a woman cried out: "Achevez le." The officer looked around, drew his sword, gave the prisoner a sweeping blow across the back of his neck, severing the spine, and the soldiers pushed the body into the gutter and marched on. A little later, the upper part of the city having been cleared, Dr. Campbell went out to the cemetery of Montmartre to see if his mother's tomb had been injured by the firing. He found the tomb untouched, but as he passed around behind it he came upon over three hundred bodies stretched out on the slope side by side, lying in windrows "as the mower rakes the hay." The soldiers had taken these Communists out there, stood them up in a row, and shot them down. It was a savage time, much worse, I imagine, than any one not actually present ever realized.

When I returned to Paris the following spring an auction sale of some of the effects of the imperial household took place in an upper room of the Louvre. It seemed a suitably mean ending for a government which, under all its glitter, was not only sordid but a sham. My one regret is that I was not wise enough to buy more than I did, for the things sold, chiefly fine china, went absurdly cheap, and such opportunities arising from the fall of empires do not occur often in a lifetime.

But in that September of 1871 the contrast between what I remembered and what I saw was tragic in its intensity, and made a deep impression upon me, young and careless as I then was. It was not merely the heaps of ruins and the destruction of monuments and noble buildings which weighed one down, but the atmosphere seemed still heavy with the terrible storm which had torn its way over Paris. Even the sufferings of the siege and the humiliations of the conqueror's presence seemed effaced for the moment by the horrors of the Commune. Paris in the hands

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of the mob had tried once again to control France as she had done so often before. This time France declined to be controlled. France had marched on Paris, taken it, put down the revolution, and restored order. It was said that thirty thousand people had been killed in the fighting which resulted in the capture of the capital. It was a fearful slaughter, but it had its effect and was not without its compensation. Paris has not attempted since then to take possession of the government and the country. As Cotton Mather said after the extermination of the Pequots: "And the land rested for forty years."

After I had written down from memory the impressions made upon me by Paris in 1871, I came across those written at the moment. Contemporary description gives some details which memory had let slip, but the general impression has remained curiously unchanged after forty years, and shows how sharp and vivid that impression was. The letter was written on September 23, 1871, and runs as follows:

"There is one subject, however, which interests me very much and which would interest you, too, in a like manner; I mean the country and the city where we now are, the recent theatre of such vast events in the history of the world. When we first entered France everything seemed unchanged. There was no general gloom that we could perceive, and the damages to bridges and houses were being quickly effaced. The country, as you know, is very fertile and looked rich and smiling with its load of grapes. In fact, we were beginning to feel that they had not had such a very hard time after all. But our feelings soon changed. As the train stopped at Dijon, a large town half-way between the frontier and Paris, as you are aware, the first sight that met our eyes was a company of Prussian soldiers, bronzed men who had been fighting hard, and their dusty, dark uniforms and glittering helmets presented a strange appearance although a most noble one. All at once the terrible fact seemed to burst full on me, and most impressively. Here was a troop of foreigners from the cold North, speaking another language, standing on French soil, and detailed to the station in order to search every train for concealed arms or men. And most thoroughly was it done by two stout fellows. It was war, terrible war in very fact, with the conquerors showing their power by searching a French train on French soil, and you can believe that there was no lack of sullen, gloomy Frenchmen there. But impressive as all this was to us, it is nothing to Paris. The first experience was the harsh evidence of hard, destructive war, but of a manly, stand-up fight between two brave nations. But Paris looks as if it had been the scene of a savage, barbarian massacre. The whole mournful tale is easily read in a few glances at the things around us. In the list of sights is now 'Les Ruines de Paris'; Paris, the handsomest city of the civilized world, now makes money by showing her ruins. On every side are awful ruins—from my window, as I write (we were in the Hôtel Meurice), I can see the total wreck of the Tuileries and, farther, the like utter ruin of the Hôtel de Ville. But besides the ruins of her beautiful public buildings, whole blocks are gone, and at every turn in the street the remnants of stately houses meet your eyes. Whole corners are shot away, and almost every house bears the rents of bullets or the jagged seams of fresh cement, showing where the scars are but just healed. It is folly to say Paris is but little changed, as many of our people have said; it is terribly changed; not only the buildings are in ruins, but the people seem to be. The shops are filled with inflammatory books and pictures crammed with lies about the Prussians, and everybody seems ill at ease and restless. As far as papers and appearances tell—and straws like popular books, papers, and pictures—it seems to me that the French are worse than ever, and that all they cherish is not the prosperity of their country but a wild desire for revenge and military glory, the bane and poison of the life of France. My friend Munroe told me to-day, what I had inferred, that the whole fabric of society seemed to him to be perfectly dissolved and demoralization to be very general. Time may cure it all, but the signs of the time are not favorable, to say the least. Another change, and one I do not like to see, is the fancy for words, mere

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words. For instance, all public buildings have printed on them, in large, staring letters:

"'RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.
LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.'

At every turn this meets one, and it must afford them the greatest satisfaction from the number of times in all places it is written up, with much stuff like it. This is a decidedly pessimistic view, I know, and very extreme, as is natural to a young man, of course, but I cannot help feeling that the French nation, great as it has been and can be, is wanting in the steadiness and strength which make a nation, and no amount of terrible teaching seems to supply those qualities."

The reflections in this letter are superficial enough, the prejudice against France owing to her attitude during our Civil War, then still so near, is obvious, and, after the fashion of the young, no allowances are made. Yet the keenness of the impression of a great country and a noble city in the hour of their desolation remain, and I know now what I did not understand then, that it was all due to the miserable imperial government and not to the French people, and that the overwhelming victory of Germany was anything but an unmixed blessing.

From Paris we went to Germany, stopping at Cassel and seeing Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon III had been held a prisoner, and also the Rembrandts in the galleries, much better worth seeing than the retreat of the fallen emperor, for they are a very fine and comparatively little-visited collection. Thence we went to Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, on to Venice and the cities of northern Italy, and so southward to Rome, where we passed most of the winter. Here we renewed our inherited friendship with the Storys, who were, as always, most kind, and Mr. Story as clever, amusing, and charming as ever. But that winter in Rome is now chiefly memorable to me on account of an influence which then came into my life, affected me much, and passed away from me after a few brief months. That influence emanated from a character and an intelligence which, most untimely lost, have always seemed to me so unusual as to deserve at least the slight commemoration of a friend's recollection.

Among my classmates at Harvard was a man named Michael Henry Simpson. He was a Bostonian born and bred, but it so happened that I had never known him until we met at Cambridge. His father was a rich manufacturer and well known in the business world. Simpson stood high in scholarship from the beginning, but two years passed before the other boys began to find out that he was a "good fellow" also, two things which in youthful philosophy are apt to be regarded as well-nigh incompatible. It may be said in behalf of the boyish philosophy that it has in it an element of truth. The hard students and first scholars, the "digs," as we used to call them, do not as a rule shine in the lighter side of life. The combination of the successful student, the pleasant companion, and the good fellow is not very common, but Simpson was one of these exceptional men and united all these qualities. In time he was discovered, became one of the most popular men in the class, was elected to the societies, and caused us all to wonder at the fact that we had not known him before. I came to know him well in the theatricals of the Hasty Pudding Society, where we acted and managed together, and in Henry Adams's course in mediæval history, which appealed strongly to Simpson as it did to me. He came to Europe soon after my departure from the United States, and we corresponded and discussed our experiences in foreign lands with youthful energy. I was very fond of pictures and statues, and knowing little about them I set myself to learn, if it were possible, something in regard to them and the history of art as well, by studying the galleries and reading all the books I could get hold of which related to art or to architecture, for which I also entertained a great, if ignorant, admiration. In these eccentricities I had few friends of my own age, and I was charmed to discover that Simpson had precisely the same weaknesses. I also liked to see sights, if only to make sure on Dr. Johnson's principle that I did not care to see them again, and here, too, I found that Simpson, differing from our other young friends, who frankly found "sight-seeing" a bore, was at one with me. So

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when we met in Rome no more congenial pair of companions could have been imagined. We saw everything in Rome and its neighborhood, and all with a diligent minuteness which left traces never to be effaced. We read Suetonius together and then pored over the busts of the Cæsars in the Capitoline Museum. We wandered over the Campagna and among the ruins of Ostia and of Hadrian's Villa; then we went together to Naples and to Pæstum. It was a delightful winter, a happy time, a charming companionship, but in such close association we talked of many things besides pictures and statues, ruins, architecture, and history. We became very intimate, and in the blessed fashion of youth opened our hearts to each other and talked of ourselves without the dreadful and well-founded suspicion, which is brought by advancing years, that such conversation with another man is not, as a rule, conversation at all, but something to be shunned as the mark of the egotist, most unbearable of bores to his fellow being. In this way I came in contact for the first time with a young man of my own age who had done some thinking for himself upon various matters of importance. This was an exercise in which up to that time I had never indulged. I was a Gallio and had been very happy and contented in that careless condition. I had taken the world as it came and had found it on the whole a very pleasant world. I had been brought up in a family holding the liberal tenets of Unitarianism, and about those tenets I had never troubled myself. But although the old doctrines of the church of my ancestors had been abandoned, the hand of the puritan was still felt even among the Unitarians of Boston in such matters as church-going and Sunday observance. I regarded both these fixed habits as necessary interferences with the pleasures of life, but accepted them as part of the established order to be shirked when possible and dropped when I should become my own master. As to what I should do with my life or in my life I had given to that somewhat important subject—important, I mean, so far as I was concerned—no attention at all. I was not pressed by need of money. I had everything I desired, and there was nothing to goad me to think about the future. When I was in college I read Macaulay and conceived for him an intense admiration; his force, his rhetoric, his sure confidence in his own judgment, his simplicity of thought, all strike a boy very vividly. He did not seem to me a great or in the true sense a real poet, even then, and so I passed successfully Matthew Arnold's primary test of poetical judgment, but I profoundly admired Macaulay's prose writings and felt that his career, which combined that of the public man and of the man of letters, was the most enviable which could be imagined. Later, when I came to Europe, when I read more and began to realize history and art, I also began to cherish some vague desires for a literary life. But beyond these nebulous fancies I had not progressed. Then I became intimate with Simpson. In him I found a man brought up in the same town as myself, who had thought much upon all these things and had come to some very definite conclusions, starting from premises to which I was wholly a stranger. His family were strict Congregationalists of the old New England type, devoted not only to the austere forms but to the rigid doctrines of the Puritans. They were of the people who locally were called "Orthodox," a term well understood in the days of the Unitarian schism. In such an atmosphere the conception of a man's duties in life had sunk deep into the boy's mind. He had joined the church, taught in the Sunday-school, and accepted the stern creed of Calvin. Then he began to think about religion and man's place in the universe. The old creed dropped away, and so he went on until he found that he could no longer accept the dogmas in which he had been bred and was content to call himself an agnostic. All this he had kept to himself, for he was loath to hurt or wound those whom he loved unless it became absolutely necessary, and he told me that he had never before confided to any one the bitterness of the struggle through which he had passed or the conclusions he had reached. He was as far removed as possible from a prig; he seemed to the world simply an exceptionally clever, lively young man of unusual intelligence, full of fun and humor and of the joy of life. His serious side he kept to himself.

But although the dogmas had vanished

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and the belief in the Bible legends had crumbled away before a clear, uncompromising reason and a finely honest mind, the inborn and strongly inculcated sense of duty remained. He saw neither intelligence nor pleasure in an idle, self-indulgent life. He felt very deeply that there were certain duties which must be fulfilled and that the more fortunate a man was in his circumstances and conditions the heavier the responsibility which rested upon him. He had no desire for more money and no love for business. He wished to give his life to literature and public service. But he felt also that he owed a great deal to his father, and to gratify him he intended to enter at once into business and to aid in carrying on the great industry which was part of his inheritance. He meant to keep on with his reading and studies in the hope that some day he might be able to turn to literature as he even then longed to do. But he also felt that whether his work was in literature or in business he owed a duty to his country, and that every American, especially every educated American, ought to take part in politics and make himself effectively useful. No thought of public office was in his mind, for the business claimed him, but he proposed to make himself felt in the work of politics and to exercise influence and power for what he believed to be right and in behalf of the Republican party, in which he had been bred and in the principles of which he had entire faith.

I have been thus minute in describing the thoughts and opinions of Simpson, not merely because he was a lovable man and a dear friend, but because his experience, his mental conflicts, and his conclusions, which are rare at that age, made a profound impression upon me and greatly affected my life at a moment when I was drifting vaguely and was very susceptible to outside influences. All this consideration given to serious things, all this thought about man's place in the universe, about the undiscovered future and the meaning and uses of life coming from a man, a boy really, of my own age, were, to me, at once very strange and very impressive. Hitherto, like Mrs. Quickly in her consolation to Falstaff, "I had hoped there was no need to trouble myself with any such thoughts yet." And now here by my side was a man of my own age who had troubled himself much with these thoughts and who had faced them and come to certain conclusions thereon. It made a great and lasting impression upon me; I, too, began to think and try to reach conclusions, and to long to do something with my opportunities. A life of unoccupied leisure no longer attracted me.

So the pleasant winter wore away and we left Simpson in Rome and took our way to Paris. Soon after our arrival I had a long letter from him, written in Florence. We were planning a little journey to Spain later in the spring. Then I heard that he was ill. It was malignant typhoid, and in a few days news came of his death. The blow fell heavily. He had become so much to me that I could hardly realize that I should see him no more. His death left a gap in my life which after all these years has still remained unfilled.

From Paris we went to Belgium and then to Holland. We found the Motleys established at The Hague and we saw much of them. I remember particularly one evening when we dined with them, only the family and ourselves. We were just in the longest days of the year, and although we dined late it was still daylight. I can see the room now as we sat there after dinner in the gathering twilight and listened to Mr. Motley as he talked, with the eloquent energy of which he was so capable, about the treatment he had received at the hands of the Grant administration. He had turned for relief to his own work and had come to Holland to complete his life of John of Barneveld. It was peculiarly interesting to hear him describe the great Dutch statesman there in The Hague among the very scenes in which he had won his triumphs and gone to his death.

After our little journey through the Low Countries we crossed over to England, and I, with some friends, made a tour through England to see the cathedral towns, and then through Scotland, which, owing to my love for Scott and the Waverley novels, was to me most interesting and at the same time seemed strangely familiar, so deeply were all the scenes imprinted on my mind by what I had read. In August we sailed for home and reached Boston safely toward the end of the month.

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After Simpson's death I turned for advice and help as to my future to Henry Adams, to whom I already owed so much for the first glimmering of real education that I had ever received. He replied at once with a kindness and an interest which I shall never forget, and I give his letter here because it not only encouraged me, but had upon me at that turning-point of my life a profound effect.

CAMBRIDGE, 2 *June*, 1872.

MY DEAR LODGE—

Your letter of May 6 arrived safely a few days since and gave me the pleasant sensation of thinking that I may after all have done some good at college; if you ever try it, you will know how very doubtful a teacher feels of his own success and how much a bit of encouragement does for him. Poor Simpson's death, too, seemed utterly disheartening. What is the use of training up the best human material only to die at the start!

There is only one way to look at life and that is the practical way. Keep clear of mere sentiment whenever you have to decide a practical question. Sentiment is very attractive and I like it as well as most people, but nothing in the way of action is worth much which is not practically sound.

The question is whether the historico-literary line is practically worth following; not whether it will amuse or improve you. Can you make it *pay*, either in money, reputation, or any other solid value?

Now if you will think for a moment of the most respectable and respected products of our town of Boston, I think you will see at once that this profession does pay. No one has done better and won more in any business or pursuit than has been acquired by men like Prescott, Motley, Frank Parkman, Bancroft and so on in historical writing; none of them men of extraordinary gifts, or who would have been likely to do very much in the world if they had chosen differently. What they did can be done by others.

Further there is a great opening here at this time. Boston is running dry of literary authorities. Any one who has the ability can enthrone himself here as a species of literary lion with ease, for there is no rival to contest the throne. With it comes social dignity, European reputation and a foreign mission to close.

To do it requires patient study, long labor and perseverance that knows no limit. The Germans have these qualities beyond all other races. Learn to appreciate and to use the German historical *method* and your style can be elaborated at leisure. I should think you could do this here.

I shall be in London, I hope, on the 1st of August, to be heard of at Barings. If we are there together we will have a dinner and talk it over. Remember me to your wife.

Yrs truly,

HENRY ADAMS.

Encouraged by this letter, I set to work when I reached home and was fairly established in Boston. I had no definite plan, nothing in particular beckoned me into any path. I merely desired to read history and to write, if I could. So I turned to the early law of the Germanic tribes, toward which my studies in mediæval history had led me, as the foundation of the legal and political history of the English-speaking people. I doubt if I could have selected a drier subject. I certainly could not have found drier reading than the latest and most authoritative German writers of that day upon this subject, Sohm, Von Maurer, and the rest, at whose books I toiled faithfully for some weary months. The work was not inspiriting, it was in fact inexpressibly dreary, and I passed a depressing winter so far as my own labors were concerned. I seemed to be going nowhere and to be achieving nothing. I led a solitary life, except for my immediate family, and I found it a doleful business struggling with the laws and customs of the Germanic tribes, without any prospect, so far as I could see, of either reward or result. I am inclined to think now that the discipline of forcing myself to work, when I did not need to work at all, and upon an unattractive and difficult subject, was of real value in giving me control of such faculties as I possessed, and in enabling me to apply my mind to any subject which it was necessary for me to understand no matter how little I cared for the subject itself.

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As winter was fading a visit to Norfolk, Va., made a most helpful break. The climate was a pleasant change from Boston, and there was opportunity for exercise by rowing on the river and taking long walks. I threw aside German authors and Germanic law, and read all the principal Elizabethan dramatists, which was a pure delight. I returned to Boston sufficiently refreshed to go on with my apparently pointless studies, and so the spring wore away and summer came, and Nahant.

Then one day Henry Adams appeared at luncheon, and afterward, as I was walking down with him to take the wagon for Lynn, he told me that he had accepted the editorship of the *North American Review* and wished me to be his assistant editor. I have had since that summer morning in 1873 my share of rewards and honors, more, very likely, than I have deserved, but nothing has ever come to me which gave me such joy as that offer from Henry Adams. I know the exact spot on the road where he made the announcement to me, and I can see the whole familiar scene as it looked upon that day. I came home, my heart swelling with pride and with a feeling of intense relief, for it seemed to me that the darkness in which I had been groping had suddenly lifted and that at last I could see my way to doing something. The *North American Review*, then a quarterly, old, famous, and respected, appeared to me, who had always looked at its pages with distant awe, one of the most important publications in the world. To be connected with it, to have a chance to write for it, was a dazzling prospect which I had never dreamed would open to me except possibly after long years. Now I was to be one of its editors. I trod on air as I walked, and the whole world was changed.

THE UNSUSPECTED SAGACITY OF BILLY SANDS

By Albert Lee

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

JIMMY OLIVER could drive his car fairly well. That is, he could turn corners, he could pass other cars without colliding, he could crank up, he could handle his speed gears, and he was familiar with such a rudimentary proceeding as the retarding of his spark on a hill; likewise he seldom ran more than twenty-five yards before discovering that he had forgotten to throw off the safety brake. But as to what was going on in that rapidly revolving and snorting machinery under the hood in front of him, and as to how and why all this went on, he was as ignorant as a little child. He had a chauffeur who knew all this; so he did not feel it necessary for him to master such mechanical mysteries; and when he drove without his chauffeur, he trusted to Billiken and to the frequency of garages by the way. The automobile, as constructed to-day, is almost fool proof; and Jimmy had come to realize that when the chauffeur keeps the engine in good condition, it is ill-luck, indeed, if anything happens on the road. Tire trouble was all he dreaded; but he had discovered that any passing chauffeur will replace a shoe for you if properly approached with the currency of the realm. Some of Jimmy's acquaintances said that Jimmy had more coin of the realm than brains; but no one ever accused him of having a faint or ungenerous heart. He was a good soul, in whom one might pardon almost any shortcoming.

It was on an occasion when the chauffeur had asked for a couple of days off, to go to the city and nurse a sick aunt, or for some other equally plausible purpose, that Jimmy decided to brave fate and go on a little trip all by himself. That is, all by himself so far as mechanical science

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was concerned, because he took Billy Sands along for company. Billy would be about as valuable as ballast if anything happened to the car, for he did not know a connecting-rod from a cam-shaft; and sometimes he made himself extremely obnoxious by asking such questions as, "Why did you do that with your foot just then?" On these occasions Jimmy always felt like doing something else with his foot. But Billy was the most jovial companion in the world, and he had been a classmate of Jimmy's in college.

They had planned and discussed the trip for several days, and had finally determined to go to Milford, Pa. Milford is about a hundred miles from where Jimmy Oliver lives in Westchester County; but the roads are good, and the way lies through many towns at frequent intervals—which is an advantage to a driver who is not sufficient unto himself.

They set forth at about nine o'clock in the morning, and the gentle purr of the motor inspired Jimmy with confidence in his adventure. They made Tarrytown in a little over an hour, and Jimmy got the car aboard the ferry-boat without scraping a mud-guard or bumping the man ahead of him. Of this he felt quite proud, and casually called Billy's attention to the hazardous feat. Billy admitted that Jimmy was getting to be a great driver.

From Nyack, where they left the ferry, they drove on through Suffern and Tuxedo, through the Ramapo hills, and on past Goshen and Chester and other picturesque little villages, until their healthy appetites began to give warning that it was long past noon.

"Me for the thermos bottle," suggested Billy presently. "How about you?"

"As soon as we come to a good shady place, we'll stop for lunch," agreed Jimmy, for they had brought an elaborate collation with them. Jimmy was particular as to what he ate; he preferred his own catering to that of the casual inn of this uncivilized country—for we *are* uncivilized with respect to inns.

He stopped the car under a great tree by the road-side, at a spot where the view of the multi-colored fields and the rolling hills stretched away pleasantly for miles ahead of them.

"Some class to this kind of touring, eh, Bill?" he asked, as they toasted one another with the cold, tawny contents of the thermos. "Very few duffers like you have skilful friends who take them off on little jaunts through the picturesque countryside. I dare say this is the only opportunity you ever had of seeing America first."

Billy Sands merely grunted. "You had better talk big while you have the chance," he added. "And I want to warn you that if we do get stuck, you walk for help while I sit and guard the car."

Whereat Jimmy merely laughed confidently and bit into a tender sandwich.

It was really a very pleasant picnic. They sat on the grass and talked and smoked; and every now and then other cars rolled smoothly by, affording them a sense of security and companionship which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. And after an hour's rest they prepared to proceed upon their way. Jimmy manipulated his switch and his throttle quite properly, and when he gave the crank a sharp twist the motor leaped into a rhythmic rumble which gratified him exceedingly and added to his confidence and pride.

When they came to the dividing of the ways, just this side of Middletown, Jimmy hesitated as to whether he should make Port Jervis by way of Snake Hill or go on through Middletown. The smooth new State road climbed high over the mountains and was sure to be much more picturesque than the other route, but it led through a region devoid of repair-shop or garage.

"Oh, take a chance," urged Billy, when his opinion was asked. "The old boat seems to be working all right. Be a sport, and cut away from oil-cans and monkey-wrenches."

And so it was that they swung to the left and started over one of the most beautiful highways in the State.

The road was broad and level and the ascent was gradual; and when they reached the top of the plateau they had a feeling of being on the roof of the world. Only an occasional farm-house broke into the wildness of the scenery. Here was an excellent place for Jimmy to have a mishap; and here, sure enough, is where he had it. The first warning was a vicious

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sputtering as the car shot up a short hill.

"What's that noise?" promptly inquired Billy.

"Something in the engine," growled Jimmy, who had not the slightest idea what the trouble was; but he knew from the peculiar jerking of the car that all was not well.

"I did not suppose it was something in a tree," retorted Billy scornfully; and then there were a lot of little pops and spurts directly under their feet, and the motor quietly died away.

The two young men looked at one another and Billy grinned. They both got out and walked around the car with wise looks, and then Billy suggested that Jimmy crank her up. As this was all Jimmy could think of himself, he slowly proceeded to do so. After he had nearly wrenched his arm off, the engine started up with a roar, sputtered and spat a few times again, and stopped.

"I'll bet nobody ever comes along this road, either," remarked Billy consolingly, as he gazed up and down the great stretch of way.

"Cheerful beast, you!" retorted Jimmy, and he proceeded to open the hood and look into it.

"See anything?" inquired Billy.

"I would not know it if I did," snarled Jimmy, and he began cranking once more. The same thing happened all over again. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and looked helplessly about.

"Let's sit down and think," he sighed mournfully.

"You think," said Billy, lighting a pipe. "It would not do any good for me to think. I know what I think, but it doesn't do any good."

"Well, we're stuck," decreed Jimmy after a pause.

"Did it take you all that time to think that?" asked his companion.

"I'll match you to see who foots it for the nearest telephone," he continued, disregarding Billy's observation.

"Let's wait fifteen minutes," suggested Billy, "on the chance of another car or a farm wagon of some kind coming along. Then I'll match you."

This was satisfactory to Jimmy, who never had been keen on pedestrianism, and the two sat down on the running-board and puffed at their pipes in bitter melancholy.

"A sail! a sail!" suddenly cried Billy, pointing ahead of them; and they were both delighted with the sight of a small gray car with two people in it rolling easily down the slope toward them.

"We must flag 'em!" cried Jimmy eagerly. "It's our only hope!"

As the car approached rapidly, it was soon easy for them to discern the occupants.

"Oh, rot!" mumbled Billy; "it's only a couple of girls!"

But Jimmy waved his cap wildly nevertheless, and the little gray runabout came slowly to a halt almost alongside of the balky motor.

The two young women were snugly veiled and goggled, but they were smartly togged, and when she at the wheel replied to Jimmy she spoke in a soft, low, musical voice.

"I beg your pardon, but we are in trouble," began the luckless man.

"What's the matter?" asked the young woman.

"I only wish I knew," replied Jimmy. "Is there a garage anywhere near here?"

"None nearer than Middletown or Port Jervis," she said sympathetically. "Nothing nearer than ten miles."

"Well, I just want to tell you," continued Jimmy frankly, "that I am a regular duffer about a car. All I can do is steer. Now this thing of mine has gone plumb wrong in the works, and I can't get her started."

The girl smiled pleasantly through her veil and took down her goggles.

"I don't know that I can help you," she said, "but I'll get out and take a look and you can tell me how the engine behaved."

Jimmy shot a swift, superior glance at his friend and helped the young woman to the road. As they stepped to his car he explained the symptoms.

"Have you got gas?" she inquired in a business-like way.

"I guess so," answered Jimmy vaguely.

"Haven't you looked?" she asked.

Jimmy was forced to admit that he had not; but he lifted the cushion promptly and clumsily unscrewed the tank cap. She leaned over and peered into the hole.

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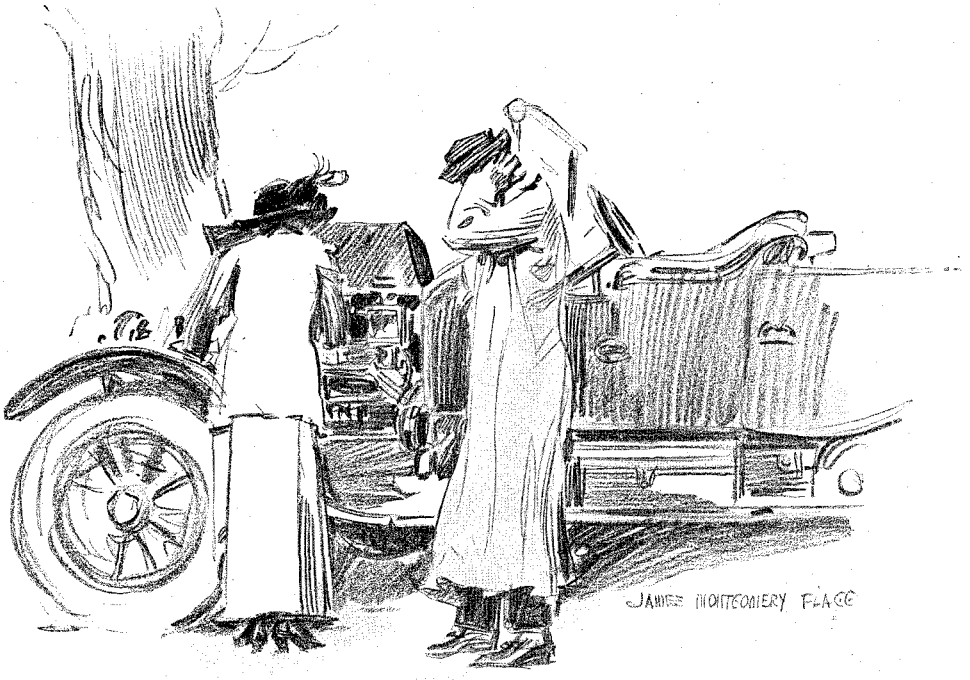
"You have gas enough," she said confidently. "Now, let's see, have you got pressure feed?"

"What kind of feed is that?" asked Jimmy stupidly, for he certainly was more of a farmer than a mechanic.

"Just once more, please," she said sweetly, as the poor man stopped to get his breath, and Jimmy heaved again! This time the motor started up, whirred for a few seconds, and stopped.

"Let's see if you get any gas in your



She looked into the engine and ran her daintily gloved hand along a pipe.

The girl laughed and cast an amused glance at Jimmy, which he later thought might possibly have been mingled with piteous scorn. She looked into the engine and ran her daintily gloved hand along a pipe. "Yes, you have automatic pressure," she said, as she walked to the other side of the car, "and you have a hand pump, too——"

She pointed to a knob near the driver's seat that Jimmy had never even noticed before. She worked the knob up and down a few times while Jimmy watched.

"Now, crank her up," she commanded, as she deftly manipulated the two little handles on the wheel. Jimmy set to work and cranked until he was almost blue in the face; and he wished he had never eaten any luncheon.

carburetor," suggested the young woman thoughtfully. "Where is it on this car?"

Poor Jimmy did not know, and he only had energy enough to shake his head and shrug his shoulders. The girl smiled again and lifted the other side of the hood.

Meanwhile Billy Sands had not been idle, and Jimmy, glancing over at him, felt as if he could beat him over the head. The suave Billy was leaning easily on the side of the other car, talking cheerfully with the other young woman, who seemed to be enjoying very much what Billy was saying. She had raised her veil and now displayed a most attractive face, with gleaming pearly teeth which seemed made to smile with, and which she kept constantly on their job.

"Let me have a wrench, please," from

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the first young woman brought Jimmy suddenly to himself again. He opened his tool-box and produced the required instrument, and the girl went deftly to work, while Jimmy stood by, marvelling more and more at her ease and dexterity. She unscrewed the top of the carburetor, looked into it searchingly, and shook her head dubiously.

"Where do you shut off your gas? Where's your tank connection?" she asked briskly.

"My dear young lady," murmured Jimmy hopelessly, "all your questions are Greek to me. I'm simply of no use."

"Oh, yes, you are," she laughed gayly and, Jimmy thought, mischievously. "You crank very well. Now lift up your foot-board for me—that's the foot-board, there, where your feet rest—and I guess we'll find the connection."

Jimmy could follow instructions, and he obeyed implicitly. The young woman soon discovered and showed him the cock which cut off the gasolene supply. Then she followed the lead until she came to another cock, at which point she disconnected the pipe. A little gasolene trickled slowly out of it.

"Now, pump a little," she ordered.

Jimmy worked the knob up and down as he had seen her do, but nothing much happened. Then the young woman shut off the tank cock and disconnected the pipe entirely.

"Got any wire?" she asked, but Jimmy's blank expression was a sufficient answer; so she called out:

"May, toss me that spool of copper wire out of the box, will you, please?"

Whereupon the other young woman hopped out of her seat and soon produced the desired article, which Billy Sands handed to Jimmy's good angel. She reeled off about a yard of the wire, snipped it with her pliers, and began pushing it into the pipe which she held in her hand. Presently the wire moved hesitatingly, and in a moment some dark object was slowly pressed through the farther orifice of the tube. Both she and Jimmy gazed closely at it as she forced it out and let it fall on the mud-guard.

"Looks like a bumblebee," muttered Jimmy.

"Now, how on earth did you ever get a bumblebee in your gas tank?" asked the girl in amazement.

"Search me," replied Jimmy; "there may be a whole nest of 'em in there for all I know, or even fishes."

"Well, I guess that's all the trouble," she said. "Now pump some more," and she opened the tank cock. The gasolene flowed freely.

"I don't suppose you could put this together again?" she inquired slyly.

"Not if my life depended on it," admitted Jimmy with deep concern. "And it's a shame, too," he added; "your gloves are ruined, and you are getting oil and stuff all over your duster. I am awfully sorry; and I can't tell you what a brick I think you are. If you'll let me," he rattled on earnestly, "I'll send you a box of new gloves, and a new coat, and a gold medal, or a gold anything, or any number of pounds of candy."

"Listen, May," exclaimed the girl, "here is a man who wants to endow me!"

Poor Jimmy blushed, while the three others laughed merrily.

"Well, Mr. Humpty-Dumpty," she said kindly, "I'll put you together again, and the only reward I want is a promise; but I'm afraid you'll find it's a hard bargain."

"I'll promise you anything," blurted Jimmy.

"All right," she answered. "You must promise to go at once and learn all about the mechanism of your automobile. Then the next time you break down——"

"Golly, that's a tough one!" gleefully commented Billy Sands, who was now sitting comfortably alongside of May in the other car. Jimmy scowled at him; but he quickly smiled back at the angel and said simply:

"I promise."

She had already begun to connect the pipe, and in a short time she was satisfied that the gasolene flow had been properly restored. When Jimmy cranked up for her, the motor buzzed cheerily, and the whole world looked very much brighter indeed.

"You are a wonder," asserted Jimmy with deep admiration as he gazed at the girl.

"And you are a Yale man, I see," replied the girl, noticing for the first time

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a little emblem pinned to Jimmy's shirt. "So is my brother," she added.

"What is your brother's name?" asked Jimmy eagerly.

"Ted Morgan," she said.

"By jiminy-cracky, Bill!" cried Jimmy, turning to his friend, "this is Ted Morgan's sister! What do you know about that?"

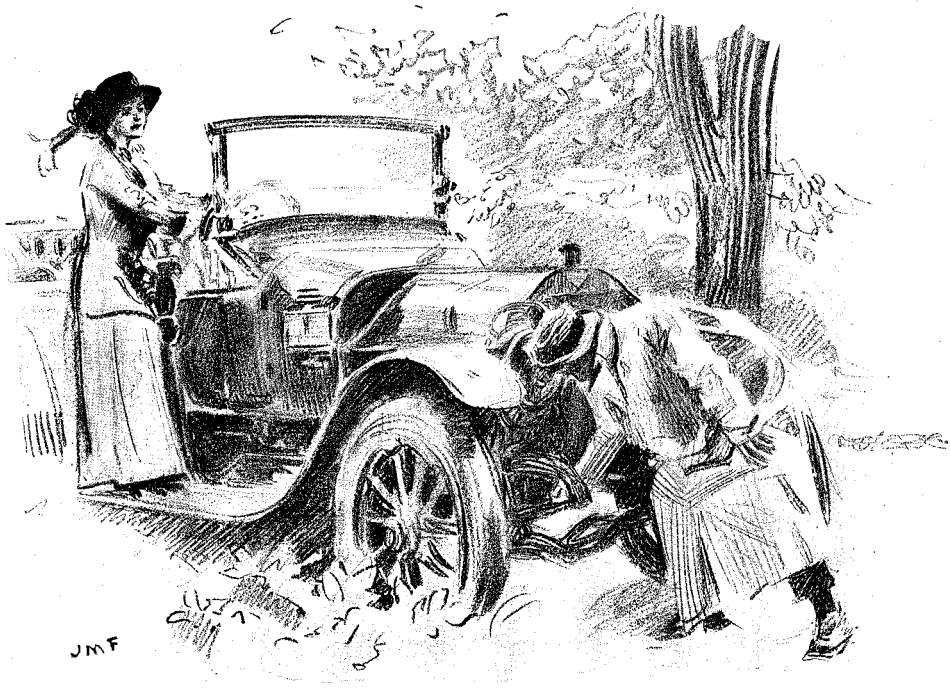
"So am I," smiled the lady with the beautiful teeth, and then followed a four-cornered talkfest which would have put a national convention to shame.

It seems that the girls had never visited New Haven during their brother's college career, because they had been considered too young for such gayeties during his freshman and sophomore years, and they had been at school abroad during his junior and senior years. This was their first summer at home, and Ted was at home, too, taking a post-graduate course at the Yale School of Forestry, which is situated in Milford. Highwood, the Morgans' place, as Jimmy knew, was near Milford, and he and Billy Sands had intended looking up their classmate on this visit.

"But I'd forgotten all about his ever having any sisters," observed Billy self-reproachfully.

"You'll never forget it again," asserted Jimmy convincingly. "At least I sha'n't."

The restoring of the motor had taken much more time to accomplish than it requires for the telling of it. The sun was settling low over the Kittatinny Mountains when the task was at length accomplished.



"Now, crank her up," she commanded, as she deftly manipulated the two little handles on the wheel.—Page 89.

"I guess we won't be able to go to Otisville now," observed May. "Don't you think we had better turn back, Edith?"

"I suppose so," she said, glancing at the clock on the dash-board of Jimmy's car. It was nearly five.

"It makes me feel ashamed of myself, Miss Morgan," said Jimmy apologetically, "not only to have spoiled your clothes, but to have spoiled your afternoon, too."

"Oh, Otisville will keep," she replied gayly. "And it is not every day I can get practice at tinkering a car. Mine is a good make," she smiled with superiority, "and never hives bumblebees."

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"Well, if you are really going back," observed Billy, "the same way we are, it's a shame for me to have to ride with a dub of a chauffeur like Jimmy Oliver and let you two girls travel alone."

"Oh, I can drive *this* car," promptly exclaimed May. Edith shot a semi-reproachful glance at her sister, but she saw very well from the grin of Billy Sands's face that, with the knowledge he had just acquired, there would be some difficulty in removing him from his seat. Jimmy was not slow either in taking advantage of the situation.

"Won't you ride with me?" he pleaded of Edith, "because, you know, there may be other bumblebees, and I'm sure if I got stuck again I never would meet another angel like you!"

May had already taken the wheel of the runabout and Billy Sands was arduously working at the starting-crank, so that there was really very little opportunity for argument, and Edith Morgan allowed herself to be assisted into Jimmy's car.

"Some class, eh, Jimmy, seeing America first like this!" Billy called derisively as the runabout slipped slowly away.

To him this excursion was certainly getting to be more pleasant and enjoyable every moment.

He was rather glad, after all, that Jimmy was such an incompetent chauffeur, and he considered it an act of Providence that the bumblebee should have clogged the works just at the psychological moment.

"You see," he explained to May, as they rolled slowly along the road, "if that confounded bumblebee had waited a little longer before taking to the tube, you would have passed us and we never should have met, and I should probably be sitting alone in Jimmy's car now, like a night watchman, at some lonely spot along this bally road."

"But then we should probably have found you on our way back," urged May; "and we surely should have met tomorrow, as you were coming to see Ted, anyway."

"Yes," admitted Billy, "but see how much time we should have lost."

This was a rather cryptic observation; but May, although she said nothing in reply, seemed rather to agree with Billy.

The Morgan parents were considerably surprised, as they sat reading the evening papers on the broad porch of Highwood, to see their daughters come home, one of them driven by a strange young man and the other driving a second strange young man.

They were also considerably startled when their son, attracted by the sound of halting motors, emerged from the billiard-room, where he had been idly knocking the balls about the pool-table, and, upon recognizing his friends, gave a yell which would have struck terror into the hearts of the original dwellers in Pike County. The two strange young men responded with other yells and strange talk, which, although it sounded like English, contained many words entirely unfamiliar to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

After explanations had been made, it was determined that the tourists should become the guests of the family, instead of going on to Schannos', the little French inn three miles farther down the Delaware River, which had originally been their destination. Billy was convinced now that the excursion was to be a complete success.

They spent two delightful days in the lovely old town of Milford, and rambled through the woods, and visited the School of Forestry, and talked over old times with Ted and new times with the girls, and altogether Jimmy was quite reconciled to the fact that his chauffeur had an invalid aunt, and very well satisfied with himself for having had the courage to tempt fate along the great highway. And on the morning of the third day the two young men bade farewell to their genial hosts, and Jimmy promised to come again as soon as he had mastered those mechanical arts, the conquest of which he had promised Edith he should immediately undertake.

The two travellers were unusually taciturn on the homeward trip. It was not until they were rolling down the long slope toward Nyack, and could see the reaches of the Hudson far away to their right, that Billy appeared to arouse himself from his lethargy; and he spoke with much seriousness and deliberation.

"Do you know, Jimmy," he began, "I think the science of forestry is, after all, a very important thing for this country."

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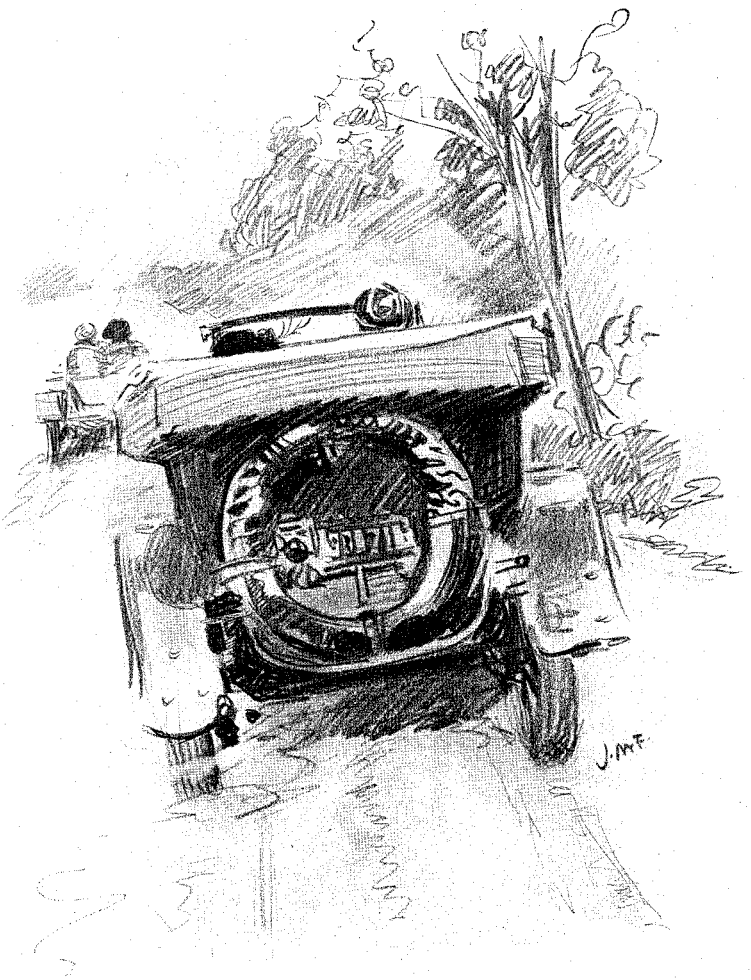
"You do, eh?" returned Jimmy, with but little apparent interest in his friend's statement.

"I certainly do. . . . Don't you?"

"I never thought much about it," replied Jimmy. "I have always looked on

"The only foresters I ever saw," mused Jimmy, "were in Germany, when I was at school over there as a kid. They wore green suits and little green hats with a perky feather sticking up on one side, and they all smoked big pipes with china bowls,



"Some class, eh, Jimmy, seeing America first like this!" Billy called derisively as the runabout slipped slowly away.—Page 92.

forestry sort of like botany or collecting butterflies or such."

"Well, you want to take another look," retorted Billy. "I think Ted is quite right to take the course. It broadens a man. It gives him a profession——"

"What profession?" asked Jimmy.

"He becomes a forester," explained Billy.

and seemed to be constantly walking aimlessly about the roads."

"Of course," returned Billy scornfully, "if you don't know a Dutch game warden from an American scientific forester, I suppose I'll have to explain."

"What does the scientific fellow do?" asked Jimmy idly.

"Well," drawled Billy, who was not

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really quite sure what the duties of forestry actually were, "he is an expert on trees, and he goes out West and supervises reclamation."

"Who wants to go out West and do that?" asked Jimmy bluntly.

"You don't *have* to, if you don't want to, of course," explained Billy; "but it never does any harm to know all about trees and things. I'm thinking I may take a course like Ted."

"Oh, you are, eh?" exclaimed Jimmy with a grin. "At Milford, I suppose."

"Sure," admitted Billy. "That's where the school is. And I think it would be a good thing for you, too," he argued. "Here you are, and me, too, loafing away the summer, when we might be doing something useful and worth while. In the fall you will go into your father's office and sit around and open letters and gradually soak in more or less information about English and American woollens, and in a few years you'll be taken in as a partner. It's all a matter of course. I'll go down into one of father's friends' offices in Wall Street, and, unless my old gentleman loses all his money, things will be fairly easy for me, too. But that is not work! That's being nursed. Now, if I take a course in forestry this summer, I'll have the beginnings of a profession, possibly of a career. And, you see, studying at Milford would have certain advantages. Ted is taking the course——"

"And May Morgan might relieve the deadly dulness of lectures on tree barks and falling leaves, eh?" interrupted Jimmy.

"May Morgan says that she does not think it does a man any harm to know more than one thing," continued Billy, unmindful of Jimmy's insinuation. "She says, too, that because a man has graduated from a university does not necessarily mean that he knows even one thing. And forestry is a profession which is not overcrowded, and, moreover, gives you plenty of opportunity for out-door life and

He sat back in his chair with a preposterous complacency.—Page 96.

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exercise, and that is something you can't say of the law or of medicine."

Billy argued his case all the way home; and he was really quite surprised to find that Jimmy gradually awakened to an interest in a summer course at Milford.

"Well, it's this way," stammered Jimmy later in the evening, as he and Edith sat on the steps together.—Page 96.

The fathers of these two young men, it may be needless to say, were decidedly amazed when their sons informed them that they were thirsting for more knowledge, and were willing and eager to spend the hot summer months in study and investigation at the Yale School of Forestry. For such commendable ambition there could be nothing but approval; and when Jimmy, in addition, told his father he did not want a chauffeur any longer, the good old gentleman began to think that his boy, after all, had the makings of a man in him.

The two embryo foresters confided their plans to Ted alone, and that only at the last moment, bidding him keep their secret until they should arrive in Milford. Ted was also commissioned to secure suitable quarters for them, which he did in a fine old colonial house at the end of the village nearest to Highwood. Jimmy and Billy went to Milford by train, or at least as far as they could by train, for Milford is ten miles from any railway. The car was sent down with the chauffeur, which was his last job for Jimmy. And then Jimmy found a clever young mechanic in the garage and at once made an arrangement to spend an hour a day with him in studying the intricacies of the gas-engine.

That night at supper Ted seemed filled with an unusual exuberance and self-satisfaction. His sisters observed that he appeared quite pleased with himself.

"I think I have a right to be," he said with a heavy dignity. "There is a certain fascination about me, a certain personal magnetism, a sort of subtle I-don't-know-what, which influences others to do as I do. It might possibly be better for me to abandon forestry and take up politics—diplomacy, perhaps."

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He sat back in his chair with a preposterous complacency.

His two sisters looked at each other with raised eyebrows, and Edith remarked:

"If there is anything more disgustingly conceited than an American man—I was almost saying an American boy—I trust I may never come in contact with it."

"Well, I don't think we ought to condemn *all* American manhood," objected May, "because this bone-head brother of ours chooses to indulge in self-worship. It might be interesting to find out what kind of a bug bit him up there in the woods this afternoon."

"The same kind of a bug that is likely to bite you up there in the woods if you don't watch out," replied Ted with unruffled calm. "Just look upon me as a leader of men. I take up forestry. Two friends come to visit me; and from the casual and fragmentary remarks I let drop upon the subject they become so profoundly interested in the subject that they are seized with a desire to study as I do and to learn the mysteries of the trees. Theirs is a true devotion to science. They are idealists. And do they seek learning and instruction at Harvard, or Biltmore, or at the excellent School of Forestry at the University of Michigan? No! They come to Milford, where I am, that they may progress hand in hand with me along the shady paths of arboriculture and woodcraft!"

"And pray," asked May, "who are these two recruits, these woodmen of the world, who are rushing to your banner for the greater glory of the American tree?"

"They come now in reverence and humility," exclaimed Ted, rising and indicating with extended arm two flannelled figures walking slowly up the drive. The girls immediately recognized their brother's classmates, and they were not slow to seize the covert meaning of Ted's grandiloquence.

"Well, it's this way," stammered Jimmy later in the evening, as he and Edith sat on the steps together. "I was so ashamed of myself when I realized you knew so much more about motors and cars than I do, that I made up my mind I was going to learn *something* and know something *more* than you do. Of course, I'll have to know the engine before I'm *even* with you. And then I'm going to study forestry and try to get *ahead* of you."

"So that if I ever get lost in the woods," commented Edith, "you can come along and get me out of trouble!"

"If you ever get lost in the woods," asserted Jimmy, "all you have to do is to whistle for me."

"What canine devotion!" whispered Edith, and Jimmy was not quite sure what she meant.

At the other end of the porch May was listening to Billy.

"It was all my idea to take up this forestry business," he was saying proudly, "and, you know, I think I got the idea from you." This rather flattered May. "When you said the other day that forestry was even more a crusade than a profession, and that the men who went into it were enthusiasts rather than materialists, I sort of felt that there was something to it. To tell you the truth, I don't know one blooming tree from another now, and when I read the curriculum in the catalogue this afternoon it fairly made me sick. But I suppose you have to sacrifice your personal feelings for any great cause."

"Of course you do," affirmed May. "Nothing is worth anything for which you don't have to pay a price."

"Well, suppose I went into forestry for good," argued Billy, "instead of merely as a broadening influence; I don't know that I should care much about living on the edge of some reclamation project, or riding a million miles through Western forests, or climbing steep mountains in Alaska, would you?"

"No, I should not," admitted May. "But if you became an expert you could select your own field. There must be lots of opportunities right around New York."

"Sure," moaned Billy with a melancholy shake of the head. "I could teach 'em how to plant ham-trees among the tenements; back-yard forestry, so to speak."

"I see your mind is not firmly set on your work," said May reprovingly.

"It is not—exactly," admitted Billy.

"I'll have to take you in hand. I am

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very fond of tree lore. I'll help you with your work. Perhaps, if you have somebody to talk to about it, you will find it more interesting."

"You, Bill Sands, are the hollow-headed, pig-eyed, blundering——" "That'll do, please," objected Billy meekly.—Page 98.

"Indeed I shall," agreed Billy enthusiastically. "Now, that's a promise?"

May conceded that it was.

Strange as it may be to relate, it is nevertheless true, that our two young enthusiasts, Jimmy Oliver and Billy Sands, had come all the way to Milford without any knowledge whatever of the requirements of a school of forestry. Probably, as Jimmy had once expressed it, they thought forestry was much like elementary botany or the collecting of butterflies. Had they consulted with Ted before launching upon their enterprise, he would have told them that they had not prepared themselves in college with courses required by the graduate school, and that they therefore could not be admitted. But they only warned Ted a day in advance of their arrival, and so Ted, perforce, had to leave them to their folly.

It would therefore be unkind to make the reader a part of the interview which Messrs. Sands and Oliver had with the dean of the school at Milford on the morning after their arrival. This interview was brief, explicit, and humiliating.

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But the reader is quite entitled to hear what the would-be foresters had to say to one another as they slunk—slunk is the word—back to their quarters in the old colonial house. Jimmy was the first to speak.

"Of all the long-eared, two-hoofed, braying jackasses that the fool-killer ever allowed to escape, we are easily the champions."

Billy was far too overcome to expostulate. No doubt he assented.

"And, by-y go-o-o-s-sh," continued Jimmy with extended emphasis, "you, Bill Sands, are the hollow-headed, pig-eyed, blundering——"

"That'll do, please," objected Billy meekly.

"—who persuaded me to leave home and mother to come down here and get kicked out of a place that I never was fitted to enter!"

"How did I know," cried Billy, "that a fellow could not go to school if he wanted to?"

"Why didn't you find out?" continued Jimmy remorselessly. "What kind of a couple of marionettes do you think we look like now? Foresters, eh? Where's my green suit and my little feather? Ha ha! —you blithering game warden! You've just about got enough mental capacity to be a game warden, a sparrow cop, a park watchman, a bell-ringer! Bah! What are we going to say? Tell me that!" Jimmy was considerably exercised.

"Gee, Jimmy, I wish I knew," answered Billy slowly, for he was still somewhat dazed.

"Well, I'll tell you what we're going to say," he went on almost fiercely. "We're going to say that it's nix on the forestry business. Let the trees wither and rot! Let the beetles eat 'em! I've decided I don't want to be a wood-chopper or a bug doctor. To Heligoland with dendrology and silviculture and all the rest of the gibbering rot the learned professor was talking about!"

"Yes, Jimmy, I know, to be sure," agreed Billy, "but, hang it, why did not we drop to all this before we started? We've got to save our faces some way. We can't sneak home and admit we are a couple of dubs and that, because we did not take morphology and histology and zoology and inorganic chemistry and a lot of other drug-store courses in college, we are not fit to learn the art of saving the spreading chestnut-tree!"

"Well, that's the fact," persisted Jimmy gloomily.

"And what do you suppose those Morgan girls will think of us now?" asked Billy.

"Ye-es!" hissed Jimmy with a withering glance at his friend, "we are a fine pair of Romeos let loose on a community without keepers! And that was your idea, too! *I* could have waited until I learned to run my car. But *you*, you had to be a forester, right off the bat! Some day, Bill Sands, I'm going to get you in a place where it won't do you any good to yell for help, and I'm going to get two husky piano-movers to hold you, and I'm going to take a knotted club and beat you to a pulp!"

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy," said Billy, after a long pause, in which both had been thinking deeply. "I will call on the Morgan girls this afternoon and take the blame for the whole thing. I grabbed the credit for it last night, so I might as well swallow my medicine gracefully to-day."

"I never wanted to be a forester anyway," mumbled Jimmy.

"No, you wanted to be a chauffeur. And you can learn to run the car here just as well as anywhere else. That young fellow at the garage seems to be all right. We can't go right back home, that's a sure thing. I'm going to find something to keep me busy for a time, at least, while you're getting smeared with oil and gear grease."

"May Morgan, I suppose," growled Jimmy.

"Not at all," snapped Billy. "I mean I'm going to do some useful work. It may seem strange to you, but the way I feel is that as long as I've made such a jay of myself I've got to get square with myself."

After luncheon Jimmy went to the garage for his first lesson and Billy turned his steps toward Highwood. Edith Morgan was not at home, but May was there, and she was rather surprised to see Billy, especially such a dejected and solemn-looking Billy.

"They won't have us at the school," he

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"I just want to tell you, young lady," he exclaimed to May, as he executed a step which approximated a war dance.—Page 101.

began without preliminaries. "It seems you must have studied a lot of bug and tree stuff before you can enter; and we did not take any of those courses in college, and we did not know the requirements when we came."

"Ted said last night," said May consolingly, "that you boys weren't in his classes senior year, and he wondered how you had fixed it to be admitted."

"We had not," muttered Billy doggedly; "we are the kind of toads that don't look before they leap. But as long as I have leaped, I'm going to land somewhere. Perhaps you can help me out. Let's talk it over."

And they did, all the afternoon. And when Billy joined Jimmy again, he was approximately cheerful.

"I've got it all fixed," he explained. "Ted came home while I was there, and the scheme I had already worked out with May Morgan is possible. I'm going to tutor with one of the poor fellows at the school; Ted says there's a mighty clever chap working his way through. And Ted says the men will be glad to let me go along on surveys and other out-door work, and I can pick up enough that way to make it worth while anyway."

"Oh, very well," drawled Jimmy. "I've had all the tutoring I want for many years to come. And I guess you won't last long. But I'll stick it out as long as you do. I know what the differential and the compensating gears are now."

Billy Sands was apparently quite serious about "getting square" with himself. He worked an hour a day with a student of the senior class and struggled with trigonometry and surveying and mensuration. He spent much time at the school, too, loafing and chatting with the foresters-to-

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be; and later in the summer, when the juniors went off on all-day surveying parties, he went along and carried the chain, and actually enjoyed himself. He picked up a lot of general information, too, for the talk of these students was all of trees and lumber and kindred topics.

And each day he found some hour to spend with May. She was not by any means a frivolous person, and she honestly admired Billy for the way he was sticking to a determination, which, after all, was more altruistic than practical. When sometimes he would become discouraged, she would say:

"Stick to it, Billy. Even if you don't want to be a forester, it is not going to hurt to learn some of the things they know up there. The knowledge may come in handy some day. Opportunity, you know, always approaches in disguise!"

And thus six weeks passed very rapidly. Jimmy became more or less expert as a mechanic, and actually took down his car and put it together again, with the assistance of his garage friend. But, as he sadly confessed to Billy, he never could seem to make Edith Morgan believe he knew anything more than whether it was raining or not.

"While you and May are as thick as thieves," he grumbled enviously, "and she seems to think you are a wonderful person because you caddy for those woodchoppers."

In mid-September they departed from Milford and travelled home in Jimmy's car. In mid-October they fulfilled Billy's earlier prophecy. Jimmy entered the woollen business with his father; Billy was taken as a cub into the offices of Worthington & Ford, in Wall Street. He did not know whether he liked his work or not; but he did those simple, drudgy things he was told to do, with promptitude and a certain amount of intelligence. He won the respect of Mr. Worthington, his father's friend.

One afternoon in early December the head of the firm stopped at Billy's desk to give him some instructions for the morrow. Billy listened, and as his chief was about to depart he coughed in a slightly embarrassed way and said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Worthington, but I inadvertently heard you and Mr. Ford talking the other day about the consolidation of those two Nebraska lumber companies, the Cody and the Ridge concerns——"

"Young man," said Mr. Worthington, with kindly severity, "a clerk in an office like this has no business to overhear."

"I realize that, Mr. Worthington," continued Billy, somewhat confused, "but it was no fault of mine, and I was interested in what you were saying about those particular lumber companies, because I happen to know a lot about them—a lot of inside information, I mean—facts that would be of value to you in determining whether you want to float the scheme or not. You see," he went on glibly, "when I was studying at the Yale Forest School last summer there were some men in the senior class who had helped survey the timber on the Cody property, and there was one fellow who had worked for a year as foreman of the Ridge Lumber Company——"

"Young man," interrupted Mr. Worthington, "Mr. Ford and I are dining at the Metropolitan Club to-night. If you will join us there at seven we shall be glad to hear what you know about the Cody and the Ridge Lumber Companies."

Billy hustled uptown and called on May Morgan for a few moments before he rushed home and jumped into his evening clothes, and the two buzzed like a couple of bees.

"Billy boy," she cried, "here is the opportunity! I feel it. I told you opportunity always came in disguise. Whoever would have thought when you were gossiping with those men at Milford that you were absorbing material to make you a Wall Street magnate?"

"Don't go so fast, May, dear," he laughed, as he rose to go. "But I sure would be a magnate if I could have a finger in that pie. It's a good thing, and curiously enough it never occurred to me what a good thing it was!"

"You are only an embryo magnate," she said, but there was a bit of pride in her voice nevertheless.

It happened that the knowledge Billy possessed of the working methods of the lumber companies in question, of their area and of the timber standing, of their

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facilities for marketing and the quality of their product, and somewhat of the financial condition of the Ridge concern, was just what Messrs. Worthington & Ford desired to have. It was information they could not have got at any price within the time at their disposal, and much of it corroborated certain secret advices they already possessed. As it was necessary for them to decide the next day whether or not they should undertake the promotion of the consolidation in question, Billy's familiarity with the existing conditions was invaluable. They were amazed to discover such a mine of information in their youngest clerk. And they were fair men and generous.

The next morning the head of the firm called Billy into his private office and informed him that, largely on his reports, they had concluded to embark upon the enterprise; and Mr. Worthington added that, to show their appreciation of Billy's services, they would allow him a one-tenth interest in the profits if he desired to invest, say, two thousand dollars. They could just as well have let him in for nothing, but old Mr. Ford had insisted that it would be for the young man's good to feel a certain financial responsibility. Billy talked the matter over with his father, who was quite willing to assist his son in any investment which bore the stamp of Mr. Worthington's approval.

Thus it was that one afternoon, late in January, Billy telephoned madly to May and half an hour later was striding excitedly into the Morgan home.

"I just want to tell you, young lady," he exclaimed to May, as he executed a step which approximated a war dance, "that I have to-day been appointed assistant managing clerk of the house of Worthington & Ford with compensating perquisites. Also, and moreover, the Cody-Ridge consolidation has finally been squared up and exactly twenty-two thousand dollars have been placed to the account of little Billy!"

May beamed.

"Don't you think now, Miss M. Morgan, that it is an appropriate and goodly time for us to approach your father and ask him if he has any objections to my placing a little gold ring on your little left hand? I think about Easter Monday for us, eh?"

But May's reply, owing to outside influences over which she had no control, was not then enunciated in words.

ON HER SAINT'S DAY

By E. Sutton

ANOTHER year with wingèd feet
Thy silver dawn, Saint Marguerite,
Wafteth faint farewell as he goes
With breathings from her heart of rose,
And ocean savors, sharp and sweet.

"Farewell!" and so we turn to greet,
Y-fledged with sunrise, bright, and fleet,
One veiled, whose urn o'erladen shows
Another year.

But Love, why question and repeat
Or whether thorns, or tares, or wheat
His hand will strew? for no one knows:
And ever in thy garden sows
The white flower of the Paraclete
Another year.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XXXI

THE pale, dark young secretary of state had fled from the capital in a soldier's uniform and had been captured with a pardon in his pocket from the Pennyroyal governor, which the authorities refused to honor. The mountain ex-secretary of state had fled across the Ohio, to live there an exile. The governor from the Pennyroyal had carried his case to the supreme court of the land, had lost, and he, too, amid the condemnation of friends and foes, had crossed the same yellow river to the protection of the same northern State. With his flight the troubles at the capital had passed the acute crisis and settled down into a long, wearisome struggle to convict the assassins of the autocrat. During the year the young secretary of state had been once condemned to death, once to life imprisonment, and was now risking the noose again on a third trial. Jason Hawn's testimony at his own trial, it was thought, would help Steve Hawn. Indeed, another mountaineer, Hiram Honeycutt, an uncle to little Aaron, was, it seemed, in greater danger than Steve, but the suspect in most peril was an auditor's clerk from the blue-grass; so it looked as though old Jason's prophecy, that the real murderer, if a mountaineer, would never be convicted, might yet come true. The autocrat was living on in the hearts of his followers as a martyr to the cause of the people, and a granite shaft was to rise in the little cemetery on the river bluff to commemorate his deeds and his name. His death had gratified the blood-lust of his foes, his young democratic successor would amend that "infamous election law" and was plainly striving for a just administration, and so bitterness began swiftly to abate, tolerance grew rapidly, and the State went earnestly on trying to cure its political ills. And yet even while John Burnham and his like were congratulating themselves that cool heads and strong hands had averted civil war, checked further violence, and left all questions to the law and the courts, the economic poison that tobacco had been spreading through the land began to shake the commonwealth with a new fever: for not liberty but daily bread was the farmer's question now.

The Big Trust had cut out competitive buyers, cut down prices to the cost of production, and put up the price of the tobacco bag and the plug. So that the farmer must smoke and chew his own tobacco, or sell it at a loss and buy it back again at whatever price the trust chose to charge him. Already along the southern border of the State the farmers had organized for mutual protection and the members had agreed to plant only half the usual acreage. When the non-members planted more than ever, masked men descended upon them at night and put the raiser to the whip and his barn to the torch. It seemed as though the passions of men aroused by the political troubles and getting no vent in action welcomed this new outlet, and already the night-riding of ku-klux and toll-gate days was having a new and easy birth. And these sinister forces were sweeping slowly toward the blue-grass. Thus the injection of this new problem brought a swift subsidence of politics in the popular mind. It caused a swift withdrawal of the political background from the lives of the Pendletons and dwarfed its importance for the time in the lives of the Hawns, for again the following spring Colonel Pendleton, in the teeth of the coming storm, raised tobacco, and so, for his mother, did Jason Hawn.

In the mountains meanwhile the trend, contrariwise, was upward—all upward. Railroads were building, mines were opening, great trees were falling for timber. Even the Hawns and Honeycutts were too busy for an actual renewal of the feud, though the casual traveller was amazed to discover slowly how bitter the enmity still was. But the feud in no way checked the growth going on in all ways, nor was that

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growth all material. More schools than St. Hilda's had come into the hills from the outside and were doing hardly less effective work. County schools, too, were increasing in number and in strength. More and more mountain boys and girls were each year going away to college, bringing back the fruits of their work and planting the seeds of them at home. The log cabin was rapidly disappearing, the frame cottages were being built with more neatness and taste, and garish colors were becoming things of the past. Indeed, a quick uplift through all the mountains was perceptible to any observant eye that had known and knew now the hills. To the law-makers at the capital and to the men of law and business in the blue-grass, that change was plain when they came into conflict with the lawyers and bankers and merchants of the highlands, for they found this new hillsman shrewd, resourceful, quick-witted, tenacious, and strong, and John Burnham began to wonder if the vigorous type of Kentuckian that seemed passing in the blue-grass might not be coming to a new birth in the hills—and he smiled grimly that following spring when he heard that a company of mountain militia from a county that was notorious for a desperate feud had been sent down to keep order in the tobacco lowlands. And he kept on smiling every time he heard that a mountaineer had sold his coal lands and moved down to buy some blue-grass farm and wondering how far this peaceful dispossessment might go in time; and whether a fusion of these social extremes of civilization might not be in the end for the best good of the State. And he knew that the basis of his every speculation about the fortunes of the State rested on the intertwining hand of fate in the lives of Marjorie and Gray Pendleton and Mavis and Jason Hawn.

XXXII

In June Gray Pendleton closed his college career as he had gone through it—like a meteor—and Jason went for the summer to the mountains, while Mavis stayed with his mother, for again Steve Hawn had been tried and convicted and returned to jail to await a new trial. In the mountains Jason got employment at some mines below the county-seat, and there he watched the incoming of the real "furriners," Italians, "Hunks," and Slavs, and the uprising of a mining town. He worked, too, in every capacity that was open to him, and he kept his keen eyes and keen mind busy that he might know as much as possible of the great machine that old Morton Sanders would build and set to work on his mother's land. And more than ever that summer he warmed to his uncle Arch Hawn for the fight that Arch was making to protect native titles to mountain lands—a fight that would help the achievement of the purpose that, though faltering at last, was still deep in the boy's heart.

In the autumn, when he went back to college, Gray had set off to some northern college for a post-graduate course in engineering and Marjorie had gone to some fashionable school in the great city of the nation for the finishing touches of hats and gowns, painting and music, and for a wider knowledge of her own social world. That autumn the tobacco trouble was already pointing to a crisis for Colonel Pendleton. The whip and lash and the destruction of seed-beds had been ineffective, and as the trust had got control of the trade, the raisers must now get control of the raw leaf in the field and in the barn. That autumn Jason himself drifted into one mass meeting of growers in the court-house one day on his way home from college. An orator from the far West with a shock of black hair and gloomy black brows and eyes urged a general and permanent alliance of the tillers of the soil. An old white-bearded man with cane and spectacles and a heavy goatee working under a chew of tobacco tremulously plead for a pooling of the crops. The answer was that all would not pool, and the question was how to get all in. A great-shouldered, red-faced man and a bull-necked fellow with gray, fearless eyes, both from the southern part of the State, openly urged the incendiary methods that they were practising at home—the tearing up of tobacco-beds, burning of barns, and the whipping of growers who refused to go into the pool. And then Colonel Pendleton rose, his face as white as his snowy shirt, and bowed courteously to the chairman.

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"These gentlemen, I think, are beside themselves," he said quietly, "and I must ask your permission to withdraw."

Jason followed him out to the courthouse door and watched him, erect as a soldier, march down the street, and he knew the trouble that was in store for the old gentleman, for already he had heard similiar incendiary talk from the small farmers around his mother's home.

The following June Marjorie and Gray Pendleton brought back finishing touches of dress, manner, and atmosphere to the dazzled envy of the less fortunate, in spite of the fact that both bore their new claims to distinction with a modesty that would have kept a stranger from knowing that they had ever been away from home. Jason and Mavis were still at the old university when the two arrived. To the mountaineers all four had once seemed almost on the same level, such had once been the comradeship between them, but now the old chasm seemed to yawn wider than ever between them and there was no time for it to close, if closing were possible, for again Jason went back to the hills—this time to Morton Sanders's opening mines—and, this time, Mavis went with him to teach Hawns and Honeycutts in a summer school on the outskirts of the little mining town. Again for Jason the summer was one of unflagging work and learning—learning all he could, all the time. He had discovered that to get his land back through the law, he must prove that Arch Hawn or Colonel Pendleton not only must have known about the big seam of coal, not only must have concealed the fact of their knowledge from his mother and Steve Hawn, but, in addition, must have told one or both, with the purpose of fraud, that the land was worth no more than was visible to the eye in timber and seams of coal that were known to all. That Colonel Pendleton could have been guilty of such underhandedness was absurd. Moreover, Jason's mother said that no such statement had been made to her by either, though Steve had sworn readily that Arch had said just that thing to him. But Jason began to believe that Steve had lied, and Arch Hawn laughed when he heard of Jason's investigations.

"Son, if you want that land back, or, ruther, the money it's worth, you git right down to work, learn the business, and dig it back in another way."

And that was what Jason half unconsciously was doing. And yet, with all the ambition that was in him, his interest in the work, his love for the hills, his sense of duty to his people and his wish to help them, the boy was sorely depressed that summer, for the talons with which the fate of birth and environment clutched him seemed to be tightening now again.

The trials of Steve Hawn and of Hiram Honeycutt for the death of the autocrat were bringing back the old friction. Charges and countercharges of perjury among witnesses had freshened the old enmity between the Hawns and the Honeycutts. Jason himself had once to go back to the blue-grass as witness, and when he returned he learned that the charge whispered against him, particularly by little Aaron, was that he had sworn falsely for Steve Hawn and falsely against Hiram Honeycutt. Again Babe Honeycutt had come back from the West and had quietly slipped out of the mountains again, and Jason was led to believe it was on his account, and once more the old oath began to weigh heavily upon him, for everybody seemed to take it as much for granted that he would some day fulfil that oath as that, after the dark of the moon, that moon would rise again. Moreover, fate was inexorably pushing him and little Aaron into the same channels that their fathers had followed and putting on each the duty and responsibility of leadership. And Jason, though shirking nothing, turned sick and faint of heart and was glad when the summer neared its close.

Though all his vacation he and Mavis had seen but little of each other, though Mavis lived with the old circuit rider and Jason in a little shack on the spur above her, for the boy was on the night shift and through most of the day was asleep. Moreover, both were rather morose and brooding, each felt the deep trouble of the other, and to it each paid the mutual respect of silence. How much Mavis knew, Jason little guessed, though he was always vaguely uneasy under the constant search of her dark eyes, and often he would turn toward her expecting her to speak. But not until the autumn was at hand and they were both making ready to go back

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to the blue-grass did she break her silence. The news had just reached them that Steve Hawn had come clear at last and was at home—and Mavis heard it with little elation and no comment. Next day she announced calmly that she was not going back with Jason, but would stay in the hills and go on with her school. Jason stared questioningly, but she would not explain—she only became more brooding and silent than ever, and only when they parted one drowsy day in September was the thought within her betrayed:

"I reckon maybe you won't come back again."

Jason was startled. She knew then—knew his discontent, his new longing to break the fetters of the hills, knew even that in his dreams Marjorie's face was still shining like a star. "Course I'm comin' back," he said, with a little return of his old boyish roughness, but his eyes fell before hers as he turned hurriedly away. He was rolling away from the hills, and his mind had gone back to her seated with folded hands and unseeing eyes in the old circuit-rider's porch, dreaming, thinking—thinking, dreaming—before he began fully to understand. He remembered his mother telling him how unhappy Mavis had been the summer the two were alone in the blue-grass and how she had kept away from Marjorie and Gray and all to herself. He recalled Mavis telling him bitterly how she had once overheard some girl student speak of her as the daughter of a jail-bird. He began to see that she had stayed in the blue-grass that summer on his mother's account and on her account would have gone back with him again. He knew that there was no disloyalty to her father in her decision, for he knew that she would stick to him, jail-bird or whatever he was, till the end of time. But now neither her father nor Jason's mother needed her. Through eyes that had gained a new vision in the blue-grass Mavis had long ago come to see herself as she was seen there; and now to escape wounds that any malicious tongue could inflict she would stay where the sins of fathers rested less heavily on the innocent. There was, to be sure, good reason for Jason to feel as Mavis felt—he had been a jail-bird himself—but not to act like her—no. And then as he rolled along he began to wonder what part Gray might be playing in her mind and heart. The vision of her seated in the porch thinking—thinking—would not leave him, and a pang of undefined remorse for leaving her behind started within him. She too had outgrown his and her people as he had—perhaps she was as rebellious against her fate as he was against his own, but, unlike him, utterly helpless. And suddenly the boy's remorse merged into a sympathetic terror for the loneliness that was hers.

XXXIII

Down in the blue-grass a handsome saddle-horse was hitched at the stile in front of Colonel Pendleton's house and the front door was open to the pale gold of the early sun. Upstairs Gray was packing for his last year away from home, after which he too would go to Morton Sanders's mines, on the land Jason's mother once had owned. Below him his father sat at his desk with two columns of figures before him, of assets and liabilities, and his face was gray and his form seemed to have shrunk when he rose from his chair; but he straightened up when he heard his boy's feet coming down the stairway, forced a smile to his lips, and called to him cheerily. Together they walked down to the stile.

"I'm going to drive into town this morning, dad," said Gray. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, son—nothing—except come back safe."

In the distance a tree crashed to the earth as the colonel was climbing his horse, and a low groan came from his lips, but again he quickly recovered himself at the boy's apprehensive cry.

"Nothing, son. I reckon I'm getting too fat to climb a horse—good-by."

He turned and rode away, erect as a youth of twenty, and the lad looked after him puzzled and alarmed. One glance his father had turned toward the beautiful woodland that had at last been turned over to axe and saw for the planting of tobacco, and it was almost the last tree of that woodland that had just fallen. When the first struck the earth two months before, the lad now recalled hearing his father mutter:

"This is the meanest act of my life."

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And suddenly now the boy knew that the act was done for him—and his eyes filled as he looked after the retreating horseman upon whose shoulders so much secret trouble weighed. And when the elder man passed through the gate and started down the pike, those broad shoulders began to droop, and the lad saw him ride out of sight with his chin close to his breast. The boy went back to his packing, but with a folded coat in his hand dropped in a chair by the open window, looking out on the quick undoing in that woodland of the Master's slow upbuilding for centuries, and he began to recall how often during the past summer he had caught his father brooding alone, or figuring at his desk, or had heard him pacing the floor of his bedroom late at night; how frequently he had made trips into town to see his lawyer, how often the lad had seen in his mail, lately, envelopes stamped with the name of his bank; and, above all, how often the old family doctor had driven out from town, and though there was never a complaint, how failing had been his father's health, and how he had aged. And suddenly Gray sprang to his feet, ordered his buggy and started for town.

Along the edge of the bleeding stumps of noble trees the colonel rode slowly, his thoughts falling and rising between his boy in the room above and his columns of figures in the room below. The sacrilege of destruction had started in his mind years before from love of the one, but the actual deed had started under pressure of the other, and now it looked as though each motive would be thwarted, for the tobacco war was on in earnest now and again the poor old commonwealth was rent as by a forked tongue of lightning. And, like the State, the colonel too was pitifully divided against himself.

Already many blue-grass farmers had pooled their crops against the great tobacco trust—already they had decided that no tobacco at all should be raised that coming year just when the colonel was deepest in debt and could count only on his tobacco for relief. And so the great-hearted gentleman must now go against his neighbor, or go to destruction himself and carry with him his beloved son. Toward noon he reined in on a little knoll above the deserted house of the old general, the patriarchal head of the family—who had passed not many years before—the rambling old house, stuccoed with aged brown and still in the faithful clasp of ancient vines. The old landmark had passed to Morton Sanders, and on and about it the ruthless hand of progress was at work. The atmosphere of careless, magnificent luxury was gone. The servants' quarters, the big hen-house, the old stables with gables and sunken roofs, the staggering fences, the old blacksmith-shop, the wheelless windmill—all were torn away or rebuilt. Only the arched gateway under which only thoroughbreds could pass was left, for Sanders loved horses and the humor of that gateway, and only the old spring-house with its green dripping walls. No longer even were the forest trees in the big yard ragged and storm-torn, but trimmed carefully, their wounds dressed, and sturdy with a fresh lease on life; only the mournful cedars were unchanged and still harping with every passing wind the same requiem for the glory that was gone. With another groan the old colonel turned his horse toward home—the home that but for the slain woodlands would soon pass in that same way to house a Sanders tenant or an overseer.

When he reached his front door he heard his boy whistling like a happy lark in his room at the head of the stairway. The sounds pierced him for one swift instant and then his generous heart was glad for the careless joy of youth, and instead of going into his office he slowly climbed the stairs. When he reached the door of the boy's room, he saw two empty trunks, the clothes that had been in them tossed in a whirlwind over bed and chair and floor and Gray hanging out of the window and shouting to a servant:

"Come up here, Tom, and help put my things back—I'm not going away."

A joyous whoop from below answered: "Yassuh, yassuh; my Gord, but I *is* glad. Why, de colonel——"

Just then the boy heard a slight noise behind him and he turned to see his father's arms stretched wide for him.

Gray remained firm. He would not waste another year. He had a good start, he would go to the mines and begin work and he could come home when he pleased,

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if only over Sunday. So, as Mavis had watched Jason leave to be with Marjorie in the blue-grass, so Marjorie now watched Gray leave to be with Mavis in the hills. And between them John Burnham was again left wondering.

XXXIV

At sunset Gray Pendleton pushed his tired horse across the Cumberland River and up into the county-seat of the Hawns and Honeycutts. From the head of the main street two battered signs caught his eye—Hawn Hotel and Honeycutt Inn—the one on the right-hand side close at hand, and the other far down on the left, and each on the corner of the street. Both had double balconies, both were ramshackle and unpainted, and near each was a general store, run now by a subleader of each faction—Hiram Honeycutt and Shade Hawn—for old Jason and old Aaron, except in councils of war and business, had retired into the more or less peaceful haven of home and old age. Naturally the boy drew up and stopped before the Hawn Hotel, from the porch of which keen eyes scrutinized him with curiosity and suspicion, and before he had finished his supper of doughy biscuits, greasy bacon, and newly killed fried chicken, the town knew but little less about his business there than he himself. That night he asked many questions of Shade Hawn, the proprietor, and all were answered freely, except where they bore on the feud of half a century, and then Gray encountered a silence that was puzzling but significant and deterrent. Next morning everybody who spoke to him called him by name, and, as he rode up the river, there was the look of recognition in every face he saw, for the news of him had gone ahead the night before. At the mouth of Hawn Creek, in a bend of the river, he came upon a school-house under a beech-tree on the side of a little hill, and through the open door he saw, amidst the bent heads of the pupils, the figure of a young woman seated at a desk, and had he looked back when he turned up the creek he would have seen her at the window, gazing covertly after him with one hand against her heart. For Mavis Hawn, too, had heard that Gray was come to the hills. All morning she had been watching the open doorway, and yet when she saw him pass she went pale and had to throw her head up sharply to get her breath. Her hands trembled, she rose and went to the window, and she did not realize what she was doing until she turned to meet the surprised and curious eyes of one of the larger girls, who too could see the passing stranger, and then the young school-mistress flushed violently and went to her seat. The girl was a Honeycutt, and more than once that long, restless afternoon Mavis met the same eyes searching her own and already looking mischief. Slowly the long afternoon passed, school was dismissed, and Mavis, with the circuit-rider's old dog on guard at her heels, started slowly up the creek with her eyes fixed on every bend of the road she turned and on the crest of every little hill she climbed, watching for Gray to come back. Once a horse that looked like the one he rode and glimpsed through the bushes far ahead made her heart beat violently and stopped her, poised for a leap into the bushes, but it was only little Aaron Honeycutt, who lifted his hat, flushed, and spoke gravely, and Mavis reached the old circuit-rider's gate, slipped around to the back porch and sat down, still in a tumult that she could not calm. It was not long before she heard a clear shout of "hello" at the gate, and she clinched her chair with both hands, for the voice was Gray's. She heard the old woman go to the door, heard her speak her surprise and hearty welcome—heard Gray's approaching steps.

"Is Mavis here?" Gray asked.

"She ain't got back from school."

"Was that her school down there at the mouth of the creek?"

"Shore."

"Well, I wish I had known that."

Calmly and steadily then Mavis rose, and a moment later Gray saw her in the door and his own heart leaped at the rich, grave beauty of her. Gravely she shook hands, gravely looked full into his eyes, without a question sat down with quiet hands folded in her lap, and it was the boy who was embarrassed and talked. He would live with the superintendent on the spur just above and he would be a near neighbor. His father was not well. Marjorie was not going away again, but would

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stay at home that winter. Mavis's stepmother was well, and he had not seen Jason before he left—they must have passed each other on the way. Since Mavis's father was now at home, Jason would stay at the college, as he lost so much time going to and fro. Gray was glad to get to work, he already loved the mountains; but there had been so many changes he hardly remembered the creek—how was Mavis's grandfather, old Mr. Hawn? Mavis raised her eyes, but she was so long answering that the old woman broke in:

"He's mighty peart fer sech a' old man, but he's a-breakin' fast an' he ain't long fer this wuld." She spoke with the frank satisfaction that, among country folks, the old take in ushering their contemporaries through the portals, and Gray could hardly help smiling. He rose to leave presently, and the old woman pressed him to stay for supper; but Mavis's manner somehow forbade, and the boy climbed back up the spur, wondering, ill at ease, and almost shaken by the new beauty the girl seemed to have taken on in the hills. For there she was at home. She had the peace and serenity of them: the pink-flecked laurel was in her cheeks, the white of the rhododendron was at the base of her full round throat, and in her eyes were the sleepy shadows of deep ravines. It might not be so lonely for him after all in his exile, and the vision of the girl haunted Gray when he went to bed that night and made him murmur and stir restlessly in his sleep.

XXXV

Once more, on his way for his last year at college, Jason Hawn had stepped into the chill morning air at the railway junction, on the edge of the blue-grass. Again a faint light was showing in the east, and cocks were crowing from a low sea of mist that lay motionless over the land, but this time the darky porter reached without hesitation for his bag and led him to the porch of the hotel, where he sat waiting for breakfast. Once more at sunrise he sped through the breaking mist and high over the yellow Kentucky River, but there was no pang of homesickness when he looked down upon it now. Again fields of grass and grain, grazing horses and cattle, fences, houses, barns reeled past his window, and once more Steve Hawn met him at the station in the same old rattletrap buggy, and again stared at him long and hard.

"Ain't much like the leetle feller I met here three year ago—air ye?"

Steve was unshaven and his stubbly, thick, black beard emphasized the sickly touch of prison pallor that was still on his face. His eyes had a new, wild, furtive look, and his mouth was cruel and bitter. Again each side of the street was lined with big wagons loaded with tobacco and covered with cotton cloth. Steve pointed to them.

"Rickolect whut I tol' you about hell a-comin' about that terbaccer?"

Jason nodded.

"Well, hit's come." His tone was ominous, personal, and disturbed the boy.

"Look here, Steve," he said earnestly, "haven't you had enough now? Ain't you goin' to settle down and behave yourself?"

The man's face took on the snarl of a vicious dog.

"No, by God!—I hain't. The trouble's on me right now. Colonel Pendleton hain't treated me right—he cheated me out——"

Steve got no further; the boy turned squarely in the buggy and his eyes blazed.

"That's a lie. I don't know anything about it, but I know it's a lie."

Steve, too, turned furious, but he had gone too far, and had counted too much on kinship, so he controlled himself, and with vicious cunning whipped about.

"Well," he said in an injured tone, "I mought be mistaken. We'll see—we'll see."

Jason had not asked about his mother, and he did not ask now, for Steve's manner worried him and made him apprehensive. He answered the man's questions about the mountains shortly, and with diabolical keenness Steve began to probe old wounds.

"I reckon," he said sympathetically, "you hain't found no way yit o' gittin' yo' land back?"

"No."

"Ner who shot yo' pap?"

"No."

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"Well, I hear as how Colonel Pendleton owns a lot in that company that's diggin' out yo' coal. Mebbe you might git it back from him."

Jason made no answer, for his heart was sinking with every thought of his mother and the further trouble Steve seemed bound to make. Martha Hawn was standing in her porch with one hand above her eyes when they drove into the mouth of the lane. She came down to the gate, and Jason put his arms around her and kissed her; and when he saw the tears start in her eyes he kissed her again while Steve stared, surprised and uncomprehending. Again that afternoon Jason wandered aimlessly into the blue-grass fields, and again his feet led him to the knoll whence he could see the twin houses of the Pendletons bathed in the yellow sunlight, and their own proud atmosphere of untroubled calm. And again, even, he saw Marjorie galloping across the fields, and while he knew the distressful anxiety in one of the households, he little guessed the incipient storm that imperious young woman was at that moment carrying within her own breast from the other. For Marjorie missed Gray; she was lonely and she was bored; she had heard that Jason had been home several days; she was irritated that he had not been to see her, nor had sent her any message, and just now what she was going to do she did not exactly know or care. Half an hour later he saw her again, coming back at a gallop along the turnpike, and seeing him, she pulled in and waved her whip. Jason took off his hat, waved it in answer, and kept on, whereat imperious Marjorie wheeled her horse through a gate into the next field and thundered across it and up the slope toward him. Jason stood hat in hand—embarrassed, irresolute, pale. When she pulled in, he walked forward to take her outstretched gloved hand, and when he looked up into her spirited face and challenging eyes, a great calm came suddenly over him, and from it emerged his own dominant spirit which the girl instantly felt. She had meant to tease, badger, upbraid, domineer over him, but the volley of reproachful questions that were on her petulant red lips dwindled lamely to one:

"How's Mavis, Jason?"

"She's well as common."

"You didn't see Gray?"

"No."

"I got a letter from him yesterday. He's living right above Mavis. He says she is more beautiful than ever, and he's already crazy about his life down there—and the mountains."

"I'm mighty glad."

She turned to go, and the boy walked down the hill to open the gate for her—and sidewise Marjorie scrutinized him. Jason had grown taller, darker, his hair was longer, his clothes were worn and rather shabby, the atmosphere of the hills still invested him, and he was more like the Jason she had first seen, so that the memories of childhood were awakened in the girl and she softened toward him. When she passed through the gate and turned her horse toward him again, the boy folded his arms over the gate, and his sun-burned hands showed to Marjorie's eyes the ravages of hard work.

"Why haven't you been over to see me, Jason?" she asked gently.

"I just got back this mornin'."

"Why, Gray wrote you left home several days ago."

"I did—but I stopped on the way to visit some kinfolks."

"Oh. Well, aren't you coming? I'm lonesome and I guess you will be too—without Mavis."

"I won't have time to get lonesome."

The girl smiled.

"That's ungracious—but I want you to take the time."

The boy looked at her; since his trial he had hardly spoken to her, and had rarely seen her. Somehow he had come to regard his presence at Colonel Pendleton's the following Christmas night as but a generous impulse that was to end then and there. He had kept away from Marjorie thereafter, and if he was not to keep away now, he must make matters very clear.

"Maybe your mother won't like it," he said gravely. "I'm a jail-bird."

"Don't, Jason," she said, shocked by his frankness; "you couldn't help that. I want you to come."

Jason was reddening with embarrassment now, but he had to get out what had been so long on his mind.

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"I'm comin' once anyhow. I know what she did for me and I'm comin' to thank her for doin' it."

Marjorie was surprised and again she smiled.

"Well, she won't like that, Jason," she said, and the boy, not misunderstanding, smiled too.

"I'm comin'."

Marjorie turned her horse.

"I hope I'll be at home."

Her mood had turned to coquetry again. Jason had meant to tell her that he knew she herself had been behind her mother's kindness toward him, but a sudden delicacy forbade, and to her change of mood he answered:

"You will be—when I come."

This was a new deftness for Jason, and a little flush of pleasure came to the girl's cheeks and a little seriousness to her eyes.

"Well, you *are* mighty nice, Jason—good-by."

"Good-by," said the boy soberly.

At her own gate the girl turned to look back, but Jason was striding across the fields. She turned again on the slope of the hill but Jason was still striding on. She watched him until he had disappeared, but he did not turn to look and her heart felt a little hurt. She was very quiet that night, so quiet that she caught a concerned look in her mother's eyes, and when she had gone to her room her mother came in and found her in a stream of moonlight at her window. And when Mrs. Pendleton silently kissed her, she broke into tears.

"I'm lonely, mother," she sobbed; "I'm so lonely."

A week later Jason sat on the porch one night after supper and his mother came to the doorway.

"I forgot to tell ye, Jason, that Marjorie Pendleton rid over here the day you got here an' axed if you'd come home."

"I saw her down the pike that day," said Jason, not showing the surprise he felt. Steve Hawn, coming around the corner of the house, heard them both and on his face was a malicious grin.

"Down the pike," he repeated. "I seed ye both a-talkin' up thar at the edge of the woods. She looked back at ye twice, but you wouldn't take no notice. Now that Gray ain't hyeh I reckon you mought——"

The boy's protest, hoarse and inarticulate, stopped Steve, who dropped his bantering tone and turned serious.

"Now looky here, Jason, yo' uncle Arch has tol' me about Gray and Mavis already down thar in the mountains, an' I see what's comin' up here fer you. You an' Gray ought to have more sense—gittin' into such trouble——"

"Trouble!" cried the boy.

"Yes, I know," Steve answered. "Hit is funny fer me to be talkin' about trouble. I was born to it, as the circuit-rider says, as the sparks fly upward. Thar ain't no hope fer me, but you——"

The boy rose impatiently but curiously shaken by such words and so strange a tone from his step-father. He was still shaken when he climbed to Mavis's room and was looking out her window, and that turned his thoughts to her and to Gray in the hills. What was the trouble that Steve had already heard about Mavis and Gray, and what the trouble at which Steve had hinted—for him? Once before Steve had dropped a bit of news, also gathered from Arch Hawn, that during the truce in the mountains little Aaron Honeycutt had developed a wild passion for Mavis, but at that absurdity Jason had only laughed. Still the customs of the blue-grass and the hills were widely divergent, and if Gray, only out of loneliness, were much with Mavis, only one interpretation was possible to the Hawns and Honeycutts, just as only one interpretation had been possible for Steve with reference to Marjorie and himself, and Steve's interpretation he contemptuously dismissed. His grandfather might make trouble for Gray, or Gray and little Aaron might clash. He would like to warn Gray, and yet even with that wish in his mind a little flame of jealousy was already licking at his heart, though already that heart was thumping at the bid of Marjorie. Impatiently he began to wonder at the perverse waywardness of his own soul, and without undressing he sat at the window—restless, sleepless, and helpless against his warring self—sat until the shadows of the night began to sweep after the light of the sinking moon. When he rose finally, he thought he saw a dim figure moving

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around the corner of the barn. He rubbed his eyes to make sure, and then picking up his pistol he slipped down the stairs and out the side door, taking care not to awaken his mother and Steve. When he peered forth from the corner of the house, Steve's chestnut gelding was outside the barn and somebody was saddling him. Some negro doubtless was stealing him out for a ride, as was not unusual in that land, and that negro Jason meant to scare half to death. Noiselessly the boy reached the hen-house, and when he peered around that he saw to his bewilderment that the thief was Steve. Once more Steve went into the barn, and this time when he came out he began to fumble about his forehead with both hands, and a moment later Jason saw him move toward the gate, masked and armed. A long shrill whistle came from the turnpike and he heard Steve start into a gallop down the lane.

XXXVI

It was three days before Steve Hawn returned, ill-humored, reddened by drink, and worn. As ever Martha Hawn asked no questions and Jason betrayed no curiosity, no suspicion, though he was not surprised to learn that in a neighboring county the night riders had been at their lawless work, and he had no doubt that Steve was among them. Jason would be able to help but little that autumn in the tobacco field, for it was his last year in college and he meant to work hard at his books, but he knew that the dispute between his step-father and Colonel Pendleton was still unsettled—that Steve was bitter and had a secret relentless purpose to get even. He did not dare give Colonel Pendleton a warning, for it was difficult, and he knew the fiery old gentleman would receive such an intervention with a gracious smile and dismiss it with haughty contempt; so Jason decided merely to keep a close watch on Steve.

On the opening day of college, as on the opening day three years before, Jason walked through the fields to town, but he did not start at dawn. The dew-born mists were gone and the land lay, with no mystery to the eye or the mind, under a brilliant sun—the fields of stately corn, the yellow tents of wheat gone from the golden stretches of stubble, and green trees rising from the dull golden sheen of the stripped blue-grass pastures. The cut upturned tobacco no longer looked like hunch-backed witches on broomsticks and ready for flight, for the leaves, waxen, oily, inert, hung limp and listless from the sticks that pointed like needles to the north to keep the stalks inclined as much as possible from the sun. Even they had taken on the Midas touch of gold, for all green and gold that world of blue-grass was—all green and gold, except for the shaggy unkempt fields where the king of weeds had tented the year before and turned them over to his camp followers—ragweed, dockweed, white-top, and cockle-burr. But the resentment against such an agricultural outrage that the boy had caught from John Burnham was no longer so deep, for that tobacco had kept his mother and himself alive and the father of his best friend must look to it now to save himself from destruction. All the way Jason, walking leisurely, confidently, proudly, and with the fires of his ambition no less keen, thought of the green mountain boy who had torn across those fields at sunrise, that when "school took up" he might not be late—thought of him with much humor and with no little sympathy. When he saw the smoke cloud over the town he took to the white turnpike and quickened his pace. Again the campus of the rival old Transylvania was dotted with students moving to and fro. Again the same policeman stood on the same corner, but now he shook hands with Jason and called him by name. When he passed between the two gray stone pillars with pyramidal tops and swung along the driveway between the maple-trees and chattering sparrows, there were the same boys with caps pushed back and trousers turned up, the same girls with hair up and hair down, but what a difference now for him. Even while he looked around there was a shout from a crowd around John Burnham's doorway; several darted from that crowd toward him and the crowd followed. A dozen of them were trying to catch his hand at once, and the welcome he had seen Gray Pendleton once get he got now for himself, for again a pair of hands went high, a series of barbaric yells were barked out, and the air

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was rent with the name of Jason Hawn. Among them Jason stood flushed, shy, grateful. A moment later he saw John Burnham in the doorway—looking no less pleased and waiting for him. Even the old president paused on his crutches for a handshake and a word of welcome. The boy found himself wishing that Marjorie—and Mavis—were there, and as he walked up the steps, from out behind John Burnham Marjorie stepped—proud for him and radiant.

And so, through that autumn, the rectangular, diametric little comedy went on between Marjorie and Jason in the blue-grass and between Gray and Mavis in the hills. No Saturday passed that Jason did not spend at his mother's home or with John Burnham, and to the mother and Steve and to Burnham his motive was plain—for most of his time was spent with Marjorie Pendleton. Somehow Marjorie seemed always driving to town or coming home when Jason was on his way home or going to town, and somehow he was always afoot and Marjorie was always giving him a kindly lift one or the other way. Moreover, horses were plentiful as barn-yard fowls on Morton Sanders's farm, and the manager, John Burnham's brother, who had taken a great fancy to Jason, gave him a mount whenever the boy pleased. And so John Burnham saw the two galloping the turnpikes or through the fields, or at dusk going slowly toward Marjorie's home. Besides, Marjorie organized many hunting parties that autumn, and the moon and the stars looking down saw the two never apart for long. About the intimacy Mrs. Pendleton and the colonel thought little. Colonel Pendleton liked the boy, Mrs. Pendleton wanted Marjorie at home, and she was glad for her to have companionship. Moreover, to both Marjorie was still a child, anything serious would be absurd, and anyway Marjorie was meant for Gray.

In the mountains Gray's interest in his life was growing every day. He liked to watch things planned and grow into execution. His day began with the screech of a whistle at midnight. Every morning he saw the sun rise and the mists unroll and the drenched flanks of the mountains glisten and drip under the sunlight. During the afternoon he woke up in time to stroll down the creek, meet Mavis after school, and walk back to the circuit-rider's house with her. After supper every night he would go down the spur and sit under the honeysuckles with her on the porch. The third time he came the old man and woman quietly withdrew and were seen no more, and this happened thereafter all the time. Meanwhile in the blue-grass and the hills the forked tongues of gossip began to play, reaching last, as usual, those who were most concerned, but, as usual, reaching them, too, in time. In the blue-grass it was criticism of Colonel and Mrs. Pendleton, their indifference, carelessness, blindness, a gaping question of their sanity at the risk of even a suspicion that such a mating might be possible—the proud daughter of a proud family with a nobody from the hills, unknown except that he belonged to a fierce family whose history could be written in human blood; who himself had been in jail on the charge of murder; whose mother could not write her own name; whose stepfather was a common tobacco tenant no less illiterate, and with a brain that was a hot-bed of lawless mischief, and who held the life of a man as cheap as the life of a steer fattening for the butcher's knife. But in all the gossip there was no sinister suggestion or even thought save in the primitive inference of this same Steve Hawn.

In the mountains, too, the gossip was for a while innocent. To the simple democratic mountain way of thinking, there was nothing strange in the intimacy of Mavis and Gray. There Gray was no better than any mountain boy. He was in love with Mavis, he was courting her, and if he won her he would marry her, and that simply was all—particularly in the mind of old grandfather Hawn. Likewise, too, was there for a while nothing sinister in the talk, for at first Mavis held to the mountain custom, and would not walk in the woods with Gray unless one of the school-children was along—nothing sinister except to Aaron Honeycutt, whose code had been a little poisoned by his two years' stay outside the hills.

Once more about each pair the elements of social tragedy began to concentrate, intensify, and become active. The new development in the hills made business com-

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petition keen between Shade Hawn and Hiram Honeycutt, who each ran a hotel and store in the county-seat. As old Jason Hawn and old Aaron Honeycutt had retired from the leadership, and little Jason and little Aaron had been out of the hills, leadership naturally was assumed by these two business rivals, who revived the old hostility between the factions, but gave vent to it in a secret, underhanded way that disgusted not only old Jason, but even old Aaron as well. For now and then a hired Hawn would drop a Honeycutt from the bushes and a hired Honeycutt would drop a Hawn. There was, said old Jason with an oath of contempt, no manhood left in the feud. No principal went gunning for a principal—no hired assassin for another of his kind.

"Nobody ain't shootin' the *right* feller," said the old man. "Looks like hit's a question of which hired feller gits fust the man who hired the other feller."

And when this observation reached old Aaron he agreed heartily.

"Fer once in his life," he said, "old Jason Hawn kind o' by accident is a-hittin' the truth." And each old man bet in his secret heart, if little Aaron and little Jason were only at home together, things would go on in quite a different way.

In the lowlands the tobacco pool had been formed and, when persuasion and argument failed, was starting violent measures to force into the pool raisers who would not go in willingly. In the western and southern parts of the State the night riders had been more than ever active. Tobacco beds had been destroyed, barns had been burned, and men had been threatened, whipped, and shot. Colonel Pendleton found himself gradually getting estranged from some of his best friends. He quarrelled with old Morton Sanders, and in time he retired to his farm, as though it were the pole of the earth. His land was his own to do with as he pleased. No man, no power but the Almighty and the law, could tell him what he *must* do. The tobacco pool was using the very methods of the trust it was seeking to destroy. Under those circumstances he considered his duty to himself paramount to his duty to his neighbor, and his duty to himself he would do; and so the old gentleman lived proudly in his loneliness and refused to know fear, though the night riders were getting busy now in the counties adjacent to the blue-grass, and were threatening raids into the colonel's own county—the proudest in the State. Other "independents" hardly less lonely, hardly less hated, had electrified their barbed-wire fences, and had hired guards—fighting men from the mountains—to watch their barns and houses, but such an example the colonel would not follow, though John Burnham plead with him, and even Jason dared at last to give him a covert warning, with no hint, however, that the warning was against his own stepfather Steve. It was the duty of the law to protect him, the colonel further argued; the county judge had sworn that the law would do its best; and only when the law could not protect him would the colonel protect himself.

And so the winter months passed until one morning a wood-thrush hidden in green depths sent up a song of spring to Gray's ears in the hills, and in the blue-grass a meadow-lark wheeling in the sunlight showered down the same song upon the heart of Jason Hawn.

Almost every Saturday Mavis would go down to stay till Monday with her grandfather Hawn, and Gray would drift down there to see her—and always, while Mavis was helping her grandmother in the kitchen, Gray and old Jason would sit together on the porch. Gray never tired of the old man's shrewd humor, quaint philosophy, his hunting tales and stories of the feud, and old Jason liked Gray and trusted him more the more he saw of him. And Gray was a little startled when it soon became evident that the old man took it for granted that in his intimacy with Mavis was one meaning and only one.

"I al'ays thought Mavis would marry Jason," he said one night, "but, Lordy Mighty, I'm nigh on to eighty an' I don't know no more about gals than when I was eighteen. A feller stands more chance with some of 'em stayin' away, an' agin if he stays away from some of 'em he don't stand no chance at all. An' agin I rickollect that if I hadn't 'a' got mad an' left grandma in thar jist at one time an' hadn't 'a' come back jist at the right time another time, I'd 'a' lost her—shore. Looks like you're cuttin' Jason out mighty

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fast now—but which kind of a gal Mavis in thar is, I don't know no more'n if I'd never seed her."

Gray flushed and said nothing, and a little later the old man went frankly on:

"I'm gittin' purty old now an' I hain't goin' to last much longer I reckon. An' I want you to know if you an' Mavis hitch up fer a life-trot tergether I aim to divide this farm betwixt her an' Jason, an' you an' Mavis can have the half up thar closest to the mines, so you can be close to yo' work."

The boy was saved any answer, for the old man expected and waited for none, so simple was the whole matter to him, but Gray, winding up the creek homeward in the moonlight that night, did some pretty serious thinking. No such interpretation could have been put on the intimacy between him and Mavis at home, for there companionship, coquetry, sentiment, devotion even, were possible without serious parental concern. Young people in the blue-grass handled their own heart affairs, and so they did for that matter in the hills, but Gray could not realize that primitive conditions forbade attention without intention: for life was simple, mating was early because life was so simple, and nature's way with humanity was as with her creatures of the fields and air except for the eye of God and the hand of the law. A license, a few words from the circuit-rider, a cleared hill-side, a one-room log-cabin, a side of bacon, and a bag of meal—and, from old Jason's point of view, Gray and Mavis could enter the happy portals, create life for others, and go on hand in hand to the grave. So that where complexity would block Jason in the blue-grass, simplicity would halt Gray in the hills. To be sure, the strangeness, the wildness, the activity of the life had fascinated Gray. He loved to ride the mountains and trails—even to slosh along the river road with the rain beating on him, dry and warm under a poncho. And often he would be caught out in the hills and have to stay all night in a cabin; and thus he learned the way of life away from the mines and the river bottoms. So far that poor life had only been pathetic and picturesque, but now when he thought of it as a part of his own life, of the people becoming through Mavis his people, he shuddered and stopped in the moonlit road—aghast. Still, the code of his father was his, all women were sacred, and withal there would be but one duty for him, if circumstances, as they bade fair to now, made that one duty plain. And if his father should go under, if Morton Sanders took over his home and the boy must make his own way and live his life where he was—why not? Gray sat in the porch of the house on the spur, long asking himself that question. He was asking it when he finally went to bed, and he went with it, unanswered, to sleep.

(To be continued.)

RETURN

By Curtis Hidden Page

My life's best years were spent
  In thought of you.
You heeded not, but went
  The whole world through;
And while you wandered free
  Hope died for me.

Now, wearied, worn, you come
  To me for rest.
You claim, dear heart, for home,
  My waiting breast.
'Tis yours—but wan with tears
  Of wasted years.

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THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

IV.—CITIES OF THE FORTS AND PORTAGES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

IT is a rich and varied crop that has grown from the leaden plates, with their French inscriptions, planted by St. Lusson, La Salle, and Celoron along the rivers in that western country. The mythical story of the sowing by Cadmus in the Bœotian Field is tame by comparison with a true relation of what has actually occurred in very modern days in a valley, as wild when Celoron traversed the course of the Ohio with his little fleet, only a century and a half ago, as was Bœotia when Cadmus set out from Phœnicia in search of his sister Europa, back beyond the memory of history.

It was a burgeoning, most miraculous, in those fields of the West, a new Europe, where soldiers sprang up immediately upon the sowing, like the martial sproutings of Cadmus's dragon's teeth, to build strongholds that should some day be cities, even as Cadmea, the fortress of the "Spartoi," became the city of Thebes.

And in this sowing did France become the progenitor of these western cities; of Pittsburgh and Buffalo; of Erie and St. Louis; of Detroit and New Orleans; of Peoria and still other cities whose names have never been heard by the people of France; even as Phœnicia in the wandering of her adventurous son Cadmus became the mother of Thebes and the godmother of Greek culture and of Europe's literature.

Sixty years after La Salle planted his plate of France's possession at the mouth of the Mississippi, another son of France went forth to sow along the Ohio tributary, close to the foot of the Alleghany Mountains—Celoron de Bienville, Chevalier de St. Louis. It is of his sowing that many cities have sprung, for he planted a plate of repossession at the entrance of every important branch of the Ohio as far down as the Miami, and fastened upon trees sheets of white iron bearing the arms of France. Chief among these cities is Pittsburgh, which stands on the carboniferous site of Fort Duquesne, looking westward, a place which Celoron is believed to have had in mind when he wrote in his journal: "The finest place on La Belle Rivière." What was then but a wedge of wild black land between two converging streams is now the foundation of the world's capital of a sterner metal than iron—scarred with fires, and, at times, smothered with smoke from many furnaces, two of which alone have poured forth enough molten iron in the last thirty years to cover with steel plates an inch thick a road fifty feet wide stretching from the Alleghany edge of the valley, not merely to the mouth of the Ohio, but on to the other mountain border. And this highway of plates across the empire of New France gives but suggestion of the meagrest fraction of the fruitage of the planting of the leaden plates—four pounds of iron, it has been estimated by one graphic statistician, for every man, woman, and child on the globe to-day.

One can but pause here to ask what would have been the result if France had but chosen, as Portia's successful suitor, "to owe and hazard all for lead" instead of deciding with the Prince of Morocco, the other suitor, that "a golden mind stoops not to shows of dross"—if France had hazarded all for the holding and settling of those regions whose worth was represented in those unpromising pieces of

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lead in the fertile soil of Louisiana, Michigan, and Ohio, along the watercourses, rather than in the caskets of gold and silver sought among the farther mountains —if Louis XV had but followed the advice of Marquis de la Gallissonière, the humpbacked governor-general of Canada, who furnished Celoron with these leaden seeds from France and appointed the place of the sowing—if Louis XV had but sent French peasants where the plates were buried, or had even let those who wanted to, flee to that valley, as they would have fled by tens of thousands, preferring the hardships and privations of the pioneer to the galleys, the dungeons, or the gallows.

Parkman, approaching in his imagination the great valley with Celoron from the north, exclaims, "The most momentous and far-reaching question ever brought to issue on this continent was: 'Shall France remain here or shall she not?' If, by diplomacy or war, she had preserved but the half, or less than half, of her American possessions, then the barrier would have been set to the spread of the English-speaking places; there would have been no Revolutionary War, and for a long time at least no independence. It was not a question of scanty populations strung along the St. Lawrence; it was—or under a government of any worth, it would have been—a question of armies and governors of France. The French soldiers left dead on inglorious continental battle-fields could have saved Canada, and perhaps made good her claim to the vast territories of the West," the territories to which the old French fort, Duquesne, became the key, the territories on whose nearer edge a wonderful city was to rise from its ruins.

It was indeed a significant and a picturesque processional that this Chevalier of St. Louis led from Montreal through twelve hundred leagues of journey by water and land to the mouth of the Miami and back. There were no hilarious songs in this prelude, such as were heard from the crests of the Blue Ridge when Spotswood's horsemen, the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," came up from the Virginia side, looked over into the valley, and turned back. It has the atmosphere and movement rather of some Greek tragedy. Some social principle, some human right has been offended, and a dire end awaits. Perhaps it is only a knowledge of the end that gives a gloom, despite the beautiful setting, to this prelude. So full of portent and color it is that I wonder no one has woven its incidents into the literature of France or an epic of America.

"I left La Chine on the fifteenth of June," begins the Celoron journal, "with a detachment formed of a captain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, an armorer, twenty men of the troops, one hundred and eighty Canadians, and nearly thirty savages—equal number of Iroquois and Abenakes." They filled twenty-three canoes in a procession that was halted again and again by wreck, by heat, by lack of rain and by too much rain, by difficult portages, by threatening savages and by savages who ran away to avoid the excessive speech-making and lecturing of these Old World orators. There is in a library in Paris a map of this expedition, made by the hand of Père Bonnecamps, who signs himself "Jesuitte Mathematician," and with it a diary kept by him, into which there has crept some of the sombreness of that narrow valley, fenced by mountains sometimes so high as to let the company see the sun only from nine or ten o'clock in the morning till two or three in the afternoon. And when one reads that diary, one may hear even to-day the despairful, yet appealing, voice of Celoron: "My children," he speaks for the great Onontio (governor-general), "since I have been at war with the English I have learned that that nation has deceived you; and not content with breaking your heart, they have profited by my absence from the country to invade the land which does not belong to them and which is mine. . . . I will give you the aid you should expect from a good father. I will furnish you traders in abundance if you wish them. I will place here officers if that please you—to give you good spirit, so that you will only work in good affairs."

And one may hear, too, the spokesman for the savages in answer: "My father, we pray you, have pity on us; we are young men who cannot reply as the old men could to what you have said to us. We have opened our eyes, we have taken spirit, we see that you only work with good affairs. Examine, my father, the situa-

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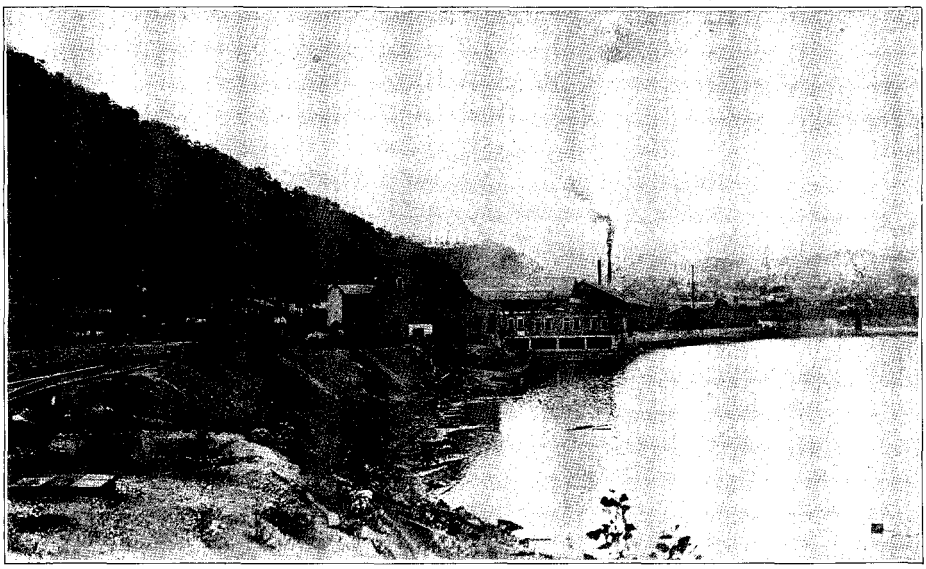

The Allegheny River.

tion in which we are. If thou makest the English to retire, who give us necessaries, and especially the smith who mends our guns and hatchets, we would be without help and exposed to die of hunger—of misery in the Belle Rivière. Have pity on us, my father, thou canst not give us our necessaries. Leave us at least for this winter, or at least till we go hunting, the smith, and some one who can help us. We promise thee that in the spring the English will retire."

And for a little time the English did retire. The French, following their Celoron trail of plates from Lake Erie, found a young Englishman with a few dozen workmen building a stockade where the "Loups" prayed for a smith, but they sent him back beyond the mountains and built upon the site Fort Duquesne—the defence of the mountain gate to the great valley—there with a few hundred men on the edge of a hostile wilderness to make beginning of that mighty struggle which was to end on the gray cliff which Cartier and Champlain had made their first fortress.

It is a fact of exceeding interest to us now that the first man to carry a challenge across the mountains to that brave and isolate garrison sitting in Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the water paths, was Washington ("Sir Washington," as one chronicler has written it), not Washington the American, but Washington the English subject, major in the colonial militia, envoy of an English governor of Virginia, Dinwiddie, who having acquired a controlling interest in the Ohio Company, became especially active in planning to seat a hundred families on that transmontane estate of a half million acres, and so to win title to it. "The strife that armed all the civilized world began here," and it was not a cannon-shot that gave the signal, but, as Voltaire said, "a volley from the hunting pieces of a few backwoodsmen, commanded by a Virginia youth, George Washington."

Washington went first to Fort Le Bœuf (a few miles back from Lake Erie, at the end of the portage from Presque Isle, now Erie), where he found the one-eyed French veteran, Legardeur de St. Pierre, in his frontier exile, and requested in the name of Governor Dinwiddie and of the shade of John Cabot the peaceable departure of those French pioneers and soldiers who, as the letter which the young colonel bore stated, were "erecting fortresses and making settlements upon the river [Ohio] so notoriously known to be the property of the Crown of Great Birtain."

For twenty miles I followed on foot one

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Looking from the site of Fort Le Boeuf. A so-called Washington tree in the distance.

day the stream which begins not far from this fort to find its way toward the Gulf of Mexico, a stream which is still called French Creek and which starts first toward France in its journey to the sea. Legardeur de St. Pierre, the commander of the fort, asked Washington, in rich diplomatic sarcasm, to descend to the particularization of facts, and the lithe figure of the colonel of militia disappeared behind the snows of the mountains only to come again across the mountains in the spring-time with sterner questioning. There was then no talk of Cabot or La Salle, of Indian purchase or crown property. Jumonville may have come out from Duquesne for peaceable speech, but Washington misunderstood or would not listen. A flash of flint fire, a fresh bit of lead planted in the hill of laurel, a splash of blood on the rock, and the war for the West was begun.

What actually happened out on the slope of that hill will never be accurately known. It doubtless seemed but an insignificant skirmish, and it is now remembered by only a line or two in our histories and until recently by only a little cairn of stones "far up among the mountain fogs near the head waters of the Youghiogheny River," which marks the grave of Jumonville. Washington, the major of colonial militia in the Alleghany Mountains, the scout of a land company, has been entirely forgotten in Washington, the father of a new nation; but Jumonville, the French ensign with no land-script, fighting certainly as unselfishly and with as high purpose, is not forgotten in any later achievement. That skirmish ended all for him. But let it be remembered, even now, that he was a representative of France standing almost alone at the confluence of all the waters for hundreds of miles on the other slope of the Alleghanies, in defence of what others had won by their hardihood and sacrifice.

I heard a great audience in the French Academy not long ago applaud the brave endurances of French priests and soldiers of Asia. Some day I hope these unrenowned men who sacrificed as much for France in America will be as notably remembered. There is a short street in Pittsburgh that bears Jumonville's name —a short street that runs from the river into a larger street with the name of one of his seven brothers, De Villiers, La Grande Villiers, who hastened from Montreal while another brother hastened from the Illinois to avenge his death. But the cairn on the hill-side has grown to no high monument. Mr. Hulbert states that occasionally a traveller repairs a rough wooden

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cross made of boards or tree branches and planted among the rocks of the cairn. But on a recent winter visit to the grave out in that lonesome ravine, I found that a permanent tablet had been placed there instead of the evanescent cross.

One must leave, however, to unrefreshed memories the exploits of Beaujeu and Braddock, of Contrecœur and Forbes, and, as the last French commander, must blow up Fort Duquesne of the past and come into the city of to-day.

Jumonville's grave as it was a few years ago.

II

PITTSBURGH is the front door of the valley of La Salle, as we now know the valley, and the most important door; for the tonnage that enters and leaves it by rail and water exceeds, it is estimated, the tonnage of the five other greatest cities of the world, and is one-half the combined tonnage of both coasts of the United States—which is probably due to the fact that so much of its traffic is not in silks and furs but in iron. And the multitudes of human beings that pass through it are comparable in numbers with the migrant tonnages and inanimate cargoes, for Pittsburgh is "the antithesis of a mediæval town"; "it is all motion;" "it is a flow, not a tank." The mountains, once impenetrable barriers that had to be gone about, have been levelled, and in the levelling the water-sheds have been shifted. One who sees that throng pass to-day back and forth, to and from the valley to the ocean, must know that there are no Alleghanies in our continental topography. If one makes the journey from the ocean in the night, one may hear, if one wakes, the puffing of two engines, but there will be nothing else to tell that the shaggy mountains are there—nothing except that and the groaning of the wheels.

The Indians, near Pittsburgh, prayed the messenger of Onontio that they might keep their English smith; and the prayer seems to have been abundantly answered, for Pittsburgh appears at first to be one vast smithy, so enveloped is it in the smoke of its own toil, so reddened are its great sky walls by its flaming forges, so filled is the air with the dust from the bellows, and so clangorous is the sound of its hammers. It is a city of Vulcan—a city whose industry makes academic discussions seem as the play of girls in a field of flowers. It is not primarily a market-place, this point of land, one of the places where the French and English traders used to barter guns, whiskey, and trinkets for furs. It is a making-place, a pit between the hills, where the fires of creation are still burning.

Celoron and his sombre voyage had been in my mind all day, as I sat in a beautiful library of that city among books of the past; but in the evening, as Dante accompanied by Virgil, I descended circle by circle to the floor of the valley, with this difference, that it was not to a place of torment but to the halls of the swarth gods of creation—those great, dim, shadowy sheds that stretch along the river's edge. Into these has Old France's Fort Duquesne grown—mile on mile of flame-belching buildings, with a garrison as great as the population of all New France in the day of Duquesne.

The new world epic will find some of its color and incident there—an epic in which we have already heard the men of France nailing the sheets of "white iron" against the trees of the valley of La Belle Rivière. And as I saw the white-hot sheets of iron issuing from those crunching rollers, driven by the power of seven thousand horses, I felt that the boy with the stamping iron should have put a fleur-de-lis upon them, with all his cabalistic markings, for who of us can know that any metal would ever have flowed white from the furnaces in that valley, if the white metal signs of Louis XV had not first been carried into it.

In each of these halls there pass, in or-

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derly succession, cars with varied cargoes: red ore from the far-away hills beyond Superior, limestone fragments from some near-by hill, and "scrap" of earlier burning. These one by one are seized by a great arm of steel, thrust out from a huge moving structure that looks like a battering-ram, and is operated by a young man about whom the lightings play as he moves, and one by one they are cast into the furnaces that are heated to a temperature of a thousand degrees or more. There the red earth is freed of its devils—as the great ironmaster has named the sulphur and phosphorus—freed of its devils as the red man was freed of his sins by the touch of holy-water from the fingers of Allouez out in those very forests from which the red ore was digged—and comes forth purified, to be cast into flaming ingots, to be again heated, and then crushed and moulded and sawn and pierced for the better service of man. In the course of a few minutes, one sees a few iron handfuls of ore that were a month before lying in the earth beyond Superior, transformed into a girder for a bridge, a steel rail, a bit of armor-plate, a beam for a skyscraper—and all in utter human silence, with the calm pushing and pulling of a few levers, the accurate shovelling of a few hands, the deliberate testing of a pair of experienced eyes.

Jumonville Mountain.

Here is the new Fort Duquesne that is holding the place of the confluence of the rivers and trails just beyond the Alleghanies, and this is the ammunition with which that begrimed but strong-faced garrison defends the valley to-day, supports the city on the environing hills, and the convoluted plateau, back of the point, spans streams the world around, builds the skeleton of new cities, and protects the coasts of their country.

There are many others in that garrison, but these makers of steel are the core of that city, in which "the modern world," to use the words of one of our first economists, "achieves its greatest triumph and faces its gravest problem"—the "mighty storm mountain of capital and labor."

Jumonville's grave as it is to-day.

The white-hot ingot swinging beneath a smoky sky is the sign of France's contribution to civilization through Pittsburgh, not merely the material but the human contribution. The ingot is the sign of her labor, which has assembled the scattered elements of the valley, and in the fierce heat of natural and unfed fires has compounded them into a new metal more valuable than gold. But it is only another sign, too, of forces that have assembled from all parts of the earth men represented in the varied cargoes that are poured by an invisible omnipotent hand into those furnaces; red-blooded men, and with these "scrap" that has gone through the fires of older civilizations. Here is being made a new metal, no one can doubt. It is not merely a melting and a restamping of

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old coin with a new superscription, a new sovereignty—a composite face instead of a personal likeness—it is the making of a new race. The agricultural districts and villages of the mid-eastern valleys of Europe are sending their strongest men and youths, nourished of good diet and in pure air, stolid and care-free, into that dim canyon—Servians, Croatians, Ruthenians, Lithuanians, Slovaks, with Italians, Poles, and Russian Jews, "to work out civilization under tense conditions," not with that purpose, to be sure, but with that certain result.

There is developing, however, an effort in the midst of this "dynamic individualism" to make both the new and the old immigration work out "civilization." This individualism was profligate at first. But it has learned thrift; it by and by burned its gas over and over; it made the purifying substance go on in a continued round of service; it became more mindful of human muscles and bones and eyes and ears; it took the latest advice of experts, but for steel's sake, not civilization's.

One ironmaster found, I am told, ninety per cent of pure iron in the refuse of his competitor. This he bought under long contract and worked over in his own mills. His neighbor's waste became a part of his fortune. And the result of that discernment and thrift is now furnishing analogue for the conscious utilization of other waste—waste in the native capacity of the steel-worker for happiness and usefulness.

For what is now making itself felt is a desire to get the wage element in the ingot as thriftily, as efficiently, as nobly converted and used to the last ounce as is the profit element. There has been a masterful individualism at work. Now there is a masterful aggressive humanism beginning to make itself felt, comparable in its spirit with the masterful venturing of the French explorers or the masterful faith of the French missionaries, that promises to constrain the city "to the saving and enhancing of individual and collective human power," even as the French missionaries tried to constrain the great fur-trading prospects of France to the saving of human souls.

Pittsburgh stands on the edge of the valley of the new democracy. It has put its plates along every path. There is hardly a village of any size from the Alleghanies to the Rockies that it has not laid some claim to by its strips of iron. There is hardly a stream of any size that it has not claimed by a bridge. It is, indeed, the embodied spirit of Celoron, still planting monuments of France's renewal of possession wherever the steel rails and girders and plates from the Pittsburgh mills have been carried.

Jumonville Post-office.

And Pittsburgh is but one of several cities that encompass the eastern half of the valley where once stretched the chain of French forts futile in defence but powerful in prophecy.

III

THE old French portage paths were also fruitful of cities on the edges of the valley, though the growth of these was not—with one notable exception—as luxuriant as that from the earth, enriched of human blood and bones, about the old French forts.

These portage or carrying paths lie across the water-shed like isthmian paths between great oceans.

There were, to be sure, still other portage paths, and the most common, those that led around waterfalls or impassable rapids (such as Champlain and the priests

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Mile on mile of flame-belching buildings. Carnegie Furnaces, Braddock, Pa.

followed on their journeys up the Ottawa to the Nipissing). It was of such portages that Father Brébeuf wrote: "We passed almost continually by torrents, by precipices, and by places that were horrible in every way. In less than five days we made more than thirty-five portages, some of which were a league and a half long. This means that on these occasions one has to carry on his shoulders his canoe and all his baggage, and with so little food that we were constantly hungry, and almost without strength and vigor." Another priest tells of a portage occupying an entire day, during which he climbed mountains and pierced forests and carried the while his chapel and his little store of provisions.

Of whatever variety, however, they were frequently burying grounds. Sometimes altars were erected beside them. They were often places of encampments, of assemblies, and more often of ambuscades. So it came about, too, that they were made the places of minor forts, or gave occasion for forts farther on the way.

Celoron tells of the mending of boats at the end of his Chautauqua portages, and that statement, with other like incidents, has led one authority to picture the birches stripped of their bark where these paths came down to the streams. He has even imagined primitive carpenter shops and ovens and huts on these paths where the voyageurs must stop for repairs, food, and rest.

Moreover, names of portage paths have been found which assure us that these difficult ways were not wholly devoid of charm to those early travellers; for there was Portage des Roses, where the wild rose brightened the way; and Portage de la Musique, where the water sang constantly its song in the solitude. And there were portages that still bear names in memory of experience or of men whom the voyageurs wished to remember or to honor.

The city-bearing portage paths were generally short, well cleared, and trodden. Three of the most important and historic of these paths from the basin of the Great Lakes to that of the Mississippi I have walked over myself, besides the Le Bœuf

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Pittsburgh appears at first to be one vast smithy enveloped in the smoke of its own toil.

portage mentioned above, and the Celoron portage up from Lake Erie to a little lake named Chautauqua.

The first of these paths is that over which the French explorers first passed; from the Fox River into the Wisconsin River—the path to which Father Dablon said the way was as through a paradise but was as hard as the way to heaven—the path which coureurs de bois, Radisson and Groseilliers, doubtless followed, the path which La Salle may have found in those two mysterious years, the path Marquette and Joliet and hundreds after them certainly took on their way from Montreal to the Mississippi or from the Mississippi back to Montreal. One would not know this narrow strip—not a mile wide—to be a water-shed. The plain which the path crosses seems to the eye as level as a table. Once the water flowed over this path. Indeed, La Salle, in one of his letters, refers to the portaging here of canoes past an "oak grove and across a flooded meadow." The tree of which he speaks, with two canoes clumsily drawn upon it by the savages to mark the beginning of the portage at the Wisconsin, has gone, but a monument of granite now stands there with the names of Marquette and Joliet upon it. At the other end of the macadamized "path" there is a little red bridge that leads it across the Fox to where a fort grew later into an important post; but to-day there is no trace of that. A canal crosses this little isthmus, and once it interlocked the east and west, the arctic plains with the subtropic cane fields; but it has given over its work to the railroads, having served, however, I have no doubt, to water the roots of the beautiful town that bears the generic name of all those places where burdens were borne between waters. "Wauona," the Indians called it, more euphoniously, but with the same significance as "Portage."

This town has lately crept modestly into our western literature as "Friendship Village." Except that it has a more comely setting than most towns of the plains, even of those northern plains with their restful undulations, and has a brighter, cleaner aspect (since a light-colored brick is used instead of the red so

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much in favor where wood is forbidden by the fire laws), it is a typical western town (the next size larger than Aramoni), and I must stop here for a moment where Marquette and Joliet came up out of the twisting little stream that is still one of the fountains of the Atlantic.

"The long Caledonian hills" (the same which La Salle describes), "the four rhythmic spans of the bridge, the nearer river, the island where the first birds build —these teach our windows the quiet, the opportunity of the home town—its kindly brooding companionship, its doors to efficiency as intimate as that of fairy fingers." And this is but one of thousands of "home towns" in that great basin, towns with Daphne streets and Queen Anne houses, and gloomy court-houses and austere churches and miniature libraries, towns that taper off into suburban shanties, towns that have in these new bottles, of varied and pretentious old-world shapes, the best wine of that western world.

The author of "Friendship Village" has vision of the more beautiful towns into which these towns will some day grow, as those of the old world have grown more beautiful with age. "All the way," she writes, seeing the sunset from that same river of the portage, "I had been watching against the gold the jogging homeward of empty carts. Such a procession I want to see painted against a sovereign sky. . . . I want to have painted a giant carpenter of the village as I once saw him, his great bare arms upholding a huge white pillar, while blue figures hung above and set the acanthus capital. . . . Some day we shall see these things in their own surprising values and fresco our village libraries with them." That appreciation and expression of the beautiful is something that the new explorers of France in that world have carried and will continue to carry over those same portage paths, to give that virile life some of the satisfaction of which this Daughter of the Portage writes.

Another portage path of importance is that which Marquette may also have trodden or may even have been carried over on his death journey from the land of the Illinois to the Mission of Michillimacinac, which he did not reach alive—the St. Joseph—Kankakee Portage. La Salle, Tonti, and Hennepin passed over it in 1679 en route on a less spiritual errand to the same land, whose inhabitants Marquette had tried to instruct in the mystery of the faith. And it was well worn by adventurous and pious feet in the century that followed.

What traffic in temporal and spiritual things was here carried on is intimated by relics of that century found in the fields not far away, where for many years a French mission house stood with enough of a military garrison to invite for it the name "Fort St. Joseph." In the rooms of the Northern Indiana Historical Society at this portage there are to be seen some of these relics, sifted from the dirt and sand: crucifixes, knives, awls, beads —the loot of ancient Roman cities, traded to the Indians for hides—iron rings, nails, and hinges.

This portage path between the rivers is now obliterated by railroads, paved streets, furrows, graves, factories, and dwellings of the city of South Bend in Indiana, but down by the St. Joseph River there stands a withered cedar, perhaps three hundred years old, which is thought to bear the blaze-marks of the broad-bladed axes of the French explorers—marked to indicate the place where the portage out of the river began, the place which La Salle missed when lost in the forest, but afterward found, and where he left letters for the guidance over the prairie of those "who were to come in the vessel."

It is only a little more than a league from this landing at the bend of the river (which has given the name South Bend to the town) across the "large prairie" to the wet meadows in whose ooze the tortuous Kankakee River became navigable in La Salle's day a hundred paces from its source, and increased so rapidly in volume "that in a short time it became as broad and deep as the Marne."

Charlevoix walked across those unchanged fields of St. Joseph a century after La Salle; and Parkman made the same journey nearly a century after Charlevoix, finding there what he called a "dirty little town"—to-day a clean, industrious, eager city of over fifty thousand, with a world horizon as well as a provincial pride. Through its outskirts I tried once to trace this portage path, and

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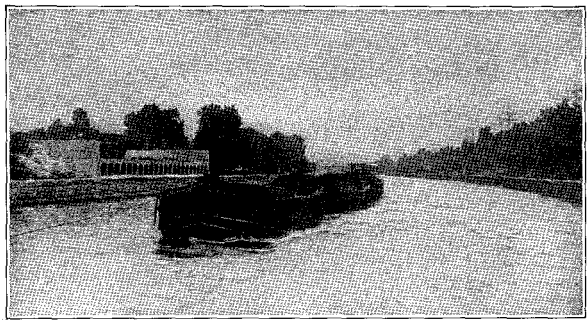
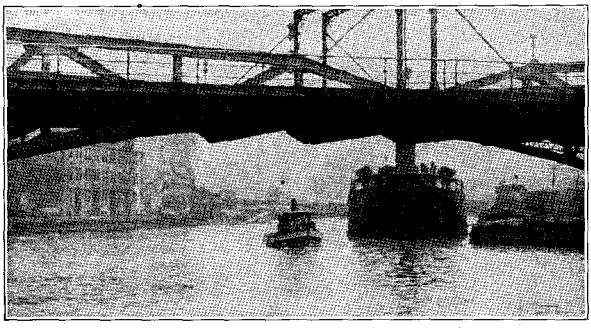
then with my companion put a boat in the river and paddled and poled the seventy-five miles down the St. Joseph River to the lake. Years later, hearing of the blaze-marks on the cedar tree, I went again to the portage to put my hand in the marks and from this tree to trace again the probable course of the French to the fields of yellow corn that hid the fountains of the Kankakee.

It is possible that Louis Joliet, the son of the wagon-maker, also knew of this portage. But even if he did not,



Barges and Drainage Canal.



The Chicago River.

the products of that strip two or three miles wide are none the less poetic and significant.

First: there has grown there the largest wagon factory in the world. The path of the pack and the burden has here produced as its peculiar contribution to civilization that which, instead of the backs of men, is to carry burdens the world round.

Second: here stands the world's largest plough factory, a place from which ploughs are sent to every arable valley that civilization has conquered and made to feel its hunger.

Third: here, spreading its arpents of buildings across the high ground between the two rivers, is the largest factory in the world for the making of certain parts of the sewing-machine.

And last of all, besides more than a hundred minor industries, there is here the largest toy factory in the world. At any rate this is the claim that is made.

The gift of wagons for the carrying of men's burdens; the gift of the steel plough that has lifted man from the primitive subsistence of the hoe; the gift of the shuttle which has released woman from the tyranny of the needle; the gift of toys to the children—has not this portage prairie, this Meadow of St. Joseph, had some element mixed with its loam and clay from the spirit of those Gallic precursors of American energy, something that has given its industry a wider venture, if not peculiar expression? At any rate, its gifts to its time have been far beyond common, of the tangible at least, and as to the intangible: the most modern schools are being developed and maintained by the public, and the University of Notre Dame and the College of St. Mary look across the river to this portage field and city.

I can speak of only one other: the tenuous trail that led from the river or creek, called Chicago (which means wild onion), into a stream that still bears a French name but of a pronunciation which a Parisian would not accept—the Des Plaines. It is a path that traversed a marsh and flat prairie so level that in freshet the water ran both ways. But as I said in speaking of the approaches to the Mississippi, it has been hallowed beyond all other of these trails, for it was beside it that Marquette suffered through a winter, detained there by a serious sickness when on his way to minister to the Illinois Indians, a hundred miles below. His hut

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was the first European habitation upon its site.

In a book-shop not a league from where that hut stood, I found a volume valued at its weight in gold, printed in Paris in 1683, and giving the account of the journey in which Marquette had passed up this portage on the way to Green Bay after the discovery of the Upper Mississippi with Joliet. It tells in its closing paragraphs of the rich prairies just beyond this portage, but it recites with greatest satisfaction the baptizing of a dying child brought to the side of his canoe as Marquette was setting out for the mission house. "Had all this voyage," he said, "caused but the salvation of a single soul I should deem all my fatigue well repaid, and this I have reason to think, for, when I was returning, I passed by the Indians of Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith, in all their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying child which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable providence for the salvation of an innocent soul."

That was in 1673. Somewhat more than a year later he again entered the Chicago River, wishing to keep his promise to minister to the Illinois savages, and eager "to do and suffer everything for so glorious an undertaking." In the "Jesuit Relations" the story of those winter days at the Chicago portage has been kept for all time. Through January his illness kept him in the portage cabin, but early in February he "commenced Novena (Neufuaine) with a mass, at which Pierre and Jacques [his companions], who do everything they can to relieve me, received communion—to ask God to restore my health." His ailment left him but weakness, and the cold and the ice in the rivers kept him still at the portage till April. On the eve of his leaving for the Illinois, the journal ends with this statement: "If the French procure robes in this country, they do not disrobe the savages, so great are the hardships that must be endured to obtain them."

In the dusk of an autumn day in Chicago I went out to find the place where the Novena had worked the miracle. Not many people of all the hundreds of thousands there in that great city have had any consciousness of that background of French heroism and suffering and prevision, in front of which they are passing daily, but I found that the policemen and the watchmen on the railroad near the river knew at least of the great black cross which stands by that gray and sluggish water, in memory of Marquette. The bit of high ground where the hut stood is now surrounded by great looming sheds and factories, which were entirely tenantless when I found my way through a long, unlighted, and unpaved street in the direction of the river. Suddenly the cross stood high above me, in a little patch of white, black as the father's cowl, against the night with its crescent moon. I could not make out the inscription on the river side of the monument, and seeing a signal lantern tied to a scow moored to the bank near by, I unstrapped it and by its light was able to read the tribute of the city to the memory of the priest and the explorer, "who first of known white men had passed that way," having travelled as it recites, "2500 miles in canoes in 120 days." The bronze plate bears a special tribute to the foresight of Joliet, but it commemorates first of all the dwelling of the frail body and valorous soul of Father Marquette, the first European within the bounds of the city of Chicago. I wish there might be written on Mississippi maps in that space between the Chicago and the Des Plaines, or the Divine River, as it was sometimes called, the words: "Portage St. Jacques." That were a fitter canonization than to put his name among those of the cities, steam-boats on the lake, or tobaccos, as is our custom. The crescent moon dropped behind the shadows that now line the portage "like a sombre forest," but it is only a few steps through the darkness back into the light and noise of the city of more than two million people.

Out of the black loam of this dark portage path fringed by marshes, in the field of wild onions, the newest of the world's great cities has sprung and spread with a promise that exceeds any other on the face of the planet, though within the life of men still living it was but a stretch of lake shore, a marshy plain with a path from its miniature river or creek toward the crescent moon.

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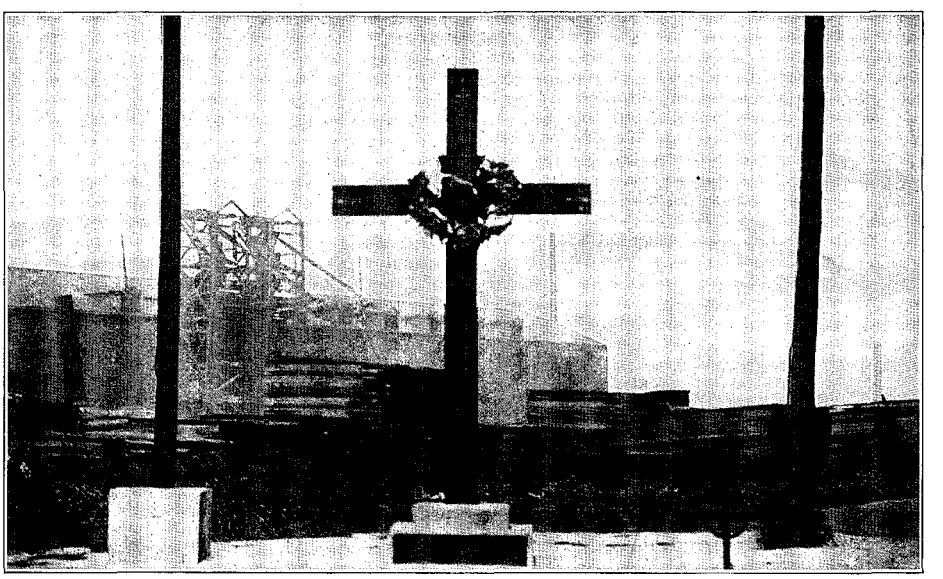
A metropolis was doubtless predestined on or near the very site of Chicago by natural conditions and the peopling of the lands to the northwest; but Louis Joliet was its first prophet. The inscription on the tablet at the foot of the black cross recites that in crossing this site Joliet rec-



The great black cross which stands by that gray and sluggish water in memory of Marquette.

ommended it for its natural advantages and as a place of first settlement and first suggested the lakes to the gulf water-way —a prospect of which La Salle speaks with disfavor but which over two hundred years later was in some measure realized.

The "Jesuit Relations" of August 1, 1674, reporting the conversation of Joliet, who had lost all his precious papers in the Lachine Rapids, remarks this very great and important advantage hardly to be believed. "It would only be necessary to make a canal by cutting through half a league of prairie, to pass from the foot of the lake of the Illinois [Michigan] to the River St. Louis [Mississippi]. . . . A bark built on Lake Erie would easily sail to the Gulf of Mexico." And this monument stands by the canal that has been cut through not merely a league, but many leagues, and lets the waters of Michigan flow southward to the Illinois.

Of this site, Joliet is quoted as saying: "The place at which we entered the lake is a harbor, very convenient for receiving vessels and sheltering them from the wind;" and of the prairies back of this harbor: "At first when told of these treeless lands, I imagined that it was a country ravaged by fire, where the soil was so poor that it could produce nothing. But we certainly observed the contrary, and no better soil can be found, either for corn, for vines, or for any fruit whatever. . . . A settler would not there spend ten years in cutting down and burning the trees; on the very day of his arrival he could put his plough into the ground, and, if he had no oxen from France, he could use those of this country, or even the animals possessed by the western savages, on which they ride, as we do on horses. After sowing grain of all kinds, he might devote himself to planting the vine, and grafting fruit-trees, to dressing ox-hides, wherewith to make shoes; and with the wool of these oxen he could make cloth, much finer than most of that which we bring from France. Thus he could easily find in the country his food, his clothing, and nothing would be wanted except salt; but, as he could make provision for it, it would not be difficult to remedy that inconvenience." If Marquette was the first martyr of the Illinois, Joliet was

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the first prophet of that great city of Illinois.

What he could not foresee was that Lake Michigan would make the Chicago of to-day not so much by giving it a waterway to the markets of the east and Europe, as by placing an obstacle in the way of its straight-line paths to the sea from its northwest fields, and so compelling those fertile lands to send all their riches around the southern end of Lake Michigan. He overestimated the economic importance, to be sure, of the buffalo. But if domesticated cattle be substituted for the wild species, he again showed remarkable prevision of the future of a city which has enjoyed a world fame by reason of its stock-yards.

Chicago is a city without a past, save for that glow of French adventure which is even less distinct than the myths or legends that lie back of Europe. It is just eighty years since it came into existence as a town, and there were but twenty-eight voters within its limits three years after its existence as a town began—and its population not above two hundred. As a city its years are numbered seventy-five, and it began its legal life as such with fewer than five thousand people. It was of its first mayor—though some years later than his administration—that Guizot, looking upon the portrait of his benevolent face, said: "That is the representative American who is the benefactor of his country, especially the mighty West; he built Chicago." But the Chicago which he administered was a very small town in size. Its officials from treasurer to scavenger were appointed by the common council and obliged to serve or pay certain fines. Every male resident over twenty-one was obliged to work three days each year on the streets and alleys or pay one dollar for each day. Fire wardens had no compensation except release from jury and military service. There was no public-school system, no public sanitary provision, no considerable public service of any sort. It was a neighborly but unsocialized place, where individual had little restraint save of his own limitations and his personal love of his neighbors. What social functions the city performed were self-protective, and not self-improving in motive. Fire might not be carried in the street except in a fire-proof vessel. The aboriginal frog croaked on the very site of the place where grand opera is now sung.

The city's development was largely left to the haphazard, unrestrained but whole-hearted, yet big-hearted, self-confident individualism which we saw in Pittsburgh. The restrictions were mainly those of the prohibitory Mosaic commandments. And so this city, increasing its population by a half-million in each of the last three decades, has come to stand next to Paris in population, and first of all great American cities in the constructive activity of its civic consciousness and urban imagination. The city is still smoke-enwrapped (when the wind does not blow from the lake), its streets run out into prairie dust and mud, its harbor, of which Joliet spoke in praise, merits rather the disparagement of La Salle; there are offending smells and sights everywhere. But in the midst of it all and over it all is moving now, as a healing efficacy in troubled waters, a spirit of democratic aspiration. What Louis XIV or Napoleon I or Napoleon III, king and emperors, planned and did, compelling the co-operation of a people in making the city of Paris more beautiful, more habitable, that a people of millions out upon the prairies of Illinois are beginning to do out of their own desire and common treasury.

It is of interest that the sovereign of France, who gave her empire of those great stretches of plain, gave to Paris "those vast reaches of avenue and boulevard which to-day are the crowning features of the most beautiful of cities." But it must further quicken interest to know that this first systematic planning for a city, as an organic whole, by Louis XIV and Colbert, Le Notre, and Blondel, is now being followed, out on that plain, by a self-governing people, who have been making cities for hardly a century, to bring order and form and beauty and better condition of living out of that grimy collection of homes and shops and beginnings of civic enterprise and great private philanthropies. A great deal has been already accomplished, such as the widening of the leading avenue, the addition of acres upon acres to the park space on the lake shore, but it is only the beginning of a scheme that thinks of Chicago as a city that will some day hold ten millions of people.

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Under like leading it built the "White City," the ephemeral city of the World's Fair, in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and that splendid achievement of the black, unkempt city back of it gave first hint, in the co-operation that made this possible, of what a community could do, and at the same time gathered to it the teaching of the older cities of the earth of what objectively it might do.

And now under this inspiration, and yet of its own will, it has begun a transformation of itself into the likeness of what it dreamed in those evanescent buildings and courts and columns and statues and frescoes out by the opalescent waters of its sea. It saw the reflection of that white city in the lake and then of its own everyday face—and it has not forgotten what manner it was.

Remember, again, that what is and is promised has all come in a lifetime. Walking in the streets of that city early one morning two years ago, as the trains were emptying the throngs who sleep outside along the lake or out on the prairie into the canyons made by its tall buildings, I found myself immediately behind a robust old man, a civil engineer, who was born before Chicago had a hundred inhabitants. He was older than the city whose buildings now reach out miles from the lake and thirty stories into the air.

A few years ago some workmen, who were digging trenches for the foundations of a new factory or warehouse along that portage-path, thrust their spades into a piece of wood buried sixteen feet below the surface. It was found to be a fragment of a French bateau; and lying in it was the sword of one who had probably met his fate on the edge of the portage, a sword with an inscription showing that it probably belonged to an early French voyageur.

Again in these relics I find new words to remind ourselves that the roots of that mighty, virile, healthiest, most aspiring of America's great cities, go back to France entwined as they are about the boat and the sword, the symbols of French adventure and empire in the West.

THE POINT OF VIEW

I NOW and then find time, in the course of over-busy days, to stop and marvel at this vast conspiracy against the young, more familiarly known as our modern educational system. I know it more through its effects than through its sources, and it may be that some of the better points in the theory escape me as I try to follow the mental workings of youth in the later stages of their development. Surely my own garden should show me how small may be the proportion of seed that grows up to that which is sown, and the rag-weed that has rewarded my efforts had no place upon the pages of the flower catalogue. Suppose that, as the graduating class anywhere files past, a full statement of the educators' aims and ideals should be read aloud! But, being human, we naturally make allowance for discrepancy between programme and performance, and in this case it is the programme itself that needs to be scrutinized. It is rather astonishing, considering to the full our aims and our methods, that the young turn out as well as they do.

Our Conspiracy Against the Young.

The whole modern system of education seems to me to be based on a tremendous fallacy; that is, that life is easy and amusing, and that its pupils are but spectators at a show. The extent and the variety of mental entertainment provided for the young is as astounding as it is enervating. At the point at which I get them, thoroughly trained in the Rousseau-Froebel methods which have infiltrated public and private schools from the kindergarten, they have learned to sit passively back in their chairs with the air of connoisseurs, saying to themselves, as the class work goes on, perhaps a bit patronizingly, that it is interesting; more often, with

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blasé weariness, that it isn't interesting at all. We instructors of youth have become the showmen of the intellectual life; we must wind up this toy and that, and set it going to stir their jaded young minds. Ours the song and dance; ours the tired feet and tired minds in trying to furnish mental amusement for the young. These modern methods were to bridge the gulf between the generations, to do away with dogmatism on the part of the old, with fear on the part of their juniors. All were to be skipping rope together; there were to be lovely festoons of generations dancing to one tune. At last we were to understand! But the process has brought about a much deeper misunderstanding in the youngsters' view; that it is the old who are to skip, the old and the middle-aged who are to keep time anxiously to the music.

At the risk of being thought a very Rip Van Winkle, I submit, as an educator, my disagreement with it all. It is for us to put the young through their paces, not for them to put us, nor is it well for them to sit torpidly at judgment while their elders perform. Life is a proposition put up to the young; if any are to play the part of spectators, we should have that privilege, helping now and then with hint and suggestion, but not taking the employment of youth away.

Suppose, in the "Jungle Book," old brown *Baloo* had kept telling *Mowgli* that there was nothing to look out for, nothing to be afraid of; that hornets do not sting, snakes do not poison, and that tigers are philanthropists that like little boys.

"Better that he should be bruised from head to foot by me who love him than that he should come to grief through ignorance," said *Baloo* to *Bagheera*, the panther, who remonstrated with him for disciplining the man-cub.

The lad learned to climb, swing, run; to tell a rotten branch from a sound one (Can our young?); to hold his own against all creeping and stalking things. Would it have been better for old *Baloo* to go climbing the trees, hanging from the branches, while *Mowgli* sat comfortably, kindergarten and college fashion, telling him whether he did it well or ill? Muscles cannot be trained by proxy, and I tremble for many of the young of to-day when the moment comes for hanging on.

The "Jungle Books" make up the wisest educational treatise I know; I much prefer them to Rousseau's "Émile" and all its printed offspring, including the magazine expositions of the Montessori system. Though their virtue lies in constructive suggestion, there is many a nice bit of satiric criticism, and one hardly knows whether or not, in describing the methods of the monkey folk, the author had them alone in mind or the modern instructor also. *Mowgli*, you remember, was attracted by them when his instruction seemed over-harsh. "They do not hit me with hard paws; they play all day. Let me get up! Bad *Baloo!* Let me get up! I will go play with them again!"

Aside from the overwhelming superiority already noted in the old bear's pedagogic system in demanding of the pupil the active attitude, there are others to be mentioned. *Mowgli* was taught that the jungle is the jungle. Life is not easy; it would be no fun if it were; why is it that we persist, when we know better, in trying to convince the children of the race that it is? The easy expediency of a letter to a son in college, printed in a recent magazine, seems characteristic of our whole attitude, but its seeming kindliness is possibly less kind than earlier and sterner methods. The old way was far from ideal, but it was honest, and far better than our recent head-in-the-sand method. Small backs, braced hard against difficulties, grow strong. I remember moments of suffering during the education of my childhood; it is not entirely without satisfaction, even in my chastened present, that I reflect how, now and then, I made my instructors suffer also. But my own pain was not without its uses in giving me some inkling of the struggle that was to come. Moreover, I cannot help a feeling of pity in thinking of these children who are taught to learn without knowing it, when I recall the sturdy joy of those rare moments when I was learning something and knew it.

Like *Mowgli*, we used to be taught that there are certain things to be learned and to be remembered; certain things that are definitely and vitally true, and definitely and vitally worth while. Like *Mowgli*, we were taught that there is Law, something to remember, respect, obey. Surely, even if in certain ways conceptions of Law must slowly change, it is good for the young to know that

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Law exists and that life is not all empirical, experimental.

"Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and the hump is, Obey."

It was when certain principles had been grasped and fixed in the young consciousness, that we were thrown upon our own resources and left to judge somewhat for ourselves. The best bit of pedagogy that ever came my way was an answer given by my father when I asked him what I was to do in some dilemma.

"It seems to me you aren't quite ready to take your own share of responsibility in this matter." I was but a very small child, but I tried to rise to the challenge; and if sometimes in after days my efforts to take my share of the responsibility were imperfectly understood, the "trial-and-error" method brought me the greater share of the little wisdom I possess.

Our old-fashioned parents seem to have understood, in the same instinctive way in which *Baloo* understood and taught, the necessity of being alert all over. *Mowgli* had constantly to use his collective faculties, a thing unknown among our young, unless they learn it in foot-ball and other games. This part and that part of the individual are developed most methodically, with the result that the modern youthful mind is full of water-tight, or idea-tight, compartments, snug spaces where assorted bits of information are safely tucked away; but there is no communication between them, as you observe if you ask your students to apply in one class-room what has been learned in another. They are taught everything, except how to pull themselves together, to think and to act as entities, as personalities. That instant command of all the faculties at once is the one thing that life demands of us in its crises; what is to happen in an age when educators have analyzed the youthful mind so exhaustively that they can never put it together again?

"WHY don't you see your own country first? What's the use of always going gadding off to Europe?" This is a question which home-keeping friends launch at the Vagabond whenever he admits that he is off for another wandering vacation. He might reply with considerable point that though he spends much time abroad he can hardly know America less than they whose only journeys are between the seaboard city of their winter employment and various summer resorts in the nearest mountains. But the Vagabond is too experienced to be drawn into argument; he wishes his friends a pleasant vacation, snatches his travelling-bag and hurries up the gang-plank. Expatriotism

The Vagabond is convinced that there is too much to see and to admire in the world to leave any time for debate; otherwise he might justify his life more forcibly even than with a barbed "tu quoque," for his is no vagrant imagination: he is a wanderer by conviction. Long ago he made up his mind that it is better for a stone to roll than to sit tight in a pasture acquiring moss, cultivating the acquaintance of cows and sheep; that the only certain method of seeing and understanding his own country is to spend a good deal of time looking at something else. Familiarity dims the eye: to the city-dweller, Boston, New York, Chicago are no more than places to work, eat, sleep in. The wanderer, though a mere child compared with the native in the knowledge of details, has a keen eye for essential characteristics. He observes the color of the buildings, the pattern of the sky-line, the expression of the faces that pass him, his foot is sensitive to the feel of the pavements, his fresh ear catches the pitch of the traffic, compares it with the staccato of Paris, the rumbling bass of London, the silence of Bruges; and to him each city becomes a personality. The farmer stares dumbly at mountain and valley; the summer boarder takes cognizance of walks—more or less picturesque; cooking—bad or indifferent; prices—moderate or expensive. It is the Vagabond who seizes the intrinsic note of the American landscape—the untamed aspect which testifies that these fields have not been trodden by innumerable generations of wooden-shod peasants; that these hills are not owned, fenced, valued to the very summit at so many marks per square metre.

If one could see merely by looking with fresh eyes, there might perhaps be little reason for crossing the boundaries of a father-

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land as various as the United States; but full vision implies understanding, and his trips abroad help the Vagabond to an insight into contemporary life, to a partial vision of the next halting-place to which we are advancing. Not that he supposes that we are blindly following Europe; but there, in more ordered conditions, he is able to observe human problems without the confusing social fluidity inevitable in our country of less exhausted opportunities; and there also he may gain the comforting assurance that even in a society fundamentally mercantile the test of a man's success need not be his ability to do successful business.

When his mind turns from results to causes, Europe has even more to teach him. For the forests, the prairies, the cities of America, while they explain many of our purely national characteristics, with their suggestion of rugged pioneers, the subjugation of a fresh land, the later period of panting industrialism, can have nothing to say about the groundwork of our transplanted civilization; the clew to our most ingrained sympathies and aversions must be sought in old Warwickshire villages, Scotch moors, Irish sod-huts. Nor is it only in those countries to which he can trace his ancestors that the Vagabond must seek self-knowledge. The kinship of ideas is as real and as close as that of blood, and though his body may be purely Teutonic or Celtic, the mind of every educated man must be largely Greek, Latin, French. To be sure, the Age of Pericles, the Age of the Antonines, or the Age of Enlightenment can be studied at home; the facts can be mastered; an intellectual conception gained; but art hardly becomes real and human until one looks with his own eyes at the wide, barren, hill-circled plain, the sea gemmed with its purple islands, the "towering beauty of the temple of Jupiter, the astonishing grace, severity, elegance, completeness of the Parthenon." It is when we walk out through crumbling mediæval gates on a road more than twenty centuries old and see the aqueducts striding off across the Campagna that we begin to understand the driving power of the nation which set its stamp on the law, the government, the language of succeeding civilization. And to stand on the promenade of Versailles with the air thick with memories of the Grand Siècle; to walk down the steps up which Condé panted on a memorable occasion; and to find at the bottom that the crowd instead of courtiers of the Grand Monarque are plain Paris shopkeepers out for a holiday with their families—it is to have lived through an epoch in the history of democracy.

But perhaps what marks the Vagabond off most definitely from his stay-at-home friends is a certain mellowness—a moderate, unprejudiced habit of considering men and ideas. He is not to be stampeded with election oratory or made to believe that we shall all be bankrupt if the tariff on wool is not fixed at exactly such and such a per cent. He has been in so many countries with such varying tariffs on wool, and found the industrious getting on and the shiftless sagging back so universally all over the world. The beating of drums and waving of flags cannot convert him to militarism: he remembers London on the night of Maggersfontein. He recognizes many national peculiarities without exaggerating them into fundamental differences. He has found humanity about the same in England, Germany, France, Italy. He no longer distrusts a new idea because it is not advanced by an Anglo-Saxon. In the virtue of patriotism, so far as it is based on ignorant contempt of every country but one's own, he is deficient; he sees no more reason for attributing unrivalled excellence to his fatherland than to his family. The spirit of "My country, right or wrong" seems to him no more admirable than the code of the old duelling gentleman. He suspects a dignity which is insulted by just reproof, and in national as well as personal conduct he considers an honest desire to improve more healthy than a pragmatic assumption of perfection.

He is sometimes accused of forsaking truth for a mush of universal toleration, but such criticism misses the mark. New countries and strange customs have forced him beyond inherited formulæ of thought to the consideration of new ideas on their own merits. He has learned that many things are less vital than they are popularly considered; he has been forced to discard most of his prejudices. But his principles remain all the firmer, for he bases them not on hearsay but on reasoned observation, and even in his farthest wandering he has found no evidence to discredit temperance or good faith.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Copyright 1912 by E. H. Blashfield.

Charge of the Fifth Minnesota Infantry at Corinth.
Decoration for the Minnesota State Capitol.

RECENT DECORATIONS BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

TWO of the more important of Mr. Blashfield's recent mural decorations, for the capitols of two Western States, Wisconsin and Minnesota, offer—in addition to the value always attached to the work of this scholarly painter—each a new interest; in the one, the colossal size, and in the other, that unusual theme in contemporary American painting, the firing line of battle. His great circle for the "dome crown" of the still unfinished Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison, is thirty-five feet in diameter; but, as the painting will be placed two hundred feet from the pavement, the floating figures in this empyrean are fourteen feet and more tall. His horizontal panel, fifteen feet long and seven feet high, for the lobby leading to the Governor's room in the State Capitol of Minnesota, at Saint Paul (Cass Gilbert, architect), commemorates the decisive charge of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment at the battle of Corinth, fought the 3d and 4th of October, 1862, and to which charge, it was considered, the winning of the battle was very largely due. For the very important State building which Wisconsin is erecting (George B. Post and Sons, architects), various other and smaller mural decorations have been executed by various artists—Mr. Blashfield himself contributing, three years ago, a very large panel, thirty-one feet by eleven, for the assembly room in which the House of Representatives sits—presenting the State serenely intermediary between her early settlement and her present full fruition. In a cathedral-like aisle of the primitive forest she is throned on a rock surrounded by graceful personifications of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and the Mississippi River, the waters which surround her, and the Jesuit fathers, pioneers, and explorers. Before her stands a charming, feminine Present, introducing the lumbermen, miners, and farmers of to-day. So large is this building that it would be possible, says the architect, to introduce the Paris Pantheon inside without scratching the walls. For the crowning allegory which completes the dome, it was evident that nothing less than the personification of the sovereign State herself, in all her richness and power, was advisable—at this height in the clouds details disappear and realism cannot fly. So the spectator on the distant pavement, conscious of his own littleness, sees, far aloft, WISCONSIN, all in white, blond haired, backed by the blue field and the white stars of the national ensign, the vast

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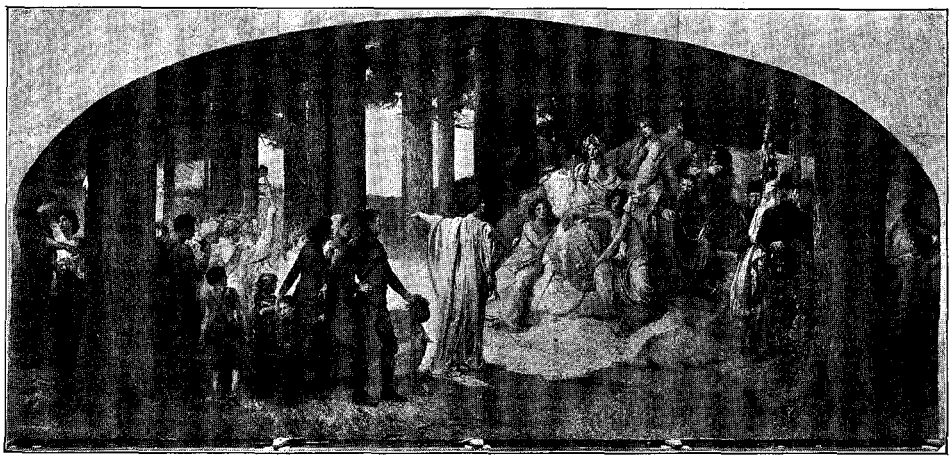
folds of which surround in the clouds all her attendants. In her right hand she carries a sceptre of ripened wheat, and with her left supports a great golden escutcheon which bears her arms. Around her and below float and rise great tributary goddesses, no less in size then the Jinn, presenting—not so much to her as to Time and Space—her varied wealth: fresh-water pearls, a net to suggest fisheries, a tree branch to suggest forestry, fruits and tobacco, nuggets of iron and of lead. The prevailing tones of their draperies are warm reds, with a tendency to oranges, and broken by whites; the flesh tones are warm, and the clouds themselves are not too cold and northern. In the centre of the circular composition the fair white and gold of the presiding figure strikes the right note, not only to the eye, but, by its suggestion, to the mind.



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Wisconsin Between the Past and Future.

Panel in the House of Representatives, new State Capitol at Madison.

Because of its relation to the architecture, and because of the great scale of everything, it seemed to the painter that it was required of this presentation that it should be very serious, and that it should be full, simple, and direct in its appeal. No thin spaces of airy blue sparsely peopled by light-minded and somersaulting figures would duly complete this massive pile. Therefore he has many goddesses, and brings them all together, and—though they exhibit a great variety of attitudes—they all preserve an Olympian dignity. That they should all be surrounded by the folds of the flag he thought important—considering time and place. It is probable that in the designing and carrying out of this group under these conditions, the difficulties increased in geometrical progression with the increase in size: the architect say she can enlarge this well-proportioned design from the size of his drawing-board to that of his sky-scraper, and the justness of proportion will still hold good, but the painter has no such privilege; new figures have to be introduced and old ones modified as the canvas widens and mounts. The difficulty of drawing a figure fourteen feet tall, in any posture, is very great, as may be supposed—the enlargement of the plan of construction makes for much trouble in keeping the due interdependence and correlation of all parts of the anatomy. Another, and very grave, problem was presented by the vast curved surface, like the inside of a saucer, to which the canvas is to be attached, and which necessitated dividing into sections and cutting of gores. In overcoming all these technical difficulties the success attained has been notable; the composition, without any formality and very varied in action, yet keeps its completeness and dignity, and its silence—so to speak; the great figures move as easily and drift as lightly as the clouds on which they float.

Minnesota, though a frontier and sparsely settled community at the period of the Civil War, furnished more soldiers in proportion to her population than any other State, and still enumerates with pride the distinguished service her regiments and batteries rendered

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Wisconsin Enthroned on Clouds.

Dome crown of the State Capitol at Madison

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in a number of the decisive actions—at Nashville, at Vicksburg, at Murfreesboro, at Chickamauga, at Gettysburg, and, not the least, at Corinth. Archbishop Ireland, who was chaplain of the regiment, testifies that when, years after the war, he asked General Rosecrans, who had commanded the Union army, if he remembered the Fifth Minnesota in this battle, the answer was: "How could I forget it? It saved the day at Corinth."

It was the final charge that Mr. Blashfield was commissioned to commemorate in his battle-picture, and—abandoning for the time the serene symbolism in which his Muse most delights—he has rendered with the appropriate fire and spirit the level rush of the long blue line of infantry on the discomfited gray masses. Nothing interrupts this irresistible rush, the horizontal fringe of bayonets, and the thin spurts of fire and smoke from the muzzles. Over the heads can be seen the mounted figure of the colonel, Lucius F. Hubbard, whose quick judgment had directed all these movements, and whose "brandished sword," according to the archbishop, led the way. At the extreme left, almost concealed by the smoke, may be seen also the chaplain of the regiment, Father John Ireland. At the extreme right, by one of the guns of the twice taken battery, stands defiantly a young Confederate officer with folded arms, who refuses to abandon his wounded comrade on the ground, clinging to his knee, and whose upright and motionless figure and butternut uniform furnish well the necessary accent and contrast in line and color. Enough of the realism of battle is given to render adequately this epitome of the bloody and confused whole; the sordidness and multiplicity of detail, the strong individualization, which characterize the very modern conception of a battle picture, would be out of place in this permanent and dignified commemoration of a great feat at arms. It was sought to make it sufficiently realistic, but at the same time to invent a decorative pattern, "on the principle that accidental and momentary formation of a decorative pattern is perfectly consonant with real happenings." On the principle that Clio and Calliope may sometimes join hands. This painting will be placed at a height of only eight feet from the floor, so that, though the figures are life size, the finish of the brush work is practically that of an easel picture.

At the same time two other and much smaller panels, in very different fields, are approaching completion: one for the tower of the trophy room of the gymnasium of the preparatory school for colleges in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and one for an altar-piece for Saint Luke's Church, Atlanta, Georgia, a Good Shepherd. For the athletic trophy in the Mercersburg Academy (Day Brothers and Klauder, architects), the subject is a crowning of a victor in the games. The young athlete stands very straight in the centre of the field, his feet together; on the breast of his blue jersey is the letter "M," and on his right arm he carries the blue silk flag of the college. Behind him rises a white-winged and white-robed Niké, or Victory, with red in her hair, crowning him with a wreath of golden laurel; on his right, Hermes, as patron of athletic games, holds over his head his white caduceus, and on the other side, Athene, Divine Wisdom, more gracious and tender than is usual, touches it with her spray of laurel. Thus is symbolized physical and mental development. Behind each figure faintly seen on a tablet appears the name in Greek characters. On either side of the group are lighted braziers, and on the steps below, in the corners, palms and wreaths. This panel, fourteen feet by eleven, will rise directly from the floor of the room, on the other three sides of which will be the cabinets containing the banners and cups won on various contested athletic fields. At the recent Olympic games of Stockholm the Mercersburg Academy won a world's record.

For the fourth of these monumental decorations a suggestion was found both in the figures of the Good Shepherd in the early paintings in the Roman catacombs, and in a marble statuette in the Lateran Galleries, of a young boy with the lamb on his shoulders. The figure in this altar-piece for the Atlanta church, of which P. Thornton Marye is the architect, is a gracious youth in red-brown drapery who comes down a mountain gorge, in the full splendor of Eastern sunlight, followed by his woolly flock and carrying the latest born with its stiff little legs around his neck. By his knee the mother follows closely, and looks up, trusting, yet somewhat uncertain. It is surely within the province of art thus to renew the beauty of these ancient symbols.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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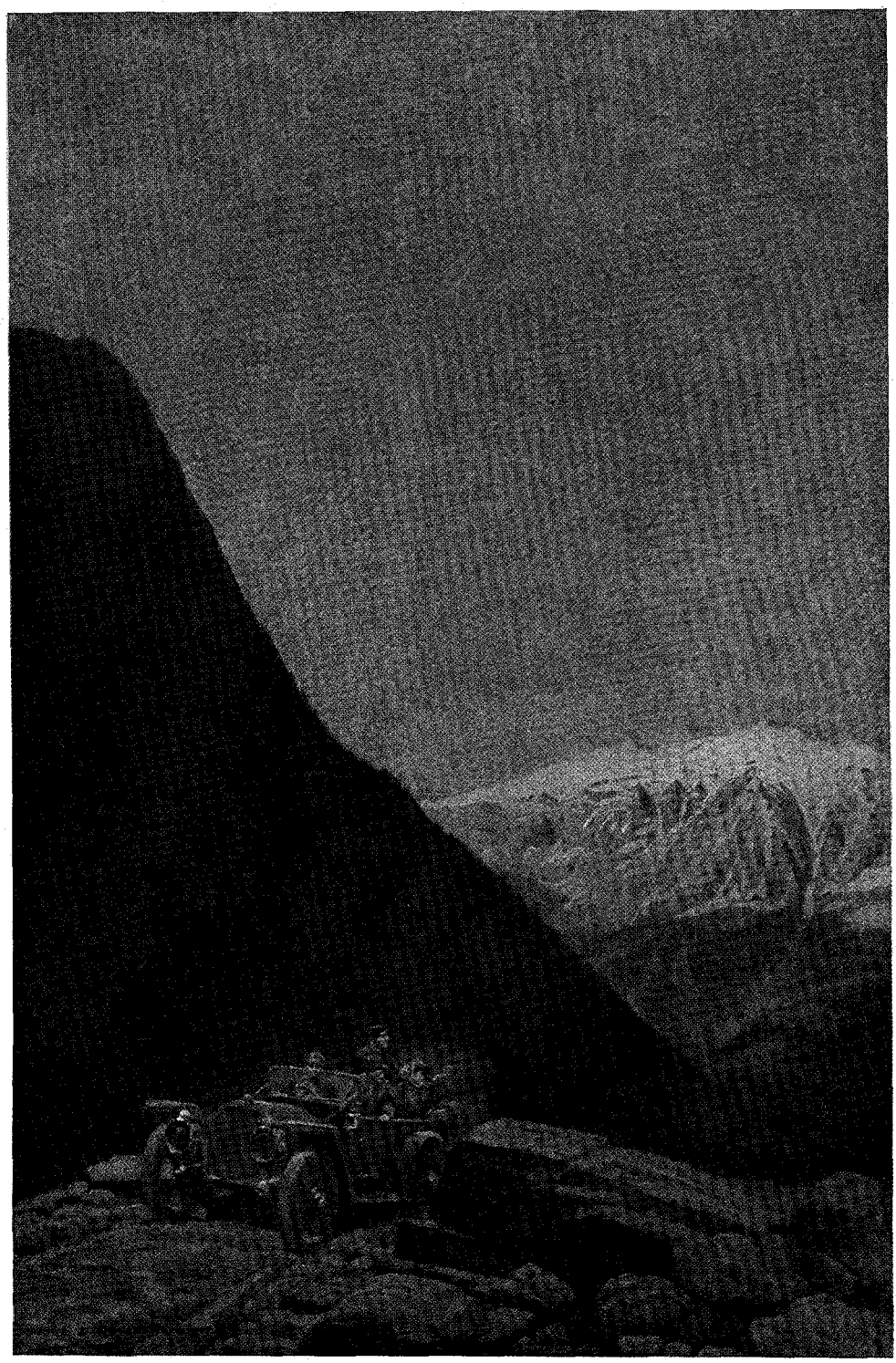

Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader.

THE TOP OF THE GRADE.

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